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SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

August, 1930

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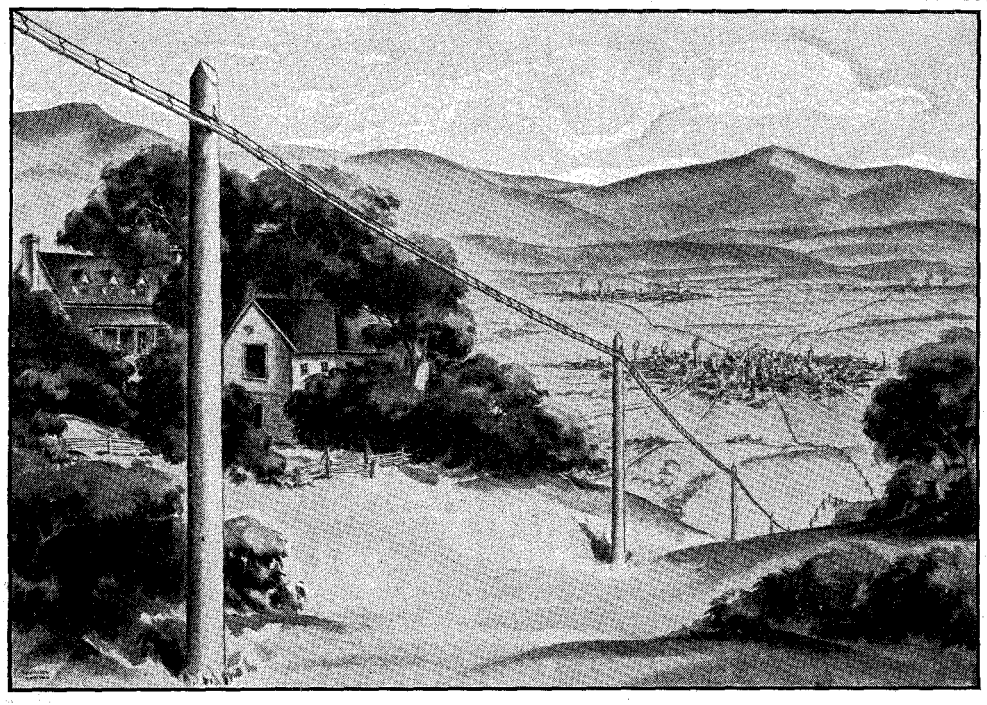

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SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

August 1930

VOL. LXXXVIII NO. 2

S. S. "SAN PEDRO"

A Tale of the Sea

BY JAMES GOULD COZZENS

The first selection in the $5,000 Prize Contest, opening a new field for a neglected form of fiction, "S. S. San Pedro" attains the length of a short novel and is published complete in this issue. Mr. Cozzens is the author of "The Son of Perdition" and "Cockpit," two novels of robust entertainment and excellent prose. The motif of "S. S. San Pedro" has a Conradian flavor, the writing is bright and effectively modern.

JUNE 7, Friday, in the morning, the twin-screw turbine liner *San Pedro,* seventeen thousand tons, lay at her Hoboken pier. To sail at noon on Brixton & Heath's Brazil-River Plate express service, she bore a million dollars in gold for the banking houses of the Argentine. Lashed on her forward well-deck, wedged in number one and number two upper holds, were automobiles, crated, for Montevideo. She carried two thousand tons of typewriters and baking-powder in tins, of cotton shirts and bathtubs, of children's toys, agricultural implements, and a sealed consignment of machine-guns for the government of Paraguay. Coal to bring her out and back loaded her down, overflowing into shelter-deck bunkers forward. Between ten o'clock and half past eleven she took on board one hundred and seventy-two passengers.

Aft, they had a boom out. Trunks were assembled by the half-ton in a corded net on the wharf floor. The boom picked them up easily, swung them into the blaze of the sun. They dropped down number six hatch to the baggage-rooms. Leaning on the rail of the light after-bridge, where he could watch from on high, waited Mr. Bradell, the senior second officer. Mr. Bradell's white-and-gold stood out clean on the heat-dulled blue. A seaman, also white-clad, scarlet semaphore flags thrust under his arm, waited with him, though they would not cast off, Miro knew, for almost an hour.

Miro, first quartermaster, was in di-

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rect charge on deck. Miro was Brazilian, coffee-colored from the intense sun and his mixture of bloods, Indian and Negro. Clear and cheerful-eyed, his sound white teeth flashing, his head, erect, covered by a mat of strong black curls which sweat had dampened, he was watching paternally over Packy, the big Jamaican Negro at the winch. Packy was dead drunk, unable to speak, but he remained mechanically precise. He and the winch met at an abysmal level of brainless strength. Like the boom on its gooseneck, Packy pivoted blindly on the small hard point of habit. Like the boom, he described invariably the same controlled semicircles.

Miro stayed behind him in case he should fall unconscious. He was the only person who could manage Packy, and managed by Miro, Packy was perfection. The quartermaster told him so from time to time, in the rich chant of the black lingua franca of the islands. It was equivalent to oil in Packy's bearings and Packy was all right.

Confirming this, Miro shot his eyes up to the white skeleton of the afterbridge, thin on the blue, an eloquent glance to Mr. Bradell, who answered it with a slight mute nod. Miro's whistle shrilled out then, the winch gasped and clanked, the shadow of the boom went swiftly over, the empty net collapsed on the wharf floor. Things were tight, smart, going as they should go.

It was, in Miro's idiom, a matter of *tela*. Integrate with the word's sense of tone, texture, woven firmness was the untranslatable value of a plan, a sustained argument underlying a mode of behavior; widened to include that beautiful gift of the white man, the disciplined co-operation, speed, and precision of people quick and certain about their duties. This was the last, perfect pleasure, epitomized by Mr. Bradell in attention alert and quiet above, but, in addition, that a man might know he was good flesh as well as blessed spirit, there were the white uniforms against the sky, the sharp stripe of color in the rolled signal-flags, the smell of hot tar, hot metal, hot salt, of steam and oil and warm wet hemp.

Miro blew on his whistle as though it were a trumpet. From his pocket he took out a big gold watch covered with engraved scrolls, a piece of a ruby set on top the stem, fastened to a gold fob, and its magnificence testified to him again the rightness of the world. He worked long and saved, he was quick and quiet, he did not do every foolish thing he thought of, and in the end, with his own money, he could buy a watch joyous to look at. He looked at it now and noted that it was exactly eleven o'clock. The tugs, he saw, were already off the end of the pier, and with the pleasure of going so soon seaward, he put the watch carefully away, happier if possible than he had been. To Packy he began to sing, throaty and soft, "Hail, Mary, full of grace . . ."

At five minutes past eleven Miro's intelligent eye caught the flicker of the signalman's flags, gay against the serene heavens, answering the navigating bridge. Mr. Bradell turned. He came handily down the ladder, crossing over into the shadows. To Miro he said: "Mr. Fenton will stand by here."

The fourth officer was even then descending from the promenade-deck. Mr. Bradell spoke to him a moment before he mounted quickly out of Miro's sight.

Anthony Bradell, passing the smoking-room doors, avoided the approving glances of two girls. His brown face, at once too thin, too bluntly shaped for any handsomeness, looked none the less like the passenger's idea of a navigating of-

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ficer. He knew the girls were still watching him as he climbed again to the boat-deck. From the bridge end the quartermaster on duty there hailed him as he came closer. "Captain Clendening in his cabin, Mr. Bradell."

Anthony passed the windows of the wireless-room, saw the first and second operators playing checkers, and raised his hand to the red-headed one. At the passage-door forward he reached in and knocked up the hook which held it ajar. On the captain's door he rapped sharply.

In Captain Clendening's cabin an electric fan vibrated. A tepid shaft of air twitched left to right in a slow arc from the high corner. The captain's radio, muted down, recited intricate directions for some sort of cooking. He must have forgotten to turn it off, not noticing. Heavy in his white-and-gold, Captain Clendening sat in the swivel chair, back to his desk. He was feeling the terrible waterside heat, Anthony decided, for the captain looked obscurely pale. Wind, tan, years of exposure had given his face a permanent rich color, but this lay now over his cheeks like a surface veneer. Clinging to the sides of his head, his hair, usually a harsh white fur, looked weak and damp. His old blue eyes, always marred by a droop on the left, were unnaturally listless. An early injury to his jaw—Anthony had heard that it was from a thrown marline-spike—made itself felt more and more as the captain grew older, and most to-day. His right brow arched up round and steep; the left lay flat. The left corner of the mouth sank in a lump outstanding toward the stubborn chin. Over his mouth, strongly set even in this sag, he grew a short mustache, white, like the fur along his head. He looked at Anthony with an obvious sharp approval.

"Mr. Bradell, our senior second officer," he said, addressing the man on the settee along the wall. "Only sailor on board, God help him. Had his master's papers five years. Just waiting for me to die so the company will have a ship for him." His voice rumbled authentically, but the unwieldy humor was flattened, almost exhausted. It would be impudent, as well as unthinkable, Anthony admitted, to suggest that Mr. Driscoll, the chief officer, be allowed to take the *San Pedro* out. Fortunately ignorant of his thought, Captain Clendening continued: "Bradell, my friend Doctor Percival wants to look the ship over. You can show him about, I guess. Fenton get aft all right?"

"Yes, sir," said Anthony at once. He was blank with astonishment at the inopportunity of the request and he turned sharply toward this man for whom the captain was willing to upset all reasonable routine.

Doctor Percival sat quiet, looking back at Anthony with an accurate, absorbed attention. Doctor Percival's tight face was fleshless and almost gray. His lips sank in, rounded over his teeth. They were lips so scanty that you could see the line of the teeth meeting. His eyes, red-rimmed, lay limp in their sockets, appearing to have no color at all. The intense pale gaze came out of holes covered with soft, semitransparent lenses. His head, one observed, jolted, was utterly hairless, and a pale-reddish star, a mark like a healed wound, lay across the crown. Every modulation of bone showed through a sere leaf of old skin.

Doctor Percival recognized Anthony's instinctive recoil from this fearful face, and just as obviously prepared to overlook it, indifferent, but he was betrayed by a strange muscular movement. The whole hollow countenance winced a little; the lips twitched wide in a grimace most like a broken and derisive smile. Anthony stood frozen, for Doctor Per-

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cival's eyes denied the expression any significance. It was involuntary; it might, Anthony saw, happen again at any moment. Doctor Percival, with a dignity terrible and silent, held out a gray glove whose palm was dark with moisture. Anthony took it in his own bare brown hand, which he closed hard on the slight, cloth-covered fingers. It was a grip half iron and bone-breaking, but Doctor Percival did not appear to notice. Anthony levelled his gaze out, made his brown eyes look straight into Doctor Percival's colorless ones, and said: "Glad to show you around, Doctor Percival."

He turned at once and opened the door. If he did not feel well, the captain had seen more than enough of that face. Thinking so, Anthony was embarrassed to realize that Doctor Percival somehow understood him, as though he had spoken every word aloud. Doctor Percival was shaking hands with the captain. He said in an exact, highly educated voice: "Take care of yourself until I see you again, John. There is nothing you need to do now." He put his shabby black hat on, stepping out into the passage. Captain Clendening merely nodded. "Good of you to come down, doctor," he said. "Go aft when you finish, Bradell," he added. "Don't like to leave that boy there alone."

Doctor Percival had turned, defeating absolutely Anthony's desire to bring him out on the sunny deck. They went together down the inside stairs at the end. Anthony asked carefully: "What would you like to see, sir?"

He attracted to himself that acute gaze. "I really do not know," Doctor Percival confessed. "It is some time since I have been on a ship—" It was coming, Anthony saw. The broken smile made a kind of irrelevant joke of his last words. Anthony tightened his lips, expressionless. In the silence ensuing, Doctor Percival, his voice low, said: "But you do not float quite level, do you?"

Astonished, Anthony noticed for the first time that they had, in fact, a slight port list. "We straighten up when we get under weigh," he explained. "We can correct it with the ballast-tanks."

"No danger of tipping over?" asked Doctor Percival.

"Oh, no," said Anthony. "When we're heavily loaded it takes a little adjustment."

"Many passengers?" asked his companion. His voice faded to a husky whisper.

"I don't know exactly," admitted Anthony, resisting the natural temptation to speak low in return. "I should say a hundred and fifty or more."

"And how many men to run the boat?"

"You mean officers?"

"Altogether."

"Oh, we have a crew of two hundred odd."

"Then you carry perhaps four hundred people? It must be a great responsibility?"

Anthony said: "We try to take care of them."

They had been advancing through an alleyway, going aft, which led them out by the purser's office in the main entry. Here it was crowded, confused and noisy.

"The purser's office," Anthony explained needlessly. "The lounge, the public rooms, and so on are above. The dining-room is down-stairs there."

Doctor Percival nodded slowly. He looked about him with meticulous attention. He might have been afraid that he was going to overlook something of real importance. "These are passengers, I suppose?" he said.

"Mostly," agreed Anthony.

"Ah," said Doctor Percival. Anthony

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snapped his eyes away, detecting the start of that horrid trembling about the mouth. Doctor Percival, he knew now, could not continue speaking until it was past. Anthony had time to notice again the two girls who had admired him aft. One of them was going to smile this time, so he looked back to Doctor Percival. Other people had begun to observe them, considering Doctor Percival's fleshless face and black clothes with a sort of electric consternation. Anthony exerted a slight pressure on his companion's arm. "We can go down to the dining-room," he said.

"It would be interesting to see them all eating," Doctor Percival agreed.

"Oh, they're not eating now," answered Anthony. "They don't serve luncheon until after we sail." Anxious to get Doctor Percival out of the lobby, he had been prepared to assist him down-stairs. The firmness of the man's step abashed him. Doctor Percival, Anthony realized, was not exactly old. He was simply not young. And far from being weak, he had an unexpected inert strength. His steps fell as loud and heavy as stones, despite his slight appearance.

"This is the dining-room," said Anthony.

"Ah," said Doctor Percival, "that is interesting. Would it be possible to see the machinery?"

Anthony hesitated. They were at the dining-room doors. Here the chief steward was assigning tables to a line of people waiting, and all these seemed to turn at once, attracted by the strong steps on the stairs. They gaped at Doctor Percival. "Yes," said Anthony, deciding to risk Mr. MacGillivray's annoyance, if only he could get his companion out of the way somewhere. "We could stop in a moment. We could look at the engines from above. They're pretty busy now, of course."

They went down the alleyway. "We just step in here," Anthony said. "I'm afraid you'll be pretty warm, sir. Would you like to take your overcoat off?"

"No, no," said Doctor Percival. "I don't mind heat."

Anthony twisted down the iron handle. Up to them, almost overwhelming, came the hot oily breath, the surge of sound in the engine-room shaft. Anthony closed the door and they stood together on the landing outside the chief engineer's office. Anthony glanced in fleetingly, saw Mr. MacGillivray sitting at his desk, the shirt on his back soaked with patches of sweat, his sleeves rolled up on his big freckled arms. He was busy with some papers.

Doctor Percival put his gloved hands on the rail.

"That's dirty, I'm afraid, sir," warned Anthony, raising his voice. "There really isn't much to see. They're warming up the turbines now. Those are the turbines there, those big green things."

"Ah," nodded Doctor Percival. Anthony's face hardened, but he held his eyes unwavering. The broken smile poured out copiously on the gray face and was withdrawn. "They supply the power, I presume," Doctor Percival said when it was over. His harsh whisper was entirely clear, neither lower nor louder than it had seemed outside.

"Of course, there's an astern turbine, too," Anthony shouted. "Not much to see——"

The chief was coming out of his office. He paused surprised, and stared at Anthony coldly. "Just showing a friend of the captain's what we've got," Anthony said. "Doctor Percival, this is Mr. MacGillivray, the chief engineer."

Mr. MacGillivray gave him one steady look. He put out a hand with enlarged knuckles covered by loose freckled skin and hosts of pale hairs. He closed it like

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a trap on Doctor Percival's glove. "Sorry I haven't more time," he said briefly. Disturbing his resemblance to a mild and friendly bloodhound, his face began to harden. It hung free from the cheek-bones, but stiffly now. In the folds, stubbled with two days' blond beard, his mouth was usually lost. Now his lips pouted out solidly. Pale china blue, his eyes peered with a candid dislike beneath his big brows. Even the skin of his forehead, white from three decades under electric lights, colored a little in gathering irritation.

Doctor Percival ignored this change. "Are they very powerful?" he inquired huskily. He made a fragmentary gesture toward the turbine cases.

After a while Mr. MacGillivray roared: "Oh, we get twelve thousand shaft horse-power." He started brusquely to go down the steps. Then he halted. He made it plain that he considered this visitor an emergency requiring his presence. He waited while Doctor Percival neither said anything nor moved. Finally Mr. MacGillivray raised a hand and shouted: "Mr. Forsay! Ask can we try!"

Below, a head in a dirty white cap which had been studying the micrometers tilted up a face and yelled back: "Ask to try, sir." It turned then and bent over the desk toward the bridge telephone.

"What is it you are going to do now?" Doctor Percival asked.

"See if we work," said the chief bluntly.

"Try away, sir!" sang up the voice.

"Port engine, Mr. Forsay!"

"Port engine, sir."

"They always do work, I suppose," observed Doctor Percival. He removed his hat and Mr. MacGillivray almost stepped back, seeing the hairless skull and the jagged reddish star. "Never know till they do," he said, swallowing.

The three of them stood there, staring down in silence, as though they awaited a sign or a miracle. A bell clashed out; simultaneously signal-lights winked red. At once, like the first man, breathed on by God, the *San Pedro* was coming alive. From her own boilers the unspeakable breath of superheated steam inspired her. Strong as ten thousand horses it broke out in the steel vitals of the port turbine. With stunning impact, it ricochetted, smashing off the stationary vanes. It impinged like a hundred sledge-hammers on the converse rotor blades. Now, you might think, the *San Pedro* contracted its mighty muscles and girded its loins. The shaft-barrel, locked in the ponderous triple grip of the balancing pistons, steadied to a frustrated quiver. It strained titanically. It yielded. Twisting their film of oil to a lather, the journal-bearings revolved. The great thrust-bearing, bracing in obdurate mastery, turned too. Far astern, dim in the water beyond the hull, over went the big blades of the port-propeller. The *San Pedro* winced ahead in her moorings.

Mr. MacGillivray turned his eyes coldly on Doctor Percival. "They work," he snapped, and while he spoke Doctor Percival's face twitched, the mouth broke to pieces. Mr. MacGillivray stared at him.

"Port engine okay, sir," shouted up Mr. Forsay.

"You a passenger?" asked Mr. MacGillivray, paying no attention.

"No," said Doctor Percival. "No. I wouldn't want to be carried off with you. I will go ashore now." He opened the door himself and stepped into the alleyway.

"Listen!" roared Mr. MacGillivray to Anthony. "Don't you know any better

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than to bring these dumb-bells in when we're warming up, son? Down here, we work. And furthermore, I don't like your friend. Now, get out!"

Anthony stepped, flushed and warm, into the alleyway too. He closed the door. Doctor Percival was looking at him with absorbed colorless attention, and Anthony said, flustered: "The chief's pretty sharp-tongued. He doesn't mean anything, though."

Doctor Percival whispered: "I do not blame him. He has a great responsibility, after all, keeping those engines. You would be entirely helpless without them, wouldn't you?"

"We'd be in a bad way," Anthony admitted. "Did you say you wanted to go ashore, sir?"

They came up the stairs by the dining-room and through the press of the main entry. The third officer was at the head of the gangway. He looked at Anthony and then at his companion and whistled soundlessly. "Ready to put off, Mr. Bradell," he said.

"Yes, I must go," said Doctor Percival. A light somewhat more distinct came into the pale holes of his lensed eyes. "The captain," he said very low to Anthony, "is an old man, Mr. Bradell."

"What did you say, sir?" asked Anthony, taken aback.

"People grow old, Mr. Bradell. They break down, they wear out."

"If you consider him worn out, sir," said Anthony sharply, "you're wrong. You can ask the ship's doctor about that."

"I have no interest in the opinion of ships' doctors," whispered Doctor Percival. He closed his eyes a moment. "The ship's doctor is not in a position to know. I am merely mentioning a fact."

"It isn't my place to discuss anything like that with you, sir," said Anthony.

"This is not a discussion, Mr. Bradell," said Doctor Percival. "No, I do not mean to say he is incapacitated, or even, at the moment, dangerously ill. I am, no doubt, nearer death than he is." He paused a moment and breathed heavily. "It is usual for me to be," he added. "Clendening has always been a strong man——"

"I am afraid I must go," said Anthony.

"Yes," said Doctor Percival, unannoyed, "you must. So must I."

"Second gong's gone, Mr. Bradell," called the third officer, impatient.

Doctor Percival made no effort either to thank him or to shake hands. He turned simply and walked away. Anthony had one glimpse of his black figure moving slowly on the gangplank. The third officer whistled again, audibly this time. Anthony turned aft to take over Mr. Fenton's charge.

In the sun of the deck below he passed Miro and the carpenter's mate busy with the hatch covers. At the top of the ladder Mr. Fenton touched his cap smartly. The semaphore flags awoke on the navigating bridge. "We'll cast off," nodded Anthony. Mr. Fenton said: "We've got quite a list, haven't we?"

"Straighten it up under weigh—" Anthony started to say, but the great rising roar of the *San Pedro's* whistle drowned him out.

II

Steady and strong through the infinite ocean twilight the *San Pedro* maintained her seventeen knots. The vital quiver of her engines gave her a mounting wave of vibration, like a piano feeling the pedal. Her warm untroubled breath trembled up her shafts and ventilators. She was calm in the lucid radiance of her early lights. Around the dining-room a whole half-deck of her stirred

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with more intense activity. In the balcony the orchestra was gathering; by the buffet the chief steward was checking the flowers on the many tables. He made a sign to his assistant that the doors might be opened when he heard the gong. Aft, the smoking-room was murmuring, expansive in crowded comfort; ice rattled in the bright bar; mild air moved in the doors open on the deck behind. Seen from here, the smoke-soiled mast with the hidden glow of the running light, the booms laid down, the dim sunset radiance remaining on the steerage superstructure, all rose and fell together gently. Astern, the quiet ocean, neither blue nor black, extended in limitless ease to the faintly colored horizon, darkening now to evening at the end of the *San Pedro's* steady white wake.

On the navigating bridge, Mr. Eberly, the junior second officer, had the watch. A helmsman was planted at the wheel. A quartermaster with folded arms stared away into the dusk beside him. In the chart-room behind, Captain Clendening wrote the night orders under the glow of a green-shaded lamp. Calculations from the wireless-room informed him of the vessels to be met or overtaken before morning, and the approximate times they would come abreast. He noted them down one after another as a caution to the watch-officer. Many of these ships he knew; on two of them the masters were old acquaintances. Thinking about these friends, he wrote more slowly. The overwhelming monotony and weariness of the sea weighed him down. Bound north, bound south, the same ships, the same men were always passing. On his own ship, when he went to dinner, passengers impossible to distinguish from a thousand others, doubly regimented by what the company considered importance, would be at his table—all the same; only their names were different. In many cases even the names would be the same and he must recall previous voyages, details of personality and business. He pressed the buzzer. The quartermaster came, took the sheet and posted it on the bridge board. Muffled, the metallic throb of the hammered dinner-gong rose, but Captain Clendening remained motionless, wondering how many more voyages he would be good for, and what would be left then but death, so slow, so horribly swift.

Below, on the engine-room shaft, Mr. MacGillivray sat in his office. He was vigorously scrubbed and shaved. His uniform coat was buttoned neatly over his round belly. He wore a low stiff collar and a black silk tie. While he glanced at the afternoon reports he cleaned his finger-nails, digging slowly and methodically with a pocket-file. Placid, clean, and comfortable, he was pleased at the thought of a tableful of new people who would presently await him in the dining-room. He took time to rehearse one or two of the suitable anecdotes which had served him well on twenty trips. All the while up to him poured the fine steam and steel symphony of full-ahead. His big ears, with the pale blond hairs growing out of them, cocked to it invisibly, he was exhilarated by the perfect correctness of its blended noises. In his mind's eye this peace of good performance took the envisioned shape of the long submarine shaft alleys, their spaced electric lights winking on the great shafts revolving. Liquid with oil, brighter than silver, they spun serenely on their bearings, ninety times a minute.

The dinner-gong aroused him and he arose contentedly, giving his nails one last critical inspection. He stopped and waved his hand to the watch-officer below to show that he was leaving. Then

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he pulled in his stomach as far as it would go, straightened his shoulders, assumed an urbane expression, and went out sedately.

In the fire-room, like almost heroic figures against the hell of the swung-open doors, the black gang stood to its furnaces. Wheelbarrows from the bunker chutes rattled on the steel flooring. Covers rang successively shut. The chief fireman swigged down a half-pint of tepid tea, retaining some of it to spit sizzling on the hot iron. Swinging his gorilla arms, rolling up his eyes, the crazy man called Quail balanced on his shovel handle and began to intone hoarse organ notes which suddenly merged into the "St. Louis Blues." The Haitian Negroes simply stared at him, but those from the Barbadoes and Jamaica had picked up the words and felt the long sad pull of the music. They wiped their foreheads and raised their voices. The chief fireman said: "Never mind that, Bo! All you got to do is work." But there was no sense in trying to tell Quail anything. The only things he could understand, he knew already—food, liquor, and shovelling. Just under the roar of the fans, the forced drafts, and the clamor of the moving machinery their chant rose in a musical thick moan, a muffled lament fading between the great overjutting boilers. The chief fireman, his eyes sternly on the dials, gave way after a moment and moaned with them.

In his cabin Anthony Bradell was shaving. His face was half covered with lather and he held his razor motionless from time to time, listening to Miro, who stood stiffly in the corner at a sort of attention. Miro continued: "Six four are twenty-four; six five are thirty; six six are forty-two——"

"Try again," grunted Anthony.

"Thirty-six, sir," responded Miro, inspired. He had been many months on the multiplication tables, for he could see no reason to hurry. Mr. Bradell thought a quartermaster ought to be working for a third mate's license, but Miro knew it would be useless to him, since he meant to remain in Brixton & Heath's employ as long as Mr. Bradell was on a Brixton & Heath ship. The company could never advance any one with Negro blood. Miro understood this perfectly and it did not trouble him, for he had no desire to be advanced. Life gave him now everything he wanted and penalized him not at all. He even enjoyed trying to learn mathematics, not through any desire to determine latitude by meridians, but because such activity was *tela;* something stern and difficult to be done, unspoiled by any completion or end in view. In time, if Mr. Bradell's patience should seem to wear thin, he would make an effort for Mr. Bradell's sake and submit to examinations. He was not alarmed at the possibility of passing. Mr. Bradell would not want him to stop there. The requirements for a second mate's papers might legitimately be made into the work of centuries. Miro could, he was calmly sure, never learn anything about longitude by chronometer. Deviation of the compass by an amplitude or an azimuth would be certainly impossible. He would be old, probably dead, before he satisfied Mr. Bradell about them. Concluding his recitation he smiled eloquently and said: "I will study them again, sir."

"It will come easier," promised Anthony, who thought he might be discouraged. "Better turn in now. You've had a hard day."

"Good night, sir," agreed Miro. He was happy to have made so little progress. "Thank you very much, sir."

There was starlight on the forward

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deck. Here Miro leaned a moment on the rail, feeling the moist wind in his face, watching the soft sea break open about the *San Pedro's* advancing stem, filming up her prow and falling off. She was constructed with very little freeboard, so the water was close and fast. He noticed that she still listed slightly. This displeased him. As they said in the islands, where they had picked it up from the Royal Navy, it was not "tiddly."

He entered the door at last and went to find Packy. As he expected, Packy was half off his bunk. With a tolerant shove of his foot he pushed Packy securely against the wall, for he expected it to blow up before morning. Then he bent down and searched underneath until he found the corked gin bottle. This he took, to lock in his own box, so the boatswain would not find it and throw it overboard. Packy would need miserably one stiff drink some time during the forenoon. In a position to bargain with him, Miro could force Packy to assign him all his money. Then Packy, ashore in the south, could not get mixed up with some woman who might make him miss the boat.

In the quartermaster's bunk-room Miro stripped to his underwear, wrapped himself in a blanket, and lay staring up in the dim light. Contented, he recommended himself to the Cuban Virgin of Cobre, to San Juan de Matha, and to San Pedro Tomás, all of whom had kindly aided men at sea.

Left alone, Anthony Bradell finished his shaving. A fresh uniform lay on his bunk and he considered it without pleasure while he put away his shaving things, resorting his cabin to its brutally bare and immaculate good order. It was an idea of the company that some officers not on duty should go down after dinner when the passengers were dancing in the widened waist of the promenade-deck and make themselves agreeable. On most of the company's vessels leadership in this fell conveniently to the chief officer, who stood no watch. Mr. Driscoll of the *San Pedro* was not a success socially. Captain Clendening had selected Anthony instead. He did not, he told his senior second officer when he gave the order, know what the hell the sea had come to, but the *San Pedro* might as well make as good a showing as possible. Anthony could leave at ten o'clock, and he needn't come onto the morning watch until four bells on such nights. Mr. Fenton, who acted as his junior watch-officer, was perfectly competent. Anthony agreed about the fourth officer's competence. He did not consider sleep precisely a vice, but any concern about it failed to fit in with the efficient asceticism he had brought himself to practise. He would continue to be called as usual.

The captain, perfectly aware of this, added in a better temper that Anthony would report to the captain's cabin at ten. "First thing you know," he explained with a grimly bawdy sardonicism, "you'll be up on the boat-deck with some little piece in skirts."

It was his method of chiding an exaggerated stiffness in Anthony's attitude. He drove the point home by pulling down from the small row of books the Revised Statutes. He bent the volume open to Section 280 and asked him ironically to consider the fate of the erring officer ". . . who 'during the voyage under promise of marriage, or by threats, or the exercise of authority, or solicitation—' that includes standing around in uniform, boy," he interpolated, "—'or the making of gifts or presents, seduces

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and has illicit connection with any female passenger, shall be fined not more than one thousand dollars or imprisoned for not more than one year. . . .' Or both," he added. "Hardly ever worth it."

Anthony agreed, with composure. Like himself, the captain was an inarticulate man. On the rare occasions when he chose to soften his formal attitude he could resort only to this gruff and tortuous humor. It expressed for him a paternal affection, of which his long training at sea made him instinctively avoid any show. Anthony, who was more attached to him and respected him more than any other human being, understood. Captain Clendening, knowing he did, put the relationship away with the book, snapped closed and returned to the shelf. "That's all, Mr. Bradell," he said. "I'll expect you to stand by below on quiet evenings."

Anthony said: "Yes, sir."

He had been doing it for over a year now. By degrees his customary thoroughness made him an adequate dancer, but it was purely a matter of discipline. The fact remained that it was a silly thing for a seaman to be doing.

To-night he considered with positive apprehension those two girls who had first seen him aft and then again with Doctor Percival in the entry. They would be enthusiastic dancers. He could only hope that during the afternoon they might have attached some desirable males who would monopolize them.

The watch had changed and Mr. Eberly, coming belatedly to his quarters, stuck in his round face and said: "Going to knock them dead, Bradell?"

This was perhaps the two hundred and fiftieth repetition of that question, so Anthony didn't think it needed an answer. Mr. Eberly usually came down himself and liked it, so Anthony said: "You'd better get going. You might miss some of it. Couple of kids I'm going to see you meet."

"Thanks," said Mr. Eberly. "Dumb-looking lot of women on this trip."

Dimly from the lower deck dance-music beat up now and Mr. Eberly withdrew. Anthony, severe and noncommittal, went out. At the wireless-room he paused. "What do you get?" he asked, standing into the light of the door.

Morris, the second operator, was on duty. A cigarette sagged out of the corner of his mouth. One of his head-phones was pushed up, resting against his reddish hair. The other dug tight into his left ear. "Plenty," he grunted. "Bad weather south. Force seven and getting worse. We'll catch it, I guess. Had the *San Pablo* for a few minutes. The old man wanted to know where they were. Finally got a QRN off them. You'd think they were in China. Tell your girl friends they'll all be sick to-morrow."

"Right with me," said Anthony. "Hurry it up if you can."

"You're just a minor error," sighed Morris. "I wish I could see some women without a grill to protect them."

Anthony moved down the deck. The *San Pedro's* funnel was steaming against the stars. He felt the warm blast of the engine-room shaft, and then the mild ocean air, as he turned in the stairs. Japanese lanterns had been strung along the deck. He advanced into this dusk, standing near the orchestra in the corner. The two girls, who had gotten into rather elaborate dinner-dresses, noticed him at once, but the press of people dancing interfered with their advance. They managed it gradually, around the edges, arm in arm, until they stood beside him with an appearance of acci-

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dent so preposterous that Anthony groaned inwardly and gave way. "Nice evening, isn't it?" he said.

"Do you run this ship?" inquired the blonde one engagingly, "because, if you do, I wish you'd fix it."

"It's completely cock-eyed," her companion informed him, more calmly. "It doesn't sit straight. You don't notice it much until you try to dance. Then you just slide over to the rail." She raised eyebrows so miraculously slim and black that Anthony decided she must pluck them. She used a heavy warm scent, some modification of the patchouli he associated with the segregated districts of the Southern ports. She ought to be spanked, he decided, but he said in the manner he had developed for passengers: "I'll speak to the captain about it. I wouldn't be surprised if he had it fixed by morning."

He could dance with her, if he liked, she announced negligently. "Clara won't mind. There comes her brother. If I only knew your name I could introduce him to you, couldn't I?"

Anthony met a frail, blond young man with a minimum of mild chin. The name proved to be Mills. The girl called Clara took her brother's arm and said: "Come back to the smoking-room when you finish and have a drink. That means you, Mr. Bradell."

"I'd be delighted to come back," Anthony said stiffly, "but I'm afraid it isn't customary for us to drink."

"The custom should be changed," said the dark girl, in passing. "But you do dance?"

"You don't know my name," she added, fitting herself to him with graceful completeness and precision. "It's Marilee." It would be, Anthony decided, morose. "You have only one name, I suppose," she went on. The wan warm scent of the brothels of Rio enveloped him. "What would I do with an extra one?" he asked. Her hair came against his gold epaulet, her lips parted slightly. "Does your sweetheart call you Bradell?" she inquired. "This music isn't bad, considering what makes it. You'd have quite a nice little boat here if you could only get it to stand straight."

"It takes you there and back," answered Anthony.

"You dance divinely, don't you?" she said. "If we only had decent music and a decent floor you'd be marvellous. Am I going to like Buenos Aires?"

"No way of knowing," said Anthony.

"You mean you don't know what I like. That's odd. I feel as though I knew all about you—er—, Bradell."

This was more than his painfully developed passenger manner could handle, Anthony admitted, provoked. As to what she liked, if her dancing were any indication, that wouldn't be hard. His mind supplied it, curt, unprintable. He remembered, not without a pleasure in its rigidity, his duty to the passengers. He supposed grimly that he was responsible for seeing that this Marilee creature enjoyed her trip so much that Brixton & Heath's competitors didn't get her return passage. In his customary pride of self-control he said: "The name is Anthony."

"Too late," she answered. "I like Bradell better. There! There isn't any more. Thanks loads, Bradell. Let's get a drink."

She detached herself from him with a soft reluctance, sliding an arm through his and turning him aft. "Every one will think I've made a conquest," she said. "Only you and I know how false it is."

At least, Anthony realized, he was being spared perhaps the worst feature of this business, which was having to say something. She was apparently considering his silence, for she asked now: "Have you really a sweetheart some-

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where you're afraid you won't be true to? Or do you just hate women? Or are you queer?"

"Just queer," said Anthony briefly.

Her laughter spilled around the corner. "Bradell," she said, "I don't believe it."

"Don't believe what?" he asked, embarrassed.

"Queer." She laughed again.

Anthony went scarlet. "You're pretty loose with your language, aren't you?" he said impotently.

"Awful," she agreed. "I have to be to make any impression on you, Bradell. How can I help where I lose my heart?" She brought him into the smoking-room, up to a table where the blonde girl and Mr. Mills sat drinking. "I expect I'd better get back," Anthony said.

"Sit down, Bradell," said Marilee, "or I'll scream."

She easily might, Anthony decided. On the whole it would be simpler to sit down. She ordered a stinger. "A split of vichy," Anthony answered Mr. Mills's question.

"I'm glad to see there's no drunkenness among the ship's officers," Marilee sighed, leaning forward on her elbows. "You aren't drunk, are you, Bradell?"

Miss Mills seemed to think this was funny, but her brother looked thoroughly disapproving. Anthony was astonished to find how disreputable Mr. Mills's absence of chin made disapproval. He couldn't share it as heartily as he wished. "Only speak lower," he requested. "Tomorrow the captain will be asking me whether there's so much smoke with no fire."

She, personally, said Marilee, would reassure the captain. Nothing she had ever seen was so proper as Bradell. "By the way," she went on, frowning, "who was that—er—old gentleman in black I saw you with?"

"A friend of the captain's," Anthony answered, startled.

"He's not on board, is he?"

"No. He went ashore."

"That's fine," she nodded. "I thought I saw him to-night. He gave me the willies. I'm not fooling you, Bradell. I darn near marched ashore. I'll bet I'll see him in my dreams. You don't suppose he was dead, do you?"

"Certainly not," said Anthony, staggered. "His name's Doctor Percival. He——"

"Never mind. I don't want to hear any more," she said sharply. "He ought to be buried. He hasn't any business scaring me to death. Bradell, I don't like to meet corpses walking around. It means something awful is going to happen to me."

"Don't be silly," said Anthony with unconscious directness. "I understood he wasn't well. That's why he looked ——"

"Keep still, Bradell," she begged, "I know all about that. One more dance and I'll let you go—for to-night. . . ."

He arose and she came and took his arm. Outside she drew him a minute to the rail, gazing down at the lights on the flying water, the dim white crests of the outrushing hull waves. "Looks cool," she remarked.

"Keep out of it," said Anthony. "It costs us a lot of money to stop."

"I'll keep out," she agreed. "God, Bradell, I'd hate to drown. No fooling."

Anthony approached the wireless-room again. Couch, the night operator, was just relieving Morris. Morris stepped out on deck. "Hi, Bradell," he said. "Look where you're taking us."

They both glanced up at the thickening sky, starless now. Underfoot, the *San Pedro* was beginning to feel the sea. Her smooth fore-and-aft motion swung off-centre deliberately, beginning a roll.

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From the starboard bow an occasional faint crash of jostled water reached them.

"Better put the cork in," said Morris. "They're going to shake us well before using."

"Maybe not," said Anthony. "We're headed pretty well out. Taken your Mother Sills?"

"And expected to live," nodded Morris. "Hold on a minute. Going to see the old man? I got the *San Pablo* again. Maybe he'd like to hear they have nothing to report. Couch," he called, "let's have that last bridge report." He reached through the window. "There you are," he said. "Get it to Garcia."

Anthony went forward. The wind, coming up, made the passage-door hard to open. Inside he paused at the captain's cabin.

"Bradell turning in, sir," he called. "Memorandum on the *San Pablo* under the door. Okay, sir?"

"Step in," came Captain Clendening's voice.

Anthony pushed the door open. The captain was lying on his berth, a magazine in his hands, the reading-light in the corner on. A half-consumed cigar was locked in his teeth. He had got into pajamas and a brilliant silk dressing-gown. The light above and behind him cast deep shadows over his eyes. He had his radio on, very quiet, and a low throb of dance-music from New York filled the cigar-hazed air. "Where's the *San Pablo?*" he asked. Anthony handed him the slip. "They ought to be farther along," the captain said fretfully.

"Want them for something, sir?"

"No, no." Captain Clendening threw the magazine aside. "What good are they?"

The cigar had gone out. "Light, sir?" said Anthony, picking up a match-box.

"Never mind, boy," said Captain Clendening. "Smoke too much. Something wrong with my guts."

"Suppose I fix you some bicarb, sir?"

"No good." Captain Clendening ran a hand irritably through the white fur above his ear. "I've got to take care of myself, I guess." He was silent a moment. From New York the fox-trot beat on, smooth and sweet. "Nice music," he said, noticing it. "How's it out?"

"Blowing up, sir."

"I felt it," he nodded. "Where do you suppose we get this list from? Ring up the engine-room and see if we're making any."

Astonished, Anthony took the engine-room telephone.

"Captain wants your bilge soundings," he said. "Ring back. We've got a good load, sir," he continued.

"I guess so," said the captain. "Saw we were over our marks."

"Only a few inches, sir," protested Anthony, astonished again. "Nothing much. That's the wharfinger's fault. He——"

"Don't you believe that, boy!" roared Captain Clendening. "Don't let me hear you say things like that. You're a sailor, not a steward."

Anthony colored a little. "I meant," he ventured, "we seem to have to take what we can get, sir."

Captain Clendening jerked his head, twitching his mustache. "Don't feel well," he said more mildly. "You mustn't pay any attention to it. Felt like snapping some one's head off, and you were here, that's all. Great thing to have your youth, boy. You can't keep it, but you ought to think about it sometimes. No point in sleeping through."

The telephone buzzed. Anthony took it up. Turning from it, he said: "They're dry, sir."

"Well, tell them to pump out number two port ballast-tank before morning.

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Got to straighten us up. God knows what could happen, running into a gale this way."

Anthony returned to the telephone. He must have shown his amazement at concern so exaggerated, for the captain's low left eye winked with a sort of embarrassment. The sagging lump on that side of his chin stood out more. He grunted: "When your insides go back on you it shakes you all up. Just little things. They all get together and you—all of a sudden you see you aren't going to live forever. I'm damned if I know why any one at sea to-day wants to live at all, but you do, you do." He bit the dead cigar, the stiff bristles of his mustache brushing it. "You don't like going out, boy. Sort of cold. Sort of lonely. Well, we all got to do it."

The bare blaze of light in the corner, the smoke-filmed air, the harsh photographs of ships—former commands of Captain Clendening's, some lost in the war, some broken up—and especially the captain himself, his hard face puffy in a relaxed brooding, his lumpy form bent a little under the gay silk of the dressing-gown, repeated louder than his words: cold, lonely, old. "They break down," Anthony remembered, "they wear out."

Now, at this bleak moment, the dim contented blare of dance-music fluctuated, feeling the stronger atmospherics. It sagged like a long thread, dipped down, and the mighty ocean covered it in silence. It drew taut again, came fleetingly into earshot, and then it parted. The *San Pedro* drew away in the immense abyss of winds, in the caverns of black water. Only the *San Pedro* was built for stress; the great turbines turning could never grow tired; the renewed watch above was always sleepless. Men, it seemed to Anthony, were not so well made for living. Energy, power, the vital confidence, grew low as the void grew larger, the ocean mightier and more immense. Eyes wore out with watching; they neither saw nor cared finally——

The *San Pedro* lurched, put her prow hard into rising water, shook from stem to stern. Spray fanned up, curved with the wind and fell in a rippling tap on the starboard ports.

"Took a deep one," said Anthony, rousing himself.

"Turn in, boy," said the captain. "We'll have a wet night."

"Suppose I make a turn around and see that all's secure."

"No. Driscoll did it. Get sleep, boy. Turn in. Forget about it all. May run out by morning."

"Why don't I ask the doctor to step up a minute, sir? He could give you something for your stomach and you'd get a good rest."

"You saw my doctor here this morning," said Captain Clendening. "He knows all about me. He said I ought to be careful. But there wasn't anything to do. I expect I'll rest all right, boy, I'll rest."

III

Miro had to drop his oilskins. He caught the hand-rail on the wall, extended his other hand and found Mr. Bradell's shoulder. He shook hard. "One bell, sir," he announced. "Thick weather. Gale from southeast. Sea high. Temperature, forty-seven."

Anthony sat up at once, swung his legs out and rubbed his eyes.

"Wet on the bridge, sir," said Miro. He held onto the rail. "Let's have a light," Anthony said.

The *San Pedro* with a sort of wanton fury must have shouldered a hill of water off her bows. She shuddered distractedly, she seemed to jump up and down.

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A hundred sharp sounds of her rebelling frame rose in chorus. Like resolutely planted kicks the throb of her engines hit her behind. Caught thus between two hardly resistible forces, the *San Pedro* staggered sideways, the floor tilted, the wall receded. There was a vindictive crash of water, a sort of double jolt as her screws approached the surface.

"Plenty rough," yawned Anthony. He threw a towel into the basin, held on tight and let the water soak it, flung it, one-handed, over his face and head, mopping.

"I got your coffee in a bottle, sir," said Miro.

"Pull out my old uniform, if you can," requested Anthony. Water shook from his hair and his face shone. He took the bottle. The coffee he gulped in precarious scalding swallows and it flooded his stomach with a fine hot exhilaration. Bracing himself on the bunk edge, he dressed, putting a sweater on under his uniform coat. "Been like this long?" he asked.

"Not so bad," answered Miro. "It got worse, ten—twenty minutes ago. We don't come back very well. Glass gone on the port promenade, a steward told me."

Anthony stamped into his boots, jerked the leather strap at the collar of his slicker and pulled the waterproof hood over his uniform cap. Above, in the warm chart-room, he paused and initialled the night orders. "No change in course," he said.

"It does not seem so, sir," said Miro. He caught Anthony's arm in one hand and the table edge in the other.

"Thanks," nodded Anthony. They came out.

Mr. Fenton wasn't up yet, but the helmsman had been relieved. Mr. Sheedy, the extra second officer on the mid-watch, grunted with obvious gratitude. "This course is south twenty-two degrees west," he said formally.

"South twenty-two degrees west," Anthony echoed. He stepped deftly against the roll and came next to the engine-room telegraph.

"Say, this is a rotten blow," announced Sheedy. "We're listing plenty. Do you notice?"

"Partly the wind," said Anthony.

"And partly wet water. Why don't you ring up the old man and ask him to let you point off a bit? We get it square in the eye."

"Blow over in a minute, perhaps."

"Carpenter's having a bad time with the port half-door. Can't get it secure, poor devil. Driscoll's up too, or at least he was, but he didn't call the old man. I hear we broke some glass just now."

Fenton came out, wincing. "God, I cracked my elbow a hot one," he said, stung out of the formalities of bridge etiquette. "What is this, a circus?"

"So long," said Sheedy.

Fenton touched his hidden cap brim.

"I'll step out, Mr. Fenton," Anthony said. "Quartermaster, take a look around starboard." He made his way to the door and let himself onto the open bridge gingerly, moving down the rail almost hand over hand to the shelter at the end. Breathing hard and dripping, he looked forward and the dim radiance of the running light, the glow from the bridge, showed him they were taking it white over the bows every other minute. Fine for those automobiles, he thought. I hope they packed them dry. Growing accustomed to the darkness, he could make out the deck below, and judged that no lines were rigged. It made him wonder what Mr. Driscoll could be doing. He turned and stared aft, but he couldn't see beyond the dim shape of

(Continued on page 214)

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The Red Man and the Black: their relation to the White and their place in the American scheme of things are important to-day in any consideration of American culture. Will the real culture be based upon the Indian? Can the Negro achieve race integrity? This article and "Negro Society" which follows establish vital points.

The Cult of the Indian

BY HARVEY FERGUSSON

For an Indian in the Southwest these days, life must often become a bewildering and exciting business, especially if he is in any way a gifted individual. He belongs to what is almost always called a vanishing race, but one that seems doomed to vanish in a blaze of publicity, like a retiring prima donna. Never since he left the warpath has the Indian filled so large a place in the public eye as he does to-day.

This belated fame, which has been growing steadily for some years past, is not at all a product of his own wish or effort. It is bestowed upon him by self-appointed promoters, and their efforts spring from three motives which are quite distinct in character, although sometimes badly mixed in action. There is a motive of commercial exploitation which has put the Indian dances on the stage like a vaudeville act and filled the pueblos with dust and tourists and auto busses, a scientific motive which has moved tons of earth in a search for the buried aboriginal past, and a third motive, more elusive but perhaps the most important of all, which may be described as sentimental, philosophical or æsthetic, according to the view-point of the describer.

The Southwest is the chief scene of all this Indian exploitation, study, and worship, chiefly because only in the Southwest is the Indian still found in anything like his aboriginal condition. The Pueblos and Navajos live much as they did a hundred years ago, while elsewhere the Indians are mostly degenerate remnants of nomadic tribes confined to small reservations. But the cult of the Indian, in its more intellectual aspects, is by no means a merely local phenomenon. It is part of a movement which is visible in Europe as well as America, which has at once a long history and an intimate relation to contemporary thought and art.

The Pueblo Indians and their dances have been the object of some curiosity, both scientific and casual, for a long time. The spectacular snake dance of the Hopis drew crowds even before the automobile made it easily accessible, and none of the public dances has ever lacked its group of spectators. But the discovery that the Indian could be sold to visitors, along with the historic past and the climate, is recent. When the city of Santa Fe revived its ancient September fiesta a few years ago, the Indians were brought from their pueblos to dance before a crowd for the first time, so far as I can learn. Presently the town of Gallup, New Mexico, organized a rival and much more successful Indian festival,

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enlisting Navajo performers as well as Pueblos. Then Albuquerque, leading commerial centre of the whole region between Denver and El Paso, unwilling to be outdone, built a grand stand and put on an Indian show, known as the "First American," which drew a good crowd and was a truly astonishing mixture of banality, absurdity, and really impressive primitive spectacle. Here Indian tenors and sopranos, with much white blood and Broadway training, sang sentimental ditties. Conquistadores paraded in linoleum boots and armor, carrying stage property spears and swords. Genuine cowboys got drunk and did a lot of wild shooting. The Navajos danced their fire dance and lifted up the shrill unearthly chants of the Yebechi.

There was one truly impressive moment in this show when all of the Indian performers in paint and feathers filed slowly past the grand stand, chanting in mighty volume, passing through a brief intense glare of spotlights to disappear again into darkness. For a moment their forms and voices so filled the eye and ear that all the artificiality of the thing was forgotten. It seemed as though all the survivors of a perishing primitive world had gathered to chant a *morituri* before their conquerors.

While the good business men of the West are bringing the Indians to the towns, transportation companies are making a good thing of taking the tourists to the Indians. Circle tours of the Indian country are nationally advertised and from June to September busloads of visitors are daily deposited in the pueblos. The Indians, not wholly oblivious to the main chance which their white brother worships, have opened little shops and do a thriving business in pottery and bows and arrows. A little boy in Taos, known as Tommy, has made a reputation as a dancer and when he needs a dime has but to execute a few fancy hops before some admiring lady. Pablo Abeita, the shrewd and blue-eyed patriarch of Isleta pueblo, is as busy as the secretary of a chamber of commerce, arranging spectacles and talking to artists, sightseers, and scientists.

The scientific study of the Indian has received a great impetus from his new popularity. Armed with large endowments, several institutes and museums are digging up the buried pueblo cities. Schools of archæology are opened on the ground and fair young things study the primitive past as it emerges from the earth. Indians are called upon to interpret their own past and to sing their songs for recorders, both human and mechanical.

The commercial exploitation of the Indian as a spectacle is at least good business and most of the scientific work is soundly done and of undoubted value. Much harder to assess is the activity of a large group of persons who interest themselves in Indian life and Indian art from a point of view which is not overtly commercial and not at all scientific. Most of these persons, who make up the real cult of the Indian, are interested in the effort to postpone his extinction. They have worked earnestly and to some extent successfully for legislation to restore the lost lands of the pueblos, and when the federal Indian Bureau attempted to stop the tribal dances, they rushed to the defense with real ardor and routed the government, despite acrimonious differences among themselves.

This spirited defense of the Indian is not merely a gallant championship of a lost cause. It is that only incidentally. The cause of the Indian in the flesh may be lost, but according to these, his self-appointed press agents, he has an enor-

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mous future in the spirit, and this potential influence of the Indian spirit is their chief concern.

I have recently seen in print the statement that the Rio Grande valley is to be the scene of the next great cultural renaissance in the English language, and that the most important function of American art is to "take up the pattern where the Indian dropped it." These particular assertions were attributed by an interviewer to Mrs. Mary Austin. Whether or not she made them in those words, they do not seriously exaggerate the claims which have been made for the pueblo culture in relation to the creative life of America. We are told also that Indian drama is now at the point from which the Greek drama began to flourish and the Indian decorative art is "profoundly American."

Certainly everything about the Indians must be profoundly American, but that they have a large share in the future of American culture does not seem to me to follow as a necessary consequence. In fact, this whole theory of Indian culture as a basis for American culture is in need of a critical scrutiny. To me it seems preposterous on its face, but it has been put forward with the utmost seriousness in the most reputable journals, and although the cult of the primitive in general has been attacked, I am unable to find any serious criticism of this American phase of it.

It is only as a part of a larger cult of the primitive that the cult of the Indian can be understood. It is usual to say that this exaltation of primitive man began with Rousseau. I have always thought that Rousseau got credit and blame for a great many ideas which were the common property of a period, but, at any rate, about the end of the eighteenth century the idea gained wide acceptance among intellectuals that western civilization was essentially bad, and that primitive man was an example of the simplicity, the freedom and the natural faith in man's relation to the universe which civilization had lost. This idea persists in much of the writing about primitive man in the nineteenth century. It has been pointed out before that Herman Melville's attitude toward his South Sea Islanders was a perfect example of this Rousseauistic conception. Cooper's noble red men show signs of the same intellectual parentage and many other examples might be cited.

I am convinced that the modern cult of the primitive, if it does not consciously derive from this source, nevertheless springs from the same motive—that is, the inevitable revolt of the sensitive mind against the harsh discipline and the materialism of civilized life. It seems clear, too, that the modern recrudescence of this cult has been strengthened by the new psychology. The nineteenth century still had great faith in reason. The twentieth is learning more and more that man is after all primarily a creature of habit and emotion, that the greater part of his motivation is not only beyond the control of reason, but below the threshold of the conscious mind. Most of our reasoning, we learn, is little more than a rationalization of dark, omnipotent impulse. Logic, therefore, is in disrepute, and intuition and impulse become the Gods of many who are somewhat inappropriately styled intellectuals. The late D. H. Lawrence, with his frequent assertions that his soul was a dark forest, became an outstanding proponent of this new primitivism in England, and Sherwood Anderson's "Dark Laughter" philosophy is its American equivalent, while the French negrophilism, exemplified by Andre Gide, is another manifestation of the same tendency. The word "Dark" has

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attained to new and portentous meanings, whether applied to feelings or to skin, and Harlem and the Congo profit along with Taos and Cochiti. The seat of creative activity descends from the head to the solar plexus. Rhythm is exalted and the logic of form and language loses its classic importance. A writer may become wholly inarticulate and still claim serious attention.

I do not mean that those who make a cult of Indian art are all consciously influenced by the new psychology, but I believe that all modern primitivism springs in part from the modern disillusionment about the powers of the conscious mind, just as all of it seems to retain something of the naïve romanticism that is associated with Rousseau. And if intuition and emotion are to be exalted at the expense of reason, then the primitive man does become the proper subject of our study and admiration. He is undoubtedly far more intuitive and emotional than is civilized man. Franz Boaz, in his essay on "The Mind of Primitive Man," points out that a relatively limited control of emotion is one of the primitive characteristics. With the primitive, to feel is to act. And with the primitive, intuition largely takes the place of reason. In so far as he is not purely intuitive and emotional, the primitive man is a traditionalist. That is, he derives his discipline in life, not from his own reflections upon his own experience, but from the precepts of his ancestors. We are all governed by tradition, and far more so than we realize, but even the most conventional and conservative of civilized men is an individualist and a radical by comparison with primitive man. Primitive man, in fact, is the perfection of conservatism and conventionality. Professor Boaz analyzes this primitive characteristic at great length, and Frazer in "The Golden Bough" states the matter more bluntly but more quotably.

"The old notion that the savage is the freest of mankind," he writes, "is the reverse of the truth. He is a slave, not indeed to a visible master, but to the past, to the spirits of his dead forefathers. . . . The ablest man is dragged down by the weakest and dullest, who necessarily sets the standard, since he cannot rise, while the other can fall. . . ."

The pueblos perhaps are not to be described as savages but they are perfect examples of this primitive traditionalism. Among them, as among all primitives, the old men are the rulers because they are the repositories of tradition. If you ask a pueblo why he or his people do almost anything, he is likely to reply simply: "It is the custom." To him there is no higher law and no other resource. In all his dances and rituals he tries above all to preserve their traditional character intact. Conscious innovation by the individual has a very small and chiefly accidental part in any phase of Indian life.

It will hardly be disputed, I believe, that the development of western civilized man since his own primitive period has been, for better or for worse, in the direction of a growing individualism. However confusing the results in social forms and institutions, this growth of individualism is clearly reflected in western art. It is, in fact, its most conspicuous characteristic. It is not too much to say that the struggle of the individual with society is the chief subject of modern literature, and nowhere more so than in America. This individual awareness, which is the inescapable intellectual heritage of every modern man, and especially of every modern artist, is precisely what the primitive lacks.

An evolutionary formula, to be found in various texts, would have it that all

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art begins as an attempt at realistic representation for purposes of communication—that is, as a pictograph. The savage kills a bison and draws as exact a picture of it as he can to commemorate the event. The second stage of art is that of conventional representation for purposes of religious symbolism—presumably the stage in which western art produced the miracle plays. In the final stage, the present one of all civilized western art, motives become purely æsthetic and the expression individual.

Whether or not all art must pass through these phases, it seems very clear that the art of the pueblos is almost wholly one of conventional design and religious symbolism. It may have begun to emerge from that stage at the time when its development was checked, but certainly the dances are all religious rituals purely, the poems and legends are mostly of religious significance and the decorations are all conventional symbols to most of which a religious meaning is ascribed. It seems clear too that all of these primitive arts are primarily expressions of the group mind rather than of individual minds. Our own arts, on the other hand, are primarily æsthetic in motive, and individuality of expression is regarded as the very measure of their merit.

The Zuni creation myth may be a great primitive poem, and it may have affinities with Greek art in its primitive period, but it is primarily an essay in religious symbolism and a product of group consciousness. It has no affinities whatsoever with a modern novel, even one by a protagonist of primitivism, such as D. H. Lawrence's "Sons and Lovers." A civilized modern can no more base his culture upon the Zuni creation myth than a pueblo Indian can write a novel describing the struggle of the individual with society. The pueblo lives in a world where the individual counts for little and he cannot conceive of a struggle with society, while the civilized man cannot escape that struggle, however much he may wish to do so. In like manner, the corn dance at Santo Domingo is a group expression in religious symbolism, in which the individual is nothing. The dance of an Isadora Duncan or an Agna Enters is an expression of the soul's adventure in the universe or in the world, and in it the individual is everything.

The modern artist, especially the plastic artist, may indeed find useful suggestions by a study of primitive art, but this is a very different thing from basing a culture upon that of the pueblos, which would imply entering into the spirit of primitive art, sharing its consciousness. Before the modern man of western civilization can enter into the primitive spirit, he must first divest himself of his individual awareness, and that he can no more do than he can walk out from under his hair.

I think the point needs no further elaboration, if it needs so much. The burden of the proof rests on the other side. Those who ask us to turn to the moribund remnant of a primitive tribe for spiritual nourishment and creative inspiration owe us some more intelligible explanation than they have yet given of how the thing is to be done—how the great gulf between primitive and civilized minds is to be bridged.

Yet the cult of the Indian is an admirable thing in many ways. It is an attempt to approach primitive man with imaginative sympathy, and that surely is a good thing to do. We have much to learn about primitive man and something to learn from him. The cult of the Indian appears absurd, not because it is futile, but because, like so many other cults, it is pretentious.

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College graduates, $60,000-a-year lawyers, porters, and janitors are all a part of the fabric of Afro-American society. What are its aspirations? What are its society news notes like? Is its social capital Harlem or Washington or Chicago? A Negro writes with directness and honesty of his own people.

Negro Society

BY EUGENE GORDON

Last summer a friend of mine who is in the real estate business gave his charming daughter, teacher in a Boston graded school, in marriage to a youth who held a Phi Beta Kappa key and an A.B. from Dartmouth and a diploma from the Harvard Medical School. The wedding took place one evening in a beautifully furnished cottagelike house near Boston, and everybody concerned owed allegiance to Afro-America. I noticed among the hundred or more guests lawyers of large and prosperous clienteles, physicians and surgeons whose fees support these gentlemen in affluence, a waiter from the Parker House, a brilliant young pianist, two commercial artists, a chauffeur for a white business man; students and graduates of Harvard, Wellesley, Tufts, Radcliffe, Dartmouth, Fisk, Howard, and Simmons; a red cap from the South Station, a Pullman porter and his dowager wife, two stenographers, several girls of flapper type employed in the civil service, an ex-policeman's wife, a cook for a family of North Shore Nordics, a half-dozen school-teachers, two officers of the National Guard, a newspaper editor, a banker, and a miscellany of post-office workers. Every one was dressed, of course, strictly à la mode. The conversation was appropriate to the occasion. And the presents, which filled a small room up-stairs, were typical of those usually given newlyweds. In short, the scene was a representative one in to-day's Afro-American society. More important, it was representative too of scenes rapidly ceasing to exist. Negro society is becoming more discriminating of those who compose it.

Like the whites' the colored man's society is grounded in family and occupation. Unlike the whites the greater number of colored folk are unable to boast of family tradition. Some of them can—and do. The descendants of free Negroes who held slaves have as much to brag about as most of their white compatriots. These will be found in many sections of Virginia, Maryland, South Carolina, and one or two other Southern States. But the masses of colored folk have no such boast. The portion of their family trees that they esteem sprouted since the Civil War. If a black man's grandfather was a senator or a congressman during the Reconstruction, he naturally has more to boast of than the man whose grandfather was a slave, whose father was an illiterate tenant-farmer, and whose mother was a cook in the big house. He, himself, in the third generation since the Civil War, may be a graduate of Harvard, a

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$60,000-a-year lawyer, an Odd Fellow, an Elk, and an Episcopalian, but he remains non-communicative on matters anent family trees.

There being few who can adorn family trees with pretty tales, the colored folk have had to employ the white man's secondary measurement of social eminence, occupation. There are a few Negro bankers scattered across the country, and some are men of consequence in American affairs. There are also the insurance heads, newspaper owners and publishers, writers, musicians, college professors, school-teachers, civil-service workers, and menials (including domestic servants). There being but few Afro-Americans of the type that would automatically become one with the highest stratum of Caucasian society, if a miracle wrought such a merger, the black blue-bloods find themselves incapable of outdistancing the climbers.

The observation is frequently made that in Negro society one may find the barber seated beside the bank-president. This is true, but the reason is obvious and near at hand. The most exalted men and women in these colored United States represent individual achievement —save in a very few instances. A black banker is not such through inheritance, but through personal achievement. His father was not a banker but a butler, while his mother scrubbed to help out. That is why, in any large gathering of Afro-American élite, the sheep are found rubbing noses with the goats. The reason the goats are there is that they could not be separated from the sheep. The goat just happens to be the big ram's father or brother or some other close relative.

II

But the situation is rapidly changing. Class distinctions within the race are multiplying and are being recognized by those affected. Not only that, but class distinctions within the race are being taken as a matter of course.

I have a room in a studio building in Copley Square, Boston. There I go occasionally to conduct a class in English composition. Descending in the elevator one evening, I was conscious of the frank stare of the only other passenger, white. He stepped out ahead of me, and the black elevator-boy touched my arm.

"Wait a minute, Mr. Gordon," he said. "I want to tell you something."

When the other man was beyond hearing, the boy said indignantly:

"See that white fellow that rode down just now?"

"Yes."

"Well, what do you think he asked me up-stairs?"

"Don't know. What?"

"Well, he was lookin' for the freight-elevator man, and he seen you go in the studio, and he started after you. See? And I says to him, I says, 'Say, mister, wait a minute,' I says. 'That ain't the man you want,' I tells him. He stops and looks at me, and he says: 'Isn't that Jimmy?' I says: 'No, that's not Jimmy.' And he says: 'Well, it doesn't matter; he'll do.' He wanted somebody to bring out a box of books and put 'em on the freight-elevator, you know. Now, can you imagine that!"

"What did you say?" I asked.

At the memory of it he spluttered with anger. "What I said? Y'ought to of heard me. I says to him, I says, 'Just because a man's colored he don't have to be nobody's servant,' I says to him. 'That man,' I says, 'is a teacher just like you.' You talk about a dumfounded white man! Why, just because we're colored they think we got to be equals.

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Believe me, every time I gets a chance I tells 'em. . . ."

Then, there was a washerwoman. One day she was occupied with something in our apartment. In some way the talk veered to the inevitable topic of black-and-white relationship.

"An' this woman says to me, Mrs. Gordon, she says, 'Martha, I didn't know colored people was so clean and intelligent,' she says to me. 'Are all colored people intelligent and clean like you?' she says. What do you think of that for ignorance, Mrs. Gordon? And I says to her, I says, 'Mrs. Goodblood, you'd ought to see some of our best colored people,' I says. 'Why,' I says, 'I'm real illiterate aside of some of them. Do you know what?' I says. 'Why, I know some colored people who wouldn't any more have me to sit down to eat with them,' I says, 'than you would.' What do you know about such ignorance, Mrs. Gordon? Just because we're colored they think we're all on the same level, don't they? Takes me to set 'em straight, it does."

The elevator-boy and the laundress are typical. These men and women look with prideful complaisance upon an Afro-American who can equal the Caucasian at his own game of snobbery.

Not long ago there was current among certain Nordics a fable to the general purport that the most rarefied of black society would joyfully and without question accept any white woman who condescended to present herself. If ever it was true, it is true no longer. A white face without character or accomplishment to recommend it is without a chance in the best black circles.

In spite of these evidences of tendencies toward class separatism in Afro-America, many whites as well as a considerable number of blacks refuse to recognize the distinctions. So advanced a woman as Marcet Haldeman-Julius wrote the following in the Kansas City *Call,* a colored news-sheet:

"Personally, I have had a great deal to do with Negroes. When I was a child I had a Negro nurse—a real mammy type she was. Her husband tended our yard and furnace. . . . Both of them lived with us until they died, and Mammy Gooch's death was my first real sorrow. I had a colored woman as nurse for my youngest child, Henry. She was from Alabama and could neither read nor write. My cook at this moment is her antithesis—a well-educated, capable, executive-type of woman, and a local leader among her race."

There is no disputing that Mrs. Haldeman-Julius is better informed of the personal qualities of her cook than I am, yet I challenge her allegation that her cook is "a well-educated, capable, executive-type of woman, and a local leader among her race." I agree that the woman may have capability—alone. I admit that she may be well educated. And I grant her executive ability—alone. But I refuse to accept her *in toto* as presented by her mistress.

Such a woman would without doubt be a leader. She would probably be more than merely "a local leader among her race." But she would not be Mrs. Haldeman-Julius's cook. Instead, she would be a luminary in Kansas City's colored society. She would probably be, with her education and executive ability, head of a hair-straightening manufactory or some like enterprise. And she would *hire* a cook instead of being hired. Of course the reason Mrs. Haldeman-Julius, the man in the studio building, and laundrywoman's employer entertained their point of view lies in their lack of real acquaintanceship with Negro life.

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There are some colored folk with a similar point of view. They know the truth but refuse to accept it. In the first place, they insist, there is no such thing as colored society. Who ever heard of such nonsense? they demand. In the second place, even if there were, what of it? The non-conforming black man will not retreat from the position that he is as good as any other black man alive. Being black, he declares, places them all on the same level. He despises blacks who "think they're white" and "imitate" white society. In Boston recently a colored house-girl refused to accept employment in the home of William H. Lewis, formerly Assistant Attorney-General of the United States, when she learned that he was colored. "I'm just as good as he is," she maintained, demanding return of her fee by the employment bureau.

There are a few of this persisting type, but only a few. The greater number are accepting class separatism as an inevitable corollary of our present social order. And strange, too, the conformists are not illiterates, but of the type of Mrs. Haldeman-Julius's cook.

III

But, if there be discrimination between the menials and the "leaders," there is little enough discrimination between the various grades of those who compose the leadership. Here the progress of class distinction has been retarded. And the reason is apparent. A line must be drawn somewhere; so it may as well be drawn between the menials, as of the top of the lowest stratum, and the clerks, postmen, and other such workers, as of the bottom of the highest stratum. Thus do the postmen, policemen, clerks, stenographers, schoolteachers, college professors, college presidents, heads of business concerns, bankers, writers, publishers, and professional men compose society. The upper layers of the crust have begun to withdraw into themselves, so that soon there will be several strata instead of, as now, only two. That time will come when the number of wealthy will have increased and when, after several generations more, family trees in Afro-America will be sturdier than now.

The accusation that Negro society is patterned upon the white, in imitation of the latter, is only partially true. The average black man of wealth and education has as extensive a background of American civilization as the average white man of wealth and education. Neither knows any other civilization or culture. Both being schooled in American institutions, there is nothing for either to do but conform. There remains for the black man, as for the white, nothing but to assimilate the American culture and to be assimilated into the general scheme. This being true, accusing the Negro of imitation seems to be overlooking important circumstances. Perhaps they will explain how an indigenous growth can be imitative of its own soil. The same sets of circumstances that produce white Babbits and Ku-Kluxers and Odd Fellows produce also their black antitypes; if not actually, then in spirit. Throughout the social columns of the Afro-American press this truth is repeatedly exemplified; as in the following excerpts.

From Chicago:

"Mr. and Mrs. Robert S. Abbot were host and hostess to the fashionable Paramount Club on Saturday last. A full club attendance, except for the Charles S. Thompsons, was out. Prize-winners were Judge and Mrs. Albert B. George, Dr. Bousfield, Theodore Jones, and Mrs. Charles Dodson. The Abbots

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were, as usual, most gracious in their rôles, and all present spent a most enjoyable evening."

The Abbots, incidentally, are owners of the Chicago *Defender,* most widely circulated news-sheet in Afro-America. They live in a fine mansion in an "exclusive" neighborhood of whites. The gentleman, it is said, owns a Rolls-Royce touring-car and his wife a Pierce-Arrow roadster. They entertained the President of Haiti and Madame Borno when the head of the Caribbean republic visited this country last year. They are undisputed leaders of Chicago colored society; and, because of the prestige that usually attends a wealthy newspaper-publisher, the Abbots are top-liners in society wherever they go in these colored United States.

Here is an item from the Pittsburgh *Courier,* one of the best social news mediums in Afro-America:

"Society wore its most bewitching smile to welcome the new and charming Mrs. Edward C. Wood of Chicago, bride of one of our favored sons, at a reception in the home of the groom's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William E. Wood of Monticello Street, last Sunday afternoon.

"All of the interest and expectancy that followed the announcement of the nuptials burst forth like a magnificent flower, radiating beauty and happiness and filling the atmosphere with the rare fragrance of sincere hospitality. And the happy bride caught the spirit of the occasion, for it transformed her beautiful eyes into stars and her captivating smile into sunshine. She received the extravagant wishes of new friends with dainty shudders of delight and a graceful nod of her smartly bobbed head."

After detailing a list of the personages present, using the same grand style, the society reporter continues coyly:

"It is like us to peep into the interesting, and, after witnessing the going and coming of the élite, we stole upstairs to the bridal boudoir.

"Certainly the Blue Bird of Happiness descended upon that lovely room and left the imprint of its mysticism and color of its wings, too, for its exquisite hangings are in blue satin, a shade suggestive of that happy myth. The furnishings are warm gray, and the blue satin drapes, bed canopy and spread, pillow, Chinese rug, are artistically relieved by lamps of soft rose."

Another lady reporter of the same breathless event writes that "Mr. Wood is an old Pittsburgher and well known in Pittsburgh social life." For our delectation she adds, "He is manager of the Station Hotel, of which his father is the owner." Of course those who have not seen the Station Hotel need not smile.

As evidence that even Charleston, S. C., aspires eventually to the capitalship of the Afro-American republic, the following speaks for itself:

"On April 4, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Mayes entertained a number of friends at their residence, 47 South Street, which was one of the most delightful affairs of the season.

"The guests began to arrive at eight o'clock, and by supper-time the house was crowded. The early part of the evening was spent in social chats and music rendered by Mrs. Anna Baker. Promptly at eleven o'clock she struck up the march and the guests, led by Mr. and Mrs. Mayes, entered the dining-room to partake of a supper, Southern style.

"The menu consisted of roast pork, Carolina rice, macaroni, potato salad,

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beets, celery, pickles, hot rolls, giblet gravy, fruit punch, fruits, ice-cream, and cake. If gastronomic pleasure is measured by the disappearance of food, it can safely be said that the guests enjoyed themselves."

This is from New York:

"Dr. and Mrs. Charles Garvin and daughter, of Cleveland; Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Fleming, of Cleveland; Mr. and Mrs. William Stanton, of Pittsburgh, sailed this week on the *Rochambeau* for a European vacation."

And from Pittsburgh:

"One of the pretty weddings of the month was that of Miss Stella Mae Wayne, daughter of the late Milo V. and Bertha M. Wayne, and Alfred J. Carr, in the Clark Memorial Baptist Church June first. The bride wore a gown of white brocaded Canton and carried a bride's bouquet of roses and valley-lilies. Miss Rose Eckles, Miss Georgina Wayne, little Stella Moore, and Master Melvin Douthett and Miss Sena Moore were attendants. After a honeymoon trip to Niagara Falls and Great Lakes resorts the newlyweds are at home in Sixteenth Avenue, Homestead."

Another from New York:

"Mrs. P. E. Spratlin and Miss Devonia Spratlin, wife and daughter of Dr. P. E. Spratlin of Denver, Colo., and Mrs. T. P. Mahammett of Omaha, Neb., arrived in the city this week to join Prof. V. B. Spratlin and Miss Estielda Spratlin. The party will sail for Spain to-day on the *Manuel Arnus*.

"Prof. Spratlin, who is associate head of Romance Language Department of West Virginia Collegiate Institute, will study at the University of Madrid, the Sorbonne and at Leipsig, preparatory to taking his Ph.D. degree. Miss Devonia Spratlin will study art and music in Paris. Miss Estielda Spratlin is a teacher of physical education in the Armstrong High School, Washington, D. C."

Cleveland presents this:

"A. L. Bryant, foreman of E. Ramsay's tonsorial parlor, Cedar Avenue at 101st Street, was all in smiles Friday. The 'stork special' arrived at the Maternity Hospital of Western Reserve University and left a fine bouncing baby son, A. L., Jr. Mother and son are doing fine. Mrs. Bryant was formerly Miss Dot Rose, of Columbus, but more recently stenographer in the office of Chandler and White, attorneys."

And, finally, from Boston:

"The Blue Birds Social Club held a chitterling and pigs'-feet supper in the vestry of the Halleluiah Baptist Church last Friday night. Among the guests were Rev. Smitten, Brother John Ball, Red Caps William Johns and Bently Turner, and the ever-popular proprietor of the Star Pressing Club, 'Jokesmith' Blue."

IV

Where, if anywhere, is the social capital of these colored United States? Harlem claims the honor; Washington challenges the claim. Chicago presents some stalwart arguments, and so do Pittsburgh and Philadelphia. Boston does not say very much. Washington's challenge is thrust into the face of Harlem by the social arbiter of Howard University, Professor Kelly Miller:

"Washington is the social capital of the Negro race. Social celebrities from all over the country find fulfilment of their highest ambition to shine at some great function in the national capital. Every four years a President of the United States is inaugurated. The occasion is usually featured by an inaugural

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ball. Although the Negroes may have little cause for jubilation over the incoming administration, they usually have two or three inaugural balls, whereas the whites are satisfied with one. . . . The capital city furnishes the best opportunity and facilities for the expression of the Negro's innate gaiety of soul. Washington is still the Negro's heaven, and it will be many a moon before Harlem will be able to take away the sceptre."

Harlem refuses to argue the question at length, for there is no community in the world more self-satisfied, more self-sufficient, more self-sustaining. And no challenger knows this better than Washington.

Harlem is letting her actions speak for her. And they *do* speak—eloquently. Visit a fashion show at Rockland Palace, or drop in on one of the dinner-parties given by the daughter and heiress of the late Madame Walker, of hair-grower fame, or get invited to James Weldon Johnson's flat and sit on the floor in the midst of weighty intellects, or—Washington, Harlem, Chicago, Pittsburgh, Atlanta; Hop Toad, Texas; Norfolk; Assbray, Ga., and Braggadocio, S. C., have each a social circle which each thinks supreme.

V

The chief difference, as pointed out already, between the whites' and the blacks' society of the upper reaches lies in the omnium-gatherum composition of the blacks'. Effort is being made from the top, and observed with tolerant unconcern from the bottom, to make lines between social classes more sharply distinct. But the consummation of this effort, aimless and wavering as it is, is afar off. The occupational diversions of Afro-America are too conglomerate, reaching from the sewer to the cathedral spire, as they do, and being connected by blood-ties, as they are, to permit of indiscriminate discrimination. Thus, at an exclusive dinner-party, it often happens that the roster of guests represents an olla podrida of Afro-Americana. Beside a bishop of the African Methodist Episcopal Church sits a lady whose delicate hands daily manipulate the kink-remover pliers. The good bishop may have an opinion about such promiscuity, but he is both a gentleman and a man of sense. He says not a word. There being no social register, it is left to the hostess's intuition and rather doubtful sense of values to determine who shall and who shall not grace her board. No one with so much as three thousand dollars in cash, regardless as to how this fabulous sum was accumulated, may be ignored. In a case of this sort there is no alternative. And some manipulators of the hair-iron are ladies of wealth and power. Besides, you've got to let *somebody* in. It is all right, perhaps, to exclude the truck-driver, if you want to be nastily snobbish, and the ashman, and the offal-cart attendant; but, good Lord, use discretion! Besides, the hair-dresser's son may be a professor at Howard, her daughter a graduate of Radcliffe, with a Ph.D. from the Sorbonne, and her husband an editor of an influential journal. Not only has she three thousand dollars in her own right, but she has achieved spiritually—if you get the meaning; and achievement, no matter how futile it may seem to the complacent Caucasian, is fittingly esteemed in these colored United States. Granting Washington to be typical of the best, let us consider her.

In Washington the top cream of colored society—as in most other places—is a thick layer of doctors and lawyers,

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with a somewhat thinner layer of Howard University officials, a still thinner and less important layer of teachers in the public schools, and a somewhat watery sediment of government workers. The top of the cream is tacitly acknowledged to be the doctors and the lawyers. No one ever disputes that. If any one did he would be suspected of all kinds of depravity. Some of the social notes printed in the *Tribune* and the *Eagle* of that fair city read like rosters from medical and law school reviews.

The houses these aristocrats occupy are well built and imposing, but old. Inside, examination would reveal most of them to be overrun with cockroaches and mice. Not one of this gentry owns a house built for his own use. They are all content merely to chase out the harassed Nordic and to grab what he leaves. Some of the most moneyed of these folk are becoming more so through real-estate operations. Many lawyers and some doctors are turning realtors, but they are not losing caste thereby. They purchase the deserted mansions lately occupied by Klansmen's families and sell them for double and treble their worth to such of their own race as will pay the prices.

Most of the matrons of the Washington set are ludicrously snobbish—but so are the men. A majority of the women too possess Caucasian exteriors. To be able to "pass" is almost a requisite. It is an invaluable asset in a town where rests the centre of government of all the people, and where the congressmen and the senators spend their overtime thinking up new ways to humiliate the uppish darkies. So the matron of the smart colored set, with her fair skin and her invariably beautiful face, sits beside the gentleman from Arkansas in Keith's or dines opposite him at the Mayflower, or even relieves him of his seat in a trolley, since these gentlemen will not under any circumstances see a "white" woman stand in a public conveyance. The experiences encountered thus by the Afro-American élite serve as morsel for gossip at many a five-hundred party, or bridge game, or informal luncheon.

Some of the most conspicuous of the male members of society are conspicuous because of the contrast they make beside their fair-skinned ladies. It is not nearly so important that the man be "passable" as that the woman be so. A black man, as a rule, if he be anybody at all, may climb to the very top of the social ladder; this is seldom true with respect to the woman. The woman in every racial group, apparently, is socially more ambitious than the man. In this country the dominating group has set a standard of beauty, and it is the steadfast conviction of every woman, be she white or non-white, that she must conform to it. And that accounts for the almost pathetic attempt of the darker women to bleach the skin and to straighten the hair. Submerged in a group of a hundred million, the colored woman feels that her salvation lies in being as nearly as possible like the women for whom fashions are designed and beauty cults maintained. It is a question of survival, not one of simple imitation; as a matter of fact, it is not imitation at all, but conformity with the customs of their country.

An important ingredient of the Afro-American social mélange in Washington is the coterie of lawyers holding public office. In former years these have included the Register of the Treasury; to-day they are the recorder of deeds of the District of Columbia, a judge of the municipal court, and an assistant to the attorney-general. The acknowl-

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edged leaders of colored society in Washington now are Congressman and Mrs. Oscar De Priest, of Chicago.

It might be supposed that the Haitian minister to the United States would be a ringleader in Washington colored society; most emphatically he is not. Not that he would not be welcomed; society has more than once made invitatory gestures in his direction. But, being observant of the situation that obtains between black and white in the Land of the Free, the Haitian minister knows that if he ever crossed the social line into Afro-America he would find difficulty in returning. This is so, despite the ugly truth that the cultural level of Washington's colored society is flush with that to which the Haitian minister and his family are accredited. Therefore, that gentleman steers clear, accepting invitations from colored Washington only when the occasion is publicly in the open, like the inauguration, for example, of Howard University's colored president. The Haitian minister was present at that event; but so were the Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Interior.

About twelve years ago Maurice Menos, son of the dark-skinned Solon Menos, at that time minister from Haiti, eloped to Baltimore and was married to the daughter of a socially ambitious white family from Virginia. Colored Washington gasped; clasped its hands and waited to see what would happen. Nothing happened beyond the usual when a member of the diplomatic corps takes an American wife. The couple got the usual amount of newspaper space, and the young woman got into the "Social Register." The point is that colored Washington considered it a sort of personal triumph; but, of course, it was nothing of the sort. If young Menos bore toward colored Washington anything other than indifference, no one saw it.

Below the doctors and the lawyers come the school-teachers. Some of the most beautiful women of the country are undoubtedly to be found teaching in Washington's schools; and I refer to alleged Negro women. Of a lower social order, many of them graduate into the upper strata by getting married to doctors and lawyers. They make excellent matrons and dowagers, often completely eclipsing the pretty *dumm belles* whom the society gentlemen married because they *were* pretty.

The government workers and the menials are the mainstay of the upper crusts, the former, of course, being away out of sight above the latter. As for the washerwomen, the cart-drivers, the elevator-operators, and the other essential but thoroughly snubbed multitudes, they go their way in sweet contentment. They have few if any complaints to make. Now and then their ire may be stirred by the supercilious behavior of an erstwhile associate who, being pretty, has captured a doctor or a lawyer. But they soon forgive her and rejoice in her good fortune. It means progress when even one succeeds in scaling the heights. It means that the "cullud fo'ks is gittin' mo' lak de w'ite fo'ks evah day," and that, I assure you, in a world where white is the badge of the redeemed and black that of the damned, where snobbery and class distinctions and tinsel riches are the new Baal to be fearfully worshipped—that, I say, is something to aspire to! And as goes Washington so goes the rest of it.

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And This Is All

BY CONRAD AIKEN

WHAT shall we do—what shall we think—what shall we say—?
why, as the crocus does, on a March morning,
with just such shape and brightness; such fragility;
such white and gold, and out of just such earth.
Or as the cloud does on the northeast wind—
fluent and formless; or as the tree that withers.
What are we made of, strumpet, but of these?
Nothing. We are the sum of all these accidents—
compounded all our days of idiot trifles,—
the this, the that, the other, and the next;
whether it rained or not, and at what hour;
whether the pudding had two eggs or three,
and those we loved were ladies. . . . Were they ladies?
and did they read the proper books, and simper
with proper persons, at the proper teas?
O Christ and God and all deciduous things—
let us void out this nonsense and be healed.

There is no doubt that we shall do, as always,
just what the crocus does. There is no doubt
your Helen of Troy is all that she has seen,—
all filth, all beauty, all honor and deceit. . . .
The spider's web will hang in her bright mind,—
the dead fly die there doubly; and the rat
find sewers to his liking. She will walk
in such a world as this alone could give—
this of the moment, this mad world of mirrors
and of corrosive memory. She will know
the lecheries of the cockroach and the worm,
the chemistry of the sunset, the foul seeds
dropped by the intellect in the simple heart. . . .
And knowing all these things, she will be she.

She will be also the sunrise on the grass-blade—
but pay no heed to that. She will be also
the infinite tenderness of the voice of morning—
but pay no heed to that. She will be also
the grain of elmwood, and the ply of water,
whirlings in sand and smoke, wind in the ferns,
the fixed bright eyes of dolls. . . . And this is all.

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F. Scott McBride recently told a Senate committee that the Anti-Saloon League was "born of God." A Protestant minister from the dry regions of Iowa resents the assumption and calls the 18th Amendment neither wise nor Christian. He cites conditions in his own community.

A Parson Looks at Prohibition

BY WARE W. WIMBERLY

It is difficult for me, even though a parson, to become reconciled either to the wisdom or the Christianity of the Eighteenth Amendment. To be sure, I can recall the time when I was as ardent a prohibitionist as was Frances E. Willard herself. But it was in the days of innocence and gullibility, when one answered not again when he was spoken to and accepted the *obiter dicta* of the drys without question. I even permitted my Sunday-school teacher to pin a white ribbon on me and induce me to render a sing-song poem against the evils of strong drink and tobacco. The denunciation of tobacco along with alcohol served to check my eloquence somewhat, for my father always smoked a strong pipe when he took me on his lap and told me Uncle Remus stories. But if I was slightly conscious of filial disloyalty, I was also aware that I was performing a noble work in thus pasting John Barleycorn between the eyes. For I was convinced that scorpions, pink elephants, and boa constrictors lurked in the wine-glass and the whiskey-bottle. Inasmuch as I was a regular attendant at Sunday-school I could have believed nothing else. Then, too, there was old Bill Missinger. Bill was exhibit A of the drys. And the fact that he drank raw alcohol and then went home to beat his wife—or, if he was too drunk, was beaten by her—blinded me to the fact that hundreds of perfectly respectable citizens quaffed their beer and indulged in morning nips and nightcaps without apparent injury either to their health, their business, their reputation, or their spiritual life.

There were two saloons in the town where I lived and also a couple of drugstores, whose proprietors prescribed freely for coughs and colds. But as the mother of one of the druggists was president of the W. C. T. U., it was the saloons alone that were insecure. The sword of the local-option law hung heavy over the heads of Bill Fence and Gus Alexander, the proprietors of these two sinks of iniquity. And my first intimation that perhaps all truth did not lie on the side of the prohibitionists came when the reform crusaders took advantage of the option law. They circulated a petition for an election which, if the results were happy, would drive Bill and Gus back into wet and Godless Missouri. Disillusionment came both to them and to me when they met their first rebuff at my own doorstep. It was not that they didn't get their petition signed. My father signed it quickly

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enough, believing that the local madness had better come to a head in an election. But he refused to grant them the greater boon of entering actively into the anti-rum campaign and enlisting his oratory in the cause of a sober nation. And the fact that he was the local Presbyterian clergyman readily reveals the enormity of his crime.

I vividly recall the amazement and chagrin of the white-haired, strong-chinned old matron—the druggist's mother, by the way—who interviewed my father that summer evening on our front porch. I remember my father saying quite firmly that he could not enter into the campaign, in spite of the fact that all his predecessors had done so. I shall never forget the flushed face of the dry leader and her attempt to control her indignation. I clung to my father's pants leg and marvelled at his heresy. And the older I've grown, the more I've marvelled. He had recklessly thrown himself in front of the prohibition steam-roller. He stood in danger of alienating the membership of his church and being kicked out forthwith. Such heresies might have led him into ecclesiastical courts and to eventual disrobement. It seemed equivalent to snatching the bread and butter from the mouths of his wife and children. But, by some magic, my father escaped, largely because there were more drinkers in his congregation and in the town than the reformers, in the blindness of their ardor, knew about. The depraved were liberal givers, and my sire's salary never suffered. One irate member did advocate riding dad out of town on a rail, but he failed to get a following.

But the incident served to disclose my father's mind to me. It slowly brought about the revelation that Christianity and reform were with him not synonymous terms, that the Anti-Saloon League was one organization and the Christian Church another. I learned that my father and those to whom he preached were poles apart in their conception of Christianity. He believed that Jesus drank wine instead of grape juice, a pronouncement that rocked my soul to its foundations when I first heard it. But it opened the way for even greater disillusionment. He frowned upon the methods of the Anti-Saloon League, maintaining that both the League and the brewers resorted to foul practices to attain their ends. He strongly favored the substitution of the word *prohibition* in place of *temperance* in the initials W. C. T. U. My mother told me that he once refused to let a drunken man be kicked out of his church, even though the inebriate was cockeyed enough to want to take a front pew, which is certainly as drunk as a man can get, short of delirium tremens. And, heresy of heresies, he believed that a man could be a temperate drinker and not endanger his soul. Such a revolutionary doctrine was almost too great a strain on filial loyalty, but I swallowed it. My father had said it, and therefore it was so. And when one of my playmates, shortly after the petition incident, ran up to tell me that my father had been seen in Fence's saloon talking to Bill Fence himself, and what did I think of that, I definitely took my place under the standard of my father and delivered my first homily on religion and morals, the main points of which I was prepared to emphasize with my fists.

Thus, I grew to manhood, discounting reform and the negative aspects of Christianity, believing that the centre lay in such affirmative attributes as self-control and charity. And with such a Gospel in mind and realizing its richness as I grew older, I passed in due time from a university to a theological semi-

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nary and thence, through the laying on of hands, to a pastorate in the Corn Belt.

II

And I have discovered that the life of a parson in the tall corn is not an altogether unhappy business. I have even become an advocate of the ladies' aid and the woman's missionary society, those widely maligned organizations. The people to whom I minister have been most kind. But, like my father before me, I have discovered that what constitutes Christianity for me is incidental in the lives of many church-members. For a man to enter my church hating his fellow man is, in my estimation, a much worse crime than for him to enter the church with an alcoholic breath or the hiccoughs. The man with hiccoughs certainly has put himself in danger of the judgment, but I am also aware that the Nazarene said very little about intoxication, whereas He scored the loveless unmercifully. But the Sunday-schools and the churches have emphasized the importance of good morals until most Christians minimize the weightier matters of the law. That is why the villainous old church deacon of fiction will turn his ruined daughter from his door. That is why, also, the members of the ladies' aid will indulge in malicious gossip and at the same time damn the unhappy victim of strong drink. It is a matter of emphasis. And I maintain that the Gospel Christ preached and the one most difficult to follow and the one most sorely needed to-day had very little to do with whether a man chewed cutplug or kept a bottle of Walker's Black Label in the cupboard. Christ believed that if love were at the centre of a man's life, these matters would take care of themselves.

Consequently, my sympathies are plainly not with the prohibitionists. I play shy of the Anti-Saloon League, and privately resent many of their methods. And when the president of the local W. C. T. U. asked me to preach a sermon commemorating the tenth anniversary of the prohibition amendment, I declined. I felt that I should do their cause more harm than good, and that what I had to say would be misinterpreted. I not only question the advisability of strong-arm methods to bring about the redemption of mankind, but I cannot believe such methods Christian, whatever else they may be.

I resent the assumption of the Anti-Saloon League that their methods and aims are identical with those of the church. The Anti-Saloon League and the W. C. T. U. have no right to ask the church to work hand in glove with them. They have no right to assume that every evangelical pulpit in the land is their forum. In the last presidential election, it was taken for granted that I should be opposed to Al Smith. It piqued me to find out how general that assumption was, and it almost led me, in my resentment, to cast my vote for the governor. There was no thought given to the fact that I might consider a robber tariff un-Christian, that I might wonder if the Republican platform and the "noble experiment" dictum did not smack of hypocrisy, or that I might be suspicious of the Great God Prosperity as a worthy deity. As a matter of fact, although I voted for neither of the men, I openly expressed my admiration for Smith's candor. I knew where he stood. I never knew where the elusive Mr. Hoover stood. But Smith's wetness, in the eyes of the vast majority of Christians, automatically made a Hoovercrat out of me. Smith was wet. Therefore, I, a parson, was "agin" him. I contend that it should not be so. There are worse sins

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than drinking liquors. There are even worse sins than advocating an open saloon. And among them are self-righteousness and the attempt to legislate and club unwilling souls into the Kingdom of Heaven.

Above all things, such were not the methods of the Founder of the Church. His purpose was to implant new motives and new incentives in the heart of mankind. The "ideal" kingdom did not lie in law or the police force. "The Kingdom of God is within you." He taught, preached, and set an example. But he did not coerce. He never drove the demons out of men without first arousing faith in the hearts of men. Some one best explained his method by saying that he wrought by "the expulsive power of a new affection." The law and the prophets were for him caught up in the word "love." "God so loved the world." "Love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and thy neighbor as thyself." "This do, and thou shalt live." When, for example, the principle of human brotherhood entered a man's heart, it forthwith colored all his life. And he exemplified this principle not by snatching wine from men's lips or prostitutes from their embrace, but by attempting to implant in men's lives the spiritual power which would give them control over their passions. That men did and still do feel that strange power rise within them at His touch and through His teaching, is Christ's greatest claim to uniqueness. His followers, like Paul and Peter, were above the law, moral or otherwise. Paul, in fact, advised his early followers to leave the law alone and to strive for faith active in love. He involved himself in endless argument and was forced to pen numerous epistles on the subject, but he stuck to his guns. As to Christ, so to Paul, the Law was anathema. It was all right, but it was not what the Christian church should stress. They should stress the attainment of that power which lifted them above the necessity of law. And Christ carried that principle consistently through to His death. He rebuked an impetuous follower for drawing the sword at the moment of arrest. He staked all on the force He called Love. He discounted force, swords, and statutes, believing that all of them were futile unless love could take possession of the soul of mankind.

But the church has failed to place the emphasis where its leader placed it. It has succumbed to the pleas of the Anti-Saloon League, and has tried to hurry along the Kingdom of God by proscription and prohibition. It has become so closely identified with such methods that one immediately associates the church with every reform society that may spring up. And the Christian Church is running foul of its original purpose when it grabs a club and starts after a lost soul. It is betraying its Founder when it permits militant reformers to make free use of its temples, or when it greets their victories with hallelujahs.

If the reform societies believe that their method is the only way to bring about a moral nation, God forbid that I should deny them the right of their own belief. But let them shinny on their own side. The church does not fight fire with fire, except with such fires as consumed the martyrs. Its aim is to teach self-control, to endow a man with that self-confidence which will permit him to take a little wine for the stomach's sake without the danger of becoming a toper. It does not believe that you can bring about sobriety by smashing a gin bottle. For it realizes, or should realize, that the confirmed gin addict will then resort to vanilla extract. It stands or falls upon its power, which it maintains is

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the power of God, to change the heart of man. Whether it manages to do this in a moment's time or through a long educational process, is beside the point. But a "new man" is nevertheless its objective—one who is right because he's right inside and not because he's afraid to be otherwise.

III

And the ideal of Jesus is, it appears to me, being vindicated. The tumult and the shouting which has been raised in pulpit and press about law enforcement and respect for law, is unavailing. We should obey the law because the law is a part of the Constitution. "That's right," assents the American citizen, and straightway goes forth and spikes his near beer with bootleg alcohol. By flouting this law, we are breeding disrespect for all law. And we should therefore obey the prohibition law whether we like it or not, storms the dry advocate. Mr. Averageman gives his amen to that, and then hurries home to see how his home-brew is brewing. How often preachers have used these arguments and how much more often have I read them in journals devoted to the prohibition cause. But in the very midst of these deafening appeals, issuing from the White House and re-echoing in every country schoolhouse, the people are going quietly ahead smashing the prohibition law into ten thousand fragments. Just as the Abolitionists couldn't stomach the Dred Scott decision, and so went on operating their underground railways, in like manner are the thirsty citizens of America flouting Volsteadism.

Literally millions of Americans do not believe in it and think it contrary to individual, God-given liberty. It is therefore unenforceable. Whether or not they are right is not the question. They honestly believe they are right, and it will take more than an army of prohibition agents and a flotilla of government boats to make them think otherwise. But it is quite different with such laws as those aimed at murder or rape. These laws are of course broken, but our conscientious neighbors are not breaking them. For the spirit of the people has resulted in laws which the people will obey. The human heart is Christian enough to believe that murder and rape are wrong. Apparently, in Kansas and elsewhere, the great majority believe that drinking liquor is also wrong. But the people in Chicago and New York are not at all convinced that drinking gin constitutes a sin. I often wonder how many clergymen know law-breakers among their parishioners, to say nothing of their fellow clergymen. I rather imagine that if all of us set ourselves to guard the sanctity of this law, the jails of this fair republic would house many a great man and many a good man, including senators and ministers of the gospel.

I've been offered wine several times by friends who considered my liberal attitude on prohibition as significant, indicative of a secret and a violent thirst. I could perhaps expose them and thereby sacrifice enduring friendships to strong government. But my conscience would bother me much more if I did than if I didn't. As a matter of fact, in my failure to perform what seems an obvious duty, I harbor a feeling that God Himself would turn away from me. And yet, should I become a self-elected snooper, I imagine that I could show some surprising results. When a man can walk into a restaurant in the corn belt and behold the thirsty spiking their near-beer, matters have reached a place where commissions, leagues, armies, churches, and all other agencies set up to counteract the thirst of several

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million Americans are helpless. Not even civil war could settle the question, for the prohibitionists would as likely as not find a bottle of Johnnie Walker tucked away under their brigadier's pillow.

I'm convinced that the best method of handling this problem is to exalt the attribute of temperance. Not only the church but the schools and the government had best quit howling about the sanctity of the law and direct their energies to teaching self-control. Should the government, for instance, divert some of its millions from the channels of law enforcement into the channel of instruction, it would find itself in due time approaching a solution of its problem. Should it scientifically go about the business of combatting whiskey as it has combatted social diseases, it would find the common sense of Americans responding to its instruction. But, instead, it has autocratically declared that drinking alcohol is wrong. And now it faces the tremendous odds of making a hundred million people subscribe to that creed.

In other words, I find herein vindication for the method of Jesus. He placed instruction above insurrection. He valued enlightenment above enforcement, co-operation above coercion. And the church, whatever the views of its individual members, should take this position as an organization. For this was its original position before the reformers captured the gospel ship and manned the helms. If the church would close its doors to the Anti-Saloon League, refuse to sanction its methods, and go about the original business of teaching the fundamental virtues, which are respected by all peoples, it would not only be true to itself but it would ultimately prove a unique and effective agency in behalf of sobriety and against lawlessness.

When Jesus said, "The Kingdom of God is within you," He disclosed not only the heart of his gospel but the panacea for most human ills. For when that Kingdom is within us, it will express itself in laws that will be obeyed and not in laws that my self-respecting, ordinarily law-abiding and Christian neighbors feel compelled to break. Consequently, the church had better leave militant measures of reform to the reformers and busy itself with the greater task of building up, through teaching, preaching, and example, the Kingdom of righteousness in the hearts of its children. For the mailed fist has failed as often as it has been tried, producing nothing but an impossible social and political tangle. It is time that we began to place our emphasis on the quieter and more effective method of enlightenment through instruction. If the church exalted such a method, it would lose many adherents and it might even die. But, having perished, it might know the splendor of a resurrection and awake to find its ideals vindicated.

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THE MACHINE—Servant or Master?

The predominant conception of the machine's use makes it to-day an enemy of art and fine living, declares Mr. Mumford, but great possibilities are latent in proper assimilation of our conqueror. A comprehensive and keenly analytical article on the machine and its relation to human life.

The Drama of the Machines

BY LEWIS MUMFORD

THOUGH we call our period The Machine Age, very few people have any perspective upon the machine, or any clear notion of its origins. A popular historian dates the great transformation that has taken place with the invention of Watt's steam-engine; and in the conventional text-book the application of mechanical methods to weaving is usually treated as a critical turning-point; whereas, like all great changes, the introduction of the machine was essentially a change of mind, and it no more depended upon any single invention, like the steam-engine, than it depended upon any special industry. The gains that the machine has brought have rarely been balanced up against the losses; and Mr. Stuart Chase's recent attempt to do this showed how intricate and uncertain such an estimate must be, once one drops the comfortable Victorian notion that all change is progress and all progress is beneficial.

If we wish to have any clear notion about the machine we must think about its psychological as well as its practical origins; and similarly, we must appraise its æsthetic and ethical results. For a century we have isolated the technical triumphs of the machine; we have bowed before the handiwork of the inventor and the scientist; we have alternately exalted these new instruments for their practical success, and despised them for the narrowness of their achievements. When one examines the subject freshly, however, many of these estimates are upset. We find that there are human values in machinery that we did not suspect; we also find that there are wastes, losses, perversions of energy which the ordinary economist blandly concealed. The vast material displacements the machine has made in our physical environment are perhaps in the long run less important than its spiritual contributions to our culture.

II

A drama could be made of the coming of the machine into modern society.

Five or six centuries before the main body of the army forms, spies have been planted among the nations of Europe. Here and there, in strategic positions, small bodies of scouts and observers appear, preparing the way for the main force: a Roger Bacon, a Leonardo da Vinci, a Paracelsus. But the army of machines could not take possession of modern society until every department had been trained; above all, it was necessary to gather a group of creative minds, a general staff, who would see a dozen

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moves beyond the immediate strategy and would invent a superior tactics. These are the physicists and mathematicians; without their abstract descriptions, the useful habit of isolating certain movements and sequences would not have been adopted, and invention would probably have sought to reproduce—as in fact it first did—cumbrous mechanical men or mechanical horses, instead of their abstract equivalents, namely, steam-engines, locomotives, rifles, cranes. Behind the scientific advance-guard came the shock troops, the miners, the woodmen, the soldiers proper, and their inventive leaders. Five centuries were needed to set the stage for the modern world.

At last the machines are ready. The outposts have been planted and the army trained. Between Dante and John Bunyan there are only four centuries; but between John Bunyan's Pilgrim and Defoe's Robinson Crusoe there is a whole epoch: one is interested in his soul, the other in the ingenious adaptation of his material environment. What is the order of the battle, and where does the machine claim its first victory?

The battle which led to the establishment of the machine as a central force in Western civilization was a battle in the most literal sense; for perhaps the chief incentive to mechanical contrivance has come, as Jenks observed a generation ago, from the institution of warfare. Modern Western society distinguishes itself from many savage communities, and from such high civilizations as that of ancient China, by the application of a deadly earnestness to the slaughter of men. Holsti, in his treatise on War and the State, has pointed out the ritualistic and playful elements in savage warfare; but in spite of the prudence and matter-of-factness of the professional soldier, a transformation came about when the ideal of the knightly encounter was exchanged for a relentless combat in the name of "religion" or freedom. Did this animus lead to the invention of more deadly weapons, or did the cannon and the musket automatically claim more blood? Probably both. At all events, the internal combustion engine —bullets propelled by gunpowder—was a product of warfare.

The increasing deadliness of armed combat made, in addition, new demands upon the art of the smith: first in the manufacture of fine steel armor, then with the development of the musket and the cannon, and finally, in our own day, with the armored battleship and the armored tank. These demands both accelerated the increase in skill and caused rapid advances in mining and smelting; and this in turn directed skilled minds to technological processes which had hitherto been carried on in a hit-or-miss fashion. Leonardo offered his services to princes, not to utilize his skill in painting, but because of his knowledge of ballistics and fortification, because he could construct redoubts and ditches and canals. The division between the quantitative processes of production, which became the province of the engineer, and the qualitative interests, which were relegated to the pure artist, is beautifully illustrated in the conflict that perpetually agitated Leonardo himself. Roughly, up to his time these processes were united; thenceforward the practical man and the idealist, the utilitarian and the æsthete, tended to be separated. By the time the nineteenth century opened, the gulf was almost final. The engineer knew no art; the artist had few connections with practical life; and the architect, in whom the traditional state persisted, lacked the power to integrate these two elements in his designs.

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III

In back of the soldier stand the woodman and the miner: they are the primitive forms of the modern engineer. A certain amount of harm has been done, in interpreting the industrial changes that have taken place, by confusing derivative agents, like factory production and the invention of the power-loom, with the great prime-movers, and the prime machine-tools themselves. The woodman was the chief contributor to the precise arts: a whole tradition of woodcraft lies in back of the individual inventions that began to multiply around 1760 in England. As wheelwright and turner, he produced the wheels and ratchets necessary for the first clocks, whose works were made of wood; in his creation of the engine lathe, in its earliest form a bent sapling attached for motive power to a shaft, he handed on the most useful perhaps of all machine tools, for without it accurate machines and instruments of measurement could not be made. The woodman and the smith produced the water-wheel and the windmill, the first attempts to transfer the burden of work from the backs of animals to the impersonal forces of nature. Directly from the mine came a contribution which, though not so fundamental, nevertheless provided the framework of nineteenth-century civilization: the railroad, first invented to facilitate the removal of ore from the pit; while likewise for the mine, in order to keep the shaft from flooding with water, the primitive steam-engine was invented.

Once these key inventions were planted, once the General Staff was ready to supply a general stream of abstract ideas and suggestions, the time had come for the machine to take possession of Western civilization: at last the derivative products of industrialism could spawn and multiply. From the woodman's primitive distillation of tar to the thousand dyes and medicines and poisons that come from the destructive distillation of coal, from the soldier's gunpowder and cannons and pontoons to the rock-dynamiting, foundation-digging, bridge-building, and road-laying of to-day; from the sailor's rough steering by sun and the North star and the magnetic needle to the accurate trigonometrical calculations and chronometer readings of modern navigation—all this is a difference of extent and accuracy but not of kind. The machine brought with it great gains in mechanical efficiency; unfortunately, since it derived so much of its technic and animus from the destructive arts of mining and warfare, these gains were offset by a loss of human purpose. The ideology of physical science reinforced these original weaknesses: for its method was to isolate and dismember human experience, reduce every aspect of it to its quantitative relations, and remove, as a source of error, the human personality itself. In the abstract world of physical science there was no more place for human purpose than there was a place for thoughts and dreams in the motions of pistons or a place for work-songs in the pounding of trip-hammers. The machine was more efficient than a human being, partly because of new sources of power, and partly because its functions were completely stripped of irrelevant aims or interests.

The advantages of the machine that have been most readily appreciated have been the tapping of new natural sources of power, moving air, running water, coal, petroleum, gas, and the substitution of mechanical labor for both the creative energy of the handicraft artist and the deadening routine of the servile

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drudge. From the first change we derive untold quantities of power; from the second, in so far as the machine has been able to replace human labor completely, we derive the possibility of freedom—although the specialized factory worker has lost something of the occupational variety and human companionship of the old-fashioned workshop. Neither freedom nor power is an end in itself: they are conditions of human fulfilment. But it is plain that if the ends are adequate, a commensurate grasp of the forces that condition them is a great boon—and if it were a social actuality and not, as at present, a pious hope, it would justify almost every boast of the mechanical apologists. The formal contributions of the machine, on the other hand, its value for mind and culture, are apparently much more difficult to grasp than its practical success: indeed, most industrialists would feel guilty of heresy did they believe—but who in the past was bold enough to suggest it?—that the capital achievement of the machine was an ethical and imaginative one.

Yet the more one reflects upon the machine, the less important do its practical achievements seem: Mr. Stuart Chase's contrast between the life of a modern factory worker and that of a mediæval villager shows how little of the sweat and blood and power and thought of the modern world is actually consummated in life and art—and this must be the final test of all practical effort. When one weighs the solid products of the machine against the wholesale destruction it has wrought in a single century, against the forests that must be replanted, the foul cities that must be razed and rebuilt, the depleted countrysides that must be restored, against all the irredeemable human misery it has brought into existence, against its constant threat of universal annihilation by mechanized warfare—when one balances these things, the blessings of the machine seem a little tainted; and at all events, we cannot take them for granted. Potentially, the machine has removed a part of our drudgery and routine; actually, the drudgery and routine remain, only a smaller and smaller part of society participates in it. Instead of distributing leisure, our modern industrial societies are burdened with chronic unemployment, a curse and not a benefit; and when, to keep the wheels moving, it forces its ephemeral goods upon the market, it only turns the laborer into a goods-devouring mechanism, the victim of a servile system of consumption. What then remains?

What remains is the technic of co-operative thought and action, the æsthetic excellences of the machine, and the delicate logic of materials and forces it has added to the canon of human achievements. Eliminating man, the machine has nevertheless embodied two of his deepest desires: the will-to-power and the will-to-order. It has turned the first will from the domination of other men to the domination of nature, and it has created for the accomplishment of certain material results a universal language: the language of exact science. If the goods of industrialism are still largely evanescent, its æsthetic is a durable contribution. The practical results are often dubious; the methods are excellent. The machine has added a whole series of arts to those produced by simple tools and handicraft methods. These arts have their own proper standards and give their own peculiar satisfaction to the human spirit. What matters the fact that the ordinary individual is the master of a hundred mechanical slaves, if the master himself remain an

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imbecile? But if the exact arts produced by the machine have their own contribution to make to the mind, a gain in intelligence, perception, and feeling may follow; and such gains are vital ones indeed. Let us examine the machine more carefully as an instrument of culture.

IV

The difficulty in appreciating the cultural contribution of the machine can best be shown, perhaps, in describing the way in which the problem of machine design was first faced, then muffed, and finally solved. For the mechanical problems were formulated and partly solved long before the æsthetic and human aspects were taken into consideration: the machines became a condition of our existence before they became an emotive part of our life.

In the design of the first machines, as in the organization of the first factories, the purely practical considerations were almost inevitably uppermost, and the personality was firmly shoved to one side. So universal was this characteristic that, until recent times, the only adjective that habitually modified the word factory was "ugly," just as if utilitarian structures, a castle, a bridge, a granary, had never in the past by any chance been beautiful. Nevertheless, the elimination of the human factor had to be justified and somehow compensated. Hence, over the incomplete, unrealized forms of the early machines and bridges a meretricious touch of decoration was added, a mere relic of the warm fantasies that painting and carving had once added to almost every handicraft object. The Battersea Bridge in London, the steel work in the lower part of the Eiffel Tower, the iron trusses in the oldest section of the Metropolitan Museum exhibit this incised or moulded ornament with which the early engineer sought to transform his structure into a veritable work of art: the homage of hypocrisy. One sees the identical effort on the earliest type of steam-radiator, in the floral decorations that originally graced the typewriter, and in the nondescript arabesque that still quaintly lingers on shotguns and sewing-machines.

This first stage is a compromise. The object is divided into two parts, one of which is to be precisely designed for mechanical efficiency, and the other to be decorated after the canons of an entirely different kind of art. While the utilitarian claims the structure, which must work, the æsthete is permitted slightly to modify the surface with his irrelevant patterns, his plutonic flowers, or his aimless filigree—provided that he does not alter the structure. This compromise satisfied the utilitarian longer than it did the romantic; but it produced a bastard art; a large part of our architecture and our American furniture and our machine-stamped china has long been a witness of this weak division. Mechanically produced by the aid of machinery, it shamefully conceals its origins, at the same time that it mocks the handicraft to which it claims affiliation.

The next stage in the development of machine design was the withdrawal of the utilitarian and the romantic to their several parts of the field. The romantic, insisting with justice that the structure is integral with the decoration, began to revive by purely handicraft methods the arts of the potter and the cabinet-maker and the printer, arts which had survived, for the most part, only in "backward" parts of the world, in the isolated islands or mountain areas of Europe, untouched by the tourist and the commercial traveller. The old workshops and ateliers had

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almost died out by the middle of the nineteenth century in "progressive" England and America, when new ones, like those devoted to glass under William de Morgan and John La Farge in America, or to furniture, such as that of William Morris, sprang into existence, to prove by their example that, given leadership and active patronage, the arts of the past could survive.

But the point was that neither the patronage nor the problems were the same. The world that men carried in their heads, their *idolum,* was an entirely different one from that which set the mediæval mason to carving the history of creation or the lives of the saints above the portals of his cathedral; and an art based like handicraft upon the stratification of classes and the social differentiation of wants could not survive with any certainty in a world that had witnessed the French revolution and had been promised a rough share of equality.

Modern handicraft, which sought to rescue the poor worker from the slavery of shoddy machine production, merely enabled the rich to enjoy in their own time an art that was as completely divorced from the social milieu as that of the palaces and monasteries and churches the collector had already begun to loot. The educational aim of the arts and crafts movement was admirable; and in so far as it gave courage to the amateur worker it was partly a success. Every modern home is, no matter how unconsciously, the better for the insistence upon the simplicity and honesty that Morris and his followers made a principal item in their creed: "Possess nothing that you do not know to be useful or believe to be beautiful." But the social outcome of the arts and crafts movement was ridiculous, as Mr. Frank Lloyd Wright said in his famous speech at Hull House in the nineties; it lacked the courage to grasp the valuable instruments that the machine had put at the call of creative purpose, and being unable to attune itself to new objectives and new standards, it was almost compelled to restore a mediæval ideology in order to provide a social backing for its ante-machine methods. In a word, the modern arts and crafts movement tended to be weakly retrospective and sentimental. Before handworking could be restored as an admirable sport and an efficacious relief from a physically inane life, it was first necessary to dispose of the machine as a social instrument. So the real contribution to art and polity was made by the industrialist who remained on the job and saw it through.

V

With the third stage in design an alteration takes place. The imagination is not applied to the mechanical object after its functional design has been created: it is infused into it. The spirit works through the medium of the machine and the conditions imposed by it; and not content with a crude quantitative expression, it seeks a more positive fulfilment. This must not be confused with the æsthetic dogma, so often current, that mechanical fitness necessarily produces an æsthetic result; the source of this fallacy is that in many cases our eye has been trained to recognize beauty in nature, in the shapes of fish and birds; and when an airplane becomes like a gull, it has the advantage of this long association, while we ascribe the beauty to the mechanical adequacy. When we take an object with no natural kinships, however, like the old-fashioned telephone transmitter, the theory falls down: æsthetically, it is a clumsy object and no amount of *a priori* theory can make it anything else.

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Expression through the machine implies, however, the recognition of relatively new æsthetic terms: precision, calculation, flawlessness, economy, simplicity. Feeling attaches itself, in these new forms, to different qualities from those which make handicraft so jolly: the elegance of a mathematical equation, the inevitability of physical interrelations, the naked quality of the material itself. Who discovered these qualities? Many an engineer and many a machine worker must have mutely sensed them, in the act of design or operation; but only after a hundred years of blind effort were these new feelings deliberately projected by a group of sensitive painters and sculptors, during the first decade of the present century. The Cubists discovered and attached themselves to this world of abstract mathematical relationships and mechanical technics. A succession of artists, Marcel Duchamps, Duchamps Villon, Brancusi, Bracque, Stieglitz, Benton, Baylinson, Domela-Neuenhuis, revealed in their paintings and sculptures the new feeling toward form that the machine had developed. Looking around at our mechanical phantasmagoria, we discovered, through their eyes, a new world; and we found that our practical expedients, and our fine utilitarian dodges, had provided us with new symbols and significances.

When this discovery was made, a new attack upon all the arts became possible. Hitherto the sole influence upon machine design had been the physical sciences; now the mind had absorbed this knowledge and had produced a fresh ideology. The arts flourish when they are continually played upon by exact knowledge and practical experience on one hand, and by the intuitions and creative patterns that arise out of the personality itself on the other; this double partnership was finally established in the mechanical arts, and a decisive start was again made. While in the traditional arts the necessary transformations came slowly, in the development of entirely new instruments, such as the automobile, the airplane, the modern bathroom, it came by a series of swift innovations, almost under our very eyes.

The key to this transformation was the discovery of the guiding principle of machine æsthetics: the principle of economy. Now the aim of design is to remove from the object, be it an automobile or a bedroom, every detail, every moulding, every variation of surface, every extra part except that which conduces to its effective function. Le Corbusier has been very ingenious in picking out the manifold objects in which modern taste has declared itself without pretense or fumbling. The smoking-pipe, for example, is no longer carved to look like a human head or to bear an heraldic emblem; it becomes exquisitely anonymous; it is nothing more than a finely shaped apparatus for supplying drafts of air from the human mouth to a slow-burning mass of dry vegetation, to be held snugly in the hand at appropriate intervals for quiet gesture.

This stripping down to essentials has gone on in every department where the machine and its products have been touched by an appropriate imagination. We have witnessed the same improvement in design from the ill-balanced push-power airplane to the modern tractor type; we have seen it in the transformation of the gawky Tin Lizzie into the present compact Ford. The potters of Trenton no longer paint their wash-stands with flowers; and the makers of typewriters exhibit a similar restraint. Wherever this change has gone on, the modern spirit is at home. Since this transformation is a vital one, it affects

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every department of life; just as the arabesque of the Renaissance painters was reproduced in sixteenth-century costume, so the severities of our mechanical design have a counterpart in dress and gesture. Where this change has been impeded, the modern spirit is uneasy and relapses too quickly into an unctuous sentimentalism. Indeed, where the principle of economy and fitness is not heeded, the touch becomes unsure. What a contrast between the tennis costume or skating costume for women to-day and the vague fripperies of the formal evening dress, designed according to the canons of conspicuous waste!

VI

The third stage in design is not yet a commonplace; for it is more easy to embody its principles in the making of machines than it is to do so in creating the products that are turned out by the machine.

For a clear example of the second task, we must turn to the prophetic works of engineering that were produced during the nineteenth century. Just because of their remoteness and because of the obviousness of their imperfections, we can see a little more plainly the goal that is to be achieved. Perhaps the three greatest monuments of the age were the Crystal Palace (1851), the Brooklyn Bridge (1883), and the Eiffel Tower (1888), all of which are still standing. In each of these structures, despite residual weaknesses, such as the coping of the Brooklyn Bridge piers, or the early L'Art Nouveau ornament on the ironwork of the Eiffel Tower, the presence of a high order of intelligence and imagination is indisputable. Created with the aid of physics and mathematics and their special technologies, the bridge, the tower, the glass-hall are likewise the expression of a promethean audacity which rose to a new occasion. Indeed, the calculations which determine the system of tensions and the pattern of cables in a bridge, or the stresses and strains in a tower, are themselves a noble human product; and the results are quite as capable of stirring the imagination as the naïver fantasies and empirical common sense of the handicraft worker, who had fairies and demons instead of catenary curves and vector functions to inspire him.

Is any further proof needed that the work of a Roebling or an Eiffel arose out of the spirit? One need look no farther than the routine factory buildings, the badly tailored iron bridges that have been put together by people without imagination, to see that technology alone is not responsible for these æsthetic successes: it lays down certain conditions and means, but by itself it does not dominate them.

Nevertheless, good results have sometimes been achieved in the precise arts by a collective organization, unconscious of the fact that it was actually producing a work of art. This is not so paradoxical as it may seem. When the engineers of the excellent ventilation buildings of the Holland Tube were told by a friend of mine that they had created a genuine piece of modern architecture, they were surprised, and unable to attribute the design to any single person. It was this sort of almost instinctive collective unanimity that led William Morris to refer to the great shipbuilders of Glasgow as the modern equivalent of the Cathedral builders; and where such a feeling develops, one may be confident that the third stage of machine design, which involves the complete integration of all the functions to be performed, is on the way to achievement.

Our engineers, unfortunately, are still

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the victims of a very narrow system of training; and they are so unconscious of the fact that they have done the right thing that they may, five minutes later, commit in entire innocence an æsthetic monstrosity. The remedy for this does not lie in superimposing a specialist in æsthetics, a designer or an architect, but in broadening and humanizing the content of the engineer's education, increasing his æsthetic sensitiveness as well as his technological skill. John Roebling, the designer of the Brooklyn Bridge, studied architecture as well as hydraulics and mathematics, and was versed in philosophy, which he studied under Hegel and continued to reflect upon throughout life. That kind of mind, which is also the kind exhibited by a Louis Sullivan, a Frank Lloyd Wright, a Walter Gropius, and a Le Corbusier, can use the machine as an instrument of expression. When this spirit becomes common, the crude plastic dogmatism of the earlier type of engineering will disappear, and we shall have a subtle dialectics of form, capable of solving every physical problem and enclosing almost every relevant human impulse.

VII

The achievement of adequate machine forms is not an easy matter; and the cultural expression of the machine has had to fight against several refractory human impulses: dead imitativeness, snobbishness, insensitiveness to fresh experience.

What Mr. W. F. Ogburn has happily termed the cultural lag holds with machine design as well as with social customs: the change in form lags behind the changed conditions of technic. It is almost as easy under our modern system of production to turn out a piece of fake handicraft—a machine-carved chair-leg or a mottled antique surface—as it is to produce a thoroughly modern object—indeed, it is a little easier, since a wholly adequate machine form requires a special kind of æsthetic sensitiveness which is only partly achieved through a knowledge of handicraft forms and which cannot be developed without the aid of a proper ideology, to say nothing of a vast amount of experimental practice. The beauty of machine work rests upon formal relationships, and the designer may have to work upon a single problem as long and as patiently as the Greek builder did on the design of the temple before the inevitable proportions for a particular form are worked out. Moreover, these proportions and forms in steel and aluminum will be different from those produced by handicraft in wood; and since habitual association takes the place in untrained minds for active æsthetic appreciation, it is impossible for such persons offhand to accept the new forms that the machine produces. Hence a very fine new form, like Mies van der Rohe's tubular chair, may be rejected by the man in the street, who demands weight, carvings, curlicues—although, where no old associations are present, as in the airplane, he is as ready to accept modern æsthetics as any one else.

The second obstruction to the development of machine æsthetics has been social snobbishness. Handicraft ornament has been in the past one of the obvious means of establishing caste and social position. Even dreadfully inhuman arts, like fine lace-making, which ruins eyesight, have flourished along with happier crafts because of the desire to proclaim by such fineries the power and prestige of the wearer. Now our modern science is a collective product, and the machine has tended to produce a collective economy. Whatever the politics of a country may be, the machine, as

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I have pointed out elsewhere, is a communist. As the machine conquers one department after another of production, it obliterates the distinctions of caste and financial status. There can be no functional difference between a good machine design for a factory-worker's home and that for a professional man's; in so far as money differences are still permitted to count for anything, they can alter only the scale of things, not the kind.

Because of a surviving desire for exclusiveness and individuality, however, a deliberate perversion of the machine frequently takes place, even after a satisfactory stage of machine design has been reached. In the treatment of motor-cars this takes the form of irrelevant mouldings and tricky shapes for the hood; in bathrooms, it results in the introduction of period styles to supplant strong modern forms, and in the conversion of admirable water-faucets into swans' necks, or some similar absurdity; in typewriters and fountain pens it comes forth as mottled color effects which break the fine surfaces of these objects, with no æsthetic gain. In short, in our present money-ridden society, where men play with poker-chips instead of with economic and æsthetic realities, we invent a thousand ways of disguising from ourselves the fact that we have potentially achieved a collective economy, in which the possession of goods is a meaningless distinction, and in any large quantity—a gratuitous burden; since our characteristic goods are equally available to every person in that society, falling on the just and the unjust, the foolish and the wise, like the rain itself.

In the late Thorstein Veblen's classic book on "The Theory of the Leisure Class" these absurdities were skilfully analyzed. Until we modify our taste and our morals sufficiently to profit by the profound change the machine has made in our lives, we shall only stultify ourselves by its employment. The real social distinction of the machine is that it dissolves social distinctions. Its immediate goal is effective work; its ultimate aim is leisure. But neither the work nor the leisure can be a blessing so long as the personality that directs it is centred upon trivial and degrading ends.

VIII

The social benefits of the machine are inseparable from its canons of workmanship and its achievements in design; for it is only in academic discussions that the good and the true and the beautiful can be permanently separated.

Economically, the machine has given us the ability to transfer work from the human slave to the mechanical slave; thus fulfilling the condition that Aristotle laid down in the "Politics" for a free society. We have made a fact out of what seemed to him a fantastic impossibility which proved the eternal nature of the institution of human slavery. This freedom is much more important to humane living than any mere plethora of goods that the machine is capable of producing. In fact, there is a real political division between those who would promote a grander scale of consumption in order to keep our mechanical apparatus working at maximum capacity, turning out hastily contrived goods to satisfy frivolous needs, and those who would use the machine to meet a stable standard of living, creating out of the surplus energy not more goods but leisure. The first conception is the enemy of art and fine living; and, needless to say, it is the dominant one in a society that has no real standard of life, and no coherent system of ideals and ends.

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This alternative has not yet been adequately faced. A great part of our machine economies are therefore items of waste and futility, such as the machine sewing of clothes, which permits them to be made out of shoddy goods, incapable of wearing beyond a very limited period, and requiring continual replacement. Despite all such spurious efforts to keep our productive mechanism turning, the machine economy has brought with it, not adequately parcelled work, but a chronic state of unemployment; that is, leisure in a form that makes it painfully unusable, since it is accompanied by anxiety and want and is not distributed throughout the population.

The business man's ideal of heaven is the continuous turnover of goods and profits; and for the sake of achieving it, he will employ armies of futile supernumeraries to force goods upon a market that may have no real use for them. Socially utilized, on the other hand, the function of the machine would be the swiftest organized satisfaction of necessities, and not the wanton multiplication of fake wants, or the vociferous wastes of competitive salesmanship, or the infliction of an unbalanced standard of consumption. While the animus that led to the creation of the machine economy was narrowly utilitarian, the net result of this economy is to create a state, paralleled by the slave civilizations of old, endowed with an abundance of leisure which—if not vilely misused in the promotion of more work, either through the demands of inventive ingenuity or consumptive ritual—may eventuate in a largely non-utilitarian society, dedicated more fully to those forms of play and ritual and thought and social intercourse which make life significant and enjoyable.

The nineteenth century satisfied itself with the spread of machinery to new occupations and processes. During the last generation we have taken much satisfaction in the vulgarization of its products through mass production, in the heightening of automatism, and in the distribution of luxuries to classes that once slaved at a strict margin of subsistence under what was called the iron law of wages. A weak imagination may conceive all these processes as going on indefinitely, the final outcome being such a picturesque horror of exact contrivance as Zamiatin showed in "We." But the future, on the contrary, may modify this tendency, and not passively continue it. We may conceive of finer machines, of more resourceful applications of power, of airplanes that will not crumple or dive, motors with new sources of energy, perhaps; but we may equally look forward to a shrinkage of the total area occupied by the machine; as, for example, a proper diet and the early habitual care of the teeth will reduce the need for the marvellous technological resources of modern dentistry; or as, again, a better conception of the human body has already relegated to the scrap-heap the weight-lifting apparatus of late-Victorian gymnastics.

To conceive of engineering as the central art is to forget that the central fact of life is not mechanism but life; and the part played by mechanism in an intelligent polity is quite different from that which it now plays in our present régime. The machine has given us a noble austerity of form: its cool uninflected environment of depersonalized functions, its background of scientific concepts and abstract categories, all this has cleared away potentially the hot little vulgarities of class and caste and the childish assertive egos that went with these things. But in order to accept such a background *as* background, all the other arts must flourish too; when our

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creative energies have no other channels to flow into, the machine leaves a sense of emptiness, and to compensate for this we have the luxury and dull frivolity that make so much of our life to-day—a weakness symbolized by the theatrical decorations that have begun to crop out in the entrances of our gigantic American office buildings.

In short, a fine machine ideology is an aid to handling machines; and in order for the machine to benefit the other arts, they must have an integrated life of their own. Lacking an adequate ideal of life, lacking relation to all the other arts of society and the personality, the present mechanistic system tends by itself toward destruction or routine—boredom, war, death. In our wretched factory towns, our depleted villages, our overgrown financial metropolises, the great arts of life have been either paralyzed or secluded; and the mechanical age has created an environment in which the spirit, curbed in its proper expression, revenges itself by primitive compensations, by drunkenness and aimless eroticism and other forms of anæsthesia. These defects are not inherent in the machine. They exist in ourselves; and at most, the machine has emphasized our weaknesses and called our attention to them.

To fly, to talk at a distance, to overcome natural forces—these things we have achieved, thanks to exact science and the associated arts. But the myth-making functions, which produced Prometheus, not fire, and Icarus, not flight, are still left untouched by the Machine: what we will to *be* is still left unanswered by our will to do, or by our success in controlling and manipulating external forces. To preserve the efficiency of the machine as an instrument and to use it further as a work of art, we must alter the centre of gravity from the external Newtonian world to that completer world which the human personality itself focusses and dominates. The narrow interests, the intense practical concerns, the crudely depersonalized standards of the older utilitarians must undergo a complete transformation if the fruits of this effort are to be enjoyed. If no other forces were at work within ourselves, causing us to redeem certain tracts of experiences and to revivify arts and ways of life whose understanding and command have been lost, the machine itself would furnish a sufficient impetus. It has conquered us. Now our turn has come, not to fight back, but to absorb our conqueror, as the Chinese, again and again, absorbed their foreign invaders.

Tragedy

By Arthur Guiterman

He wronged me; but quickly the pang of it perished,
For how should a wrong be remembered and cherished
When Love is a compact too dear for the pledgers
To enter each debt in account-books and ledgers?

Though I would erase it, not asking a wherefore,
Embittered, he feels that he wronged me; and therefore
No matter what winters my friend may outlive me,
I know, to my grief, he will never forgive me!

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A summer-day plan for a fishing excursion produces a story full of suspense, revealing remarkably a character, by a new contributor who has never before appeared in a general magazine.

The Long Day

BY CAROLINE GORDON

THEY were talking on the back porch when Henry went into the dining-room to get his breakfast.

"Let him go," Uncle Fergus said, "Joe'll take care of him."

"I know Joe'll take care of him to the best of his ability," Henry's mother said, "but suppose something else comes up. Suppose Sarah follows them down to the creek."

Uncle Fergus laughed. "Sarah won't be up to any more didoes to-day," he said. "Joe gave her a good larruping before he came up to the house."

"I hope he did," she said. "I hope he beat her within an inch of her life. It's outrageous, really it is."

Uncle Fergus laughed again. "Joe likes his mamas hot," he said. "Georgy was no sucking dove."

"Georgy behaved herself very well while she was on this place. At any rate she never attacked Joe with a razor. This razor business is really too much, Fergus. If I were you I'd tell her to leave."

Henry got up and went out on the porch.

"Mama," he said, "what's the matter with Joe?"

"He had an accident," she said. "Got a little cut on his cheek. Darling, wouldn't you just as soon go fishing next Saturday?"

"I'd rather go to-day. Joe said we'd go to-day."

"I know, darling, but that was before he got cut. He might not feel like going now."

"Can I go down to the cabin and see how he's feeling?"

"Oh, Joe's all right," Uncle Fergus said. "I tell you it wasn't anything. Just barely laid the skin open."

"You can go down to the cabin," she said, "but you mustn't go inside. And you mustn't stay."

"Can I take my lunch and go down to the creek if Joe feels like going fishing?"

His mother looked at Uncle Fergus.

"Let him go," Uncle Fergus said. "It'll be a good thing to get Joe off the place for the day."

"Can I, mama?" Henry said.

"I suppose so, darling. I suppose it'll be all right. But don't make Joe go unless he feels like it. And don't hang around the cabin."

"No'm," Henry said. "I won't."

He kissed his mother, then he got the package of lunch from the refrigerator and went out the back door and down the path to the cabin. It was a pretty day, the kind you get in August sometimes when the drought breaks, cool, but without any wind stirring, and the sun shining steadily in a bright sky.

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He parted the strands of the barbed-wire fence and slipped through into the field. He walked slowly across the open ground, but when he got to the path through the tall weeds he struck a dog trot, and he ran until he came to the hollow where the nigger cabin was. Joe was standing in the door of the cabin looking out. You couldn't see any blood on him anywhere, but he had a long strip of courtplaster down one side of his cheek and a little round piece on his forehead.

Henry stopped under the sycamore tree.

"Joe," he said, "you want to go fishing?"

"Yes," Joe said, "I'd like to go fishing." He stepped down from the porch and walked a little way toward the sycamore tree, then stopped. "I can't go fishing right now, Hinry," he said. "I have to stay round here a while and wait on Sarah. She's feeling po'ly."

"All right," Henry said, "I'll go dig some worms."

He picked up a can and went around the back to the hen-house. The hen-house hadn't been used for so long that it was all falling to pieces. The best worms were there under the fallen planks. He turned one of the planks over and began digging with the no-handled spade. Inside the cabin Joe walked to and fro. Blang—blang—blang! There was one loose board that flopped up and down every time he stepped on it. All that walking around was to wait on Sarah. But how could he wait on her? There wasn't anything in the cabin but the pallet that Sarah was lying on and a table that Joe had made and one chair. There was a closet in one corner, though. Maybe they kept their clothes there. Sarah changed her dress sometimes, and Joe had some Sunday clothes.

The can was full of worms. He put a chunk of soft black dirt on top, dropped the plank back in place, and took the can around to the front of the house. The door was shut. Joe was sitting on the steps that went down to the porch, rolling a cigarette. He looked sick. Maybe he had lost too much blood. It must be bad to have somebody jumping at you with a razor. A razor was so quick. It sliced clean through you before you even knew you were cut. Uncle Fergus said Sarah was the worst little hell-cat he'd ever seen, but he didn't believe she meant to cut Joe. She thought a lot of Joe.

Joe finished rolling his cigarette. "You want to feed that possum?" he asked.

"Yes," Henry said, "I'll feed him."

Joe went in the cabin and got a piece of corn pone. "You crumble that in the cage," he said. "That old possum's hungry."

Henry took the corn bread and threw it on the floor of the cage. "Come on, baby," he said. "Come on, now, and eat your dinner."

The possum put his paw out and flicked a crumb of bread toward him, but he would not eat while anybody was looking. Henry picked the cage up and set it down under the sycamore tree. Then he went back and sat down on the porch. Joe came and sat down beside him. He did not say anything, though, and he kept his head turned as if he were listening for Sarah to call him. In a minute he got up and went into the cabin. Henry could hear him talking, in a soft voice, to Sarah, and he could hear Sarah crying, not a loud crying, like a grown person's, but a tiny, low moaning, almost like a little baby's. She must be feeling pretty bad to be crying like that.

Joe came out of the cabin and walked to the end of the porch. He looked up

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at the sun. "It's long past noon," he said.

"I'm hungry," Henry said. "Are you hungry, Joe?"

"I could eat something," Joe said.

Henry got the package of lunch and spread it on the floor. There was plenty: five ham sandwiches, some potato salad in a little glass jar, some sweet pickles, four devilled eggs, four oatmeal cookies, and two big Elberta peaches.

They ate two sandwiches apiece and all the potato salad and eggs; then they started in on the peaches. Henry picked up the sandwich that was left. "How about Sarah?" he asked. "Doesn't she want anything to eat?"

Joe shook his head. "She don't want nothin'," he said. "Her stomach's upset." He took out his tobacco-pouch. "If we had some coffee now," he said, "if we had some good hot coffee!"

"I tell you," Henry said, "I'll go up to the house and get some. Ella always sets the coffee-pot back on the stove after breakfast. I'll just slip in the kitchen an' get what's left."

"If Ella's there she won't let you," Joe said. "Ella's ornery."

"She'll be down in her room taking a nap," Henry said. "She always takes a nap after dinner." He started up the path.

"Hinry . . ." Joe said.

Henry turned around. Joe was sitting there looking after him as if he wanted to ask him something. He came back a few steps. "What you want?" he asked. "You want me to get something else?"

"Yo' ma has got some old rags up at the house, hasn't she?" Joe said. "Clean, white rags?"

"Yes," Henry said, "she's got a whole drawer full. In the entry."

"Can you get 'em without anybody seein' you?" Joe asked.

"Yes," Henry said, "I'll just slip in the side door and get 'em."

He ran along the path until he got to the place where the open ground began. He stopped there a moment, under cover of the weeds. There was no one in sight. He slid through the fence and went softly up the back steps and into the kitchen.

Ella was sitting just inside the door, with her back to him, shelling peas. She turned around when he came in.

"What you want now?" she asked.

He walked over to the stove. The coffee-pot was in its place at the back. "Sarah's sick," he said. "Joe sent me up here to get her some coffee."

"You better not be takin' that coffee," Ella said. "Yo' mama'll be comin' in here wantin' to know what's become of it."

He set the coffee-pot down and looked at her. "Mama told me I could have that old leather pillow that was on the porch for a haversack," he said. "You know where it is?"

Ella laughed.

"I like to know how you goin' to use it for a haversack," she said. "It's got a hole in it big as my head."

"I could fix it so it'd be all right," he said.

Ella set the pan of peas down on the table. "How I'm going to know where everything on this place is?" she said. "I got all I can do to cook. I can't be keepin' up with everything on this place." She took a bucket down from the rack and poured it half full of coffee. "Now you bring this bucket back when you get through with it," she said.

He took the bucket and went out on the back porch. There was no one in the hall. His mother always went up-stairs to lie down this time of day, and Uncle Fergus usually went to town. He tiptoed into the back entry. Opening the top drawer of the chest, he took out a ragged shirt and a couple of old napkins, then he shut the drawer softly and

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tiptoed through the back door and down the steps.

Joe was sitting on the porch, leaning forward, with his head in his hands. He did not look up or move. Henry thought he was asleep. He waited until he was right at him, then he gave a sharp whistle. Joe opened his eyes and jumped as if he had been shot.

"What's the matter with you?" he asked.

Henry laughed. "I thought you were asleep," he said.

"I wasn't asleep," Joe said, "and if I was you needn't go hootin' at me like an owl." He stood up. "I bet you forgot the sugar."

"I sure did," Henry said. "I forgot all about that sugar." He felt in his pockets. "Here are the rags, anyhow," he said.

Joe took them and went into the cabin, shutting the door behind him. In a few minutes he came out with a bag of sugar and two tin cups. "It didn't make no difference," he said. "Sarah had some in the cupboard."

They went over and sat under the sycamore tree while they drank the coffee. It was hot and strong. There were two cups apiece and a little over. Henry poured what was left into Joe's cup. "You drink that, Joe," he said. "I've had all I want."

Joe drained the coffee, then ate the sugar that was in the bottom of the cup. "That's good coffee," he said.

"Yes," Henry said. "It sure is."

He leaned back against the tree trunk, with his hands clasped behind his neck. It was cool here in the shade, but the day had turned out hot after all. Out in the field you could see the heat simmering over the tops of the goldenrod. He sat up suddenly. The goldenrod in the middle of the field kept moving.

"Joe," he said, "there's somebody coming along the path."

Joe got up and went in the cabin. When he came back he had an old seine and a ball of twine. He sat down on the steps and began cutting off pieces of twine and tying up broken places in the seine. Henry went over and sat down beside him.

"I bet that's mama," he said.

Joe did not say anything.

Henry watched his mother come up out of the hollow and start along the path to the cabin. She came a little way, then stopped.

"Why, Henry!" she said, "I thought you were down at the creek."

Joe spoke up. "We been tryin' to mend this old seine," he said, "but it looks like we been wastin' our time. We goin' along directly now."

She came on, past the sycamore tree; past the possum's cage. "Ella told me Sarah was sick," she said. "I thought I'd better see how she was. What's the matter with her, Joe?"

"Her stomach's upset," Joe said.

She started to step up on the porch. "Well," she said, "I reckon I better go in and see how she is."

Joe put the seine down. "You better not go in there now, Miss Mamie," he said. "Sarah done throw up, all over the floor. I ain't got it cleaned up good yet."

She took her foot down from the step. "You better clean it up now," she said. "It'll be easier to clean it up now than later. I'm going to send Sarah some phosphate of soda. And some clean sheets. Now you fix her bed up nice, Joe. You know how to do things like that."

"Yas'm," Joe said, "I got a cake of soap."

She looked at Henry.

"You better come on up to the house now," she said.

"Please let me stay, mama," Henry said. "Joe and I got to get this seine

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mended. We can't ever get any minnows if we don't get our seine mended."

She laid her hand on his arm. "You come walk a little way with me," she said.

They went up over the edge of the field. When they came to the path through the weeds she stopped, still holding his arm. "I don't mind you staying down here with Joe if you don't go inside the cabin," she said. "Now you won't go inside that cabin?"

Henry shook his head. "No'm," he said, "I'll just sit out here in the yard till we're ready to go."

She let go of his arm. "Don't stay long," she said. "And, Henry, don't be late for supper."

"No'm," Henry said, "I won't."

He ran back to the cabin. Joe was sitting under the sycamore tree by the possum's cage. The possum was rolled up in a ball, asleep, with one paw stuck through the broken place in the bars.

"Joe," Henry said, "less start now. Can't we start now?"

Joe sat looking straight in front of him.

"I never cut that woman," he said. "Before God I never cut that woman!"

"Is she cut?" Henry said. "Joe, is she cut?"

"She cut herself," Joe said, "tryin' to do me harm."

"She cut you too, Joe," Henry said. "She cut you first."

"She never meant to cut me," Joe said. "She wouldn't a cut me for nothin' . . . And now she's done cut herself."

"Is she cut bad?" Henry said.

"Naw," Joe said, "she ain't cut bad." He looked down at the cage. "That old possum's going to get away from us if we don't fix up that cage," he said.

"I'll fix it," Henry said, "I know how to fix it. Joe, have you still got that old axe?"

"It's in there in the cupboard," Joe said.

He got up and went into the house. Henry sat where he was a minute, then he got up too and went over to the henhouse. There was one plank there that was thinner than the others. He thought he would make a bar for the cage out of that. He picked the plank up and started back to the sycamore tree. As he came around the corner of the house, Joe stepped down on the porch.

"Joe," Henry said, "less go possum-hunting one night soon."

Joe did not answer. He stood there a second, then he jumped off the porch and ran toward the field. He ran, crouching like a dog, until he got to the edge of the field. He straightened up then and dived into the tall weeds. The goldenrod rippled where he made his way. Henry watched the yellow ripple spread slowly across the field. When the whole field was still he turned around. The cabin door was open. He could see Sarah lying on a pallet on the floor. The white cloths that were about her head and neck were stained with blood. Her eyes were wide open. He took one look at her, then he ran as fast as he could to the house.

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Not concerned with the propagation of any gospel, even that of disillusion, Mr. Van Doren views with discernment man's scurryings to find something to take the place of God.

Substitutes for God

BY MARK VAN DOREN

MR. HENSHAW WARD recently complained in these pages that God had been made to disappear beneath a heap of definitions—a universe of words. The words, put together with so many pains by the so-called believers of our century, and intended in the best, the most hopeful possible spirit, nevertheless had succeeded in arousing in plain men the suspicion that God no longer exists. If that was how he must be apprehended, then he must be very far away indeed. The mind, exhausted by the labor of understanding these definitions, had no energy left with which to see Deity unembarrassed. Scientists, sociologists, professors of divinity, and liberal clergymen had conspired, no doubt unwittingly, to convert God into a theory, and so to remove him forever from our midst, since theories are neither true nor untrue but merely everlastingly discussable. One theory is as good as another for the purposes of talk. And, Mr. Ward implied, the talk will go on and on, God being never the nearer for it.

I agree with Mr. Ward as far as he goes, but I think he might go farther still. The subject is more extensive than he seems to suppose. For instance, it is not merely the twentieth century that has drawn curtains between ourselves and God. The nineteenth century did it too, and the eighteenth, and the seventeenth, and the sixteenth, and the fifteenth. Possibly every human century has done its best in this direction, though it seems particularly plain to me that since the Renaissance we have been doing nothing else. Having then, for some reason which I imagine is more complicated than any one knows, grown tired of God, we endeavored to find some substitute for him which should give us an equivalent of his joy, his peace, his certitude. It is only the latest substitute that Mr. Ward is speaking of—the substitute of words, of definitions. There have been many more, as there will be many more to come. For there is, properly speaking, no substitute for God. We may think so, and we may try ever so hard to find a better one than any that is at hand; but my notion is that disappointment lies always around the corner of our thought. Yet we go on, condemned it would seem to endless search after what is not there. Nothing about man is more pathetic than this boundless capacity for illusion on such a subject, and nothing is more impressive, either. It reveals his limitations in the nakedest possible light, yet it also reveals his strength. Surely no other animal tries so long and so hard to do what it cannot do.

What man cannot do is understand

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himself. Now there may be no necessity for his doing so, and it is true that many men have not tried. These, in simple terms, have been the happy men. They have needed neither God nor any substitute for God, and so have lived without asking questions to which there is no answer. Their number includes all those, both stupid and intelligent, who have lived indifferent to religion, and I suspect that there have always been more of them than appeared on the surface of society. Even in primitive days, when every savage is supposed to have felt spirits within trees and stones, and certainly in the ages of faith for which some of us are homesick, there must have been many unbelievers, however little they advertised the fact. There must have been many individuals, that is to say, who went through the motions of belief without having any real idea of what the motions meant. Perhaps they envied those who did, perhaps they merely feared to confess; at any rate they kept silent. Let me insist that I am not taking such individuals, numerous though they undoubtedly are, into account. For they do not need God; and so, in times when God is out of court, they do not run forth in search of substitutes for him. They do not need man, either; they do not need, that is, a conception of man with which to sustain themselves. In a word, they need no support of any kind from sources outside themselves. May they rest in peace!

The principal substitute for God has been man himself. "Man is the measure of all things." "The proper study of mankind is man." "Know thyself." When things like these began to be remembered and said at the beginning of what we proudly denominate the modern age, the process—and the trouble—had begun. Formerly there had been the assumption that man could not be seen at all, much less understood, except against the background of God. Indeed, it may be said that the Middle Ages had used God chiefly as a means of understanding themselves, or at least of measuring themselves. Not unwisely, considering what their problem was, they had decided that man alone is a subject wherein the mind inevitably gets lost; and so they had erected limits within which to view him. And those limits were simply the limits of his nature which clear-sighted men, I fancy, have always recognized. Man by nature was imperfect and insufficient. That was the proposition with which the theologians started. And not only the theologians, either, though we incline to think so to-day. The same assumption underlay a vast realm of poetry, of politics, of law, and of behavior. It was a highly useful assumption. Man is imperfect—imperfect by definition. Perfection is outside of man—outside by definition. Few problems are insoluble after that. Rather is it true that everything which happens in the world exemplifies the theory. It is the easiest and pleasantest explanation, and I think the profoundest, that those who want explanations have ever found.

But another explanation was wanted, and it was sought in man. The first humanists, centuries ago, concentrated their gaze on man in the expectation of finding there all that they needed to know. In his will, his genius, his imagination lay all the secrets of existence worth bothering about; some of them were stiff and dry from having been wrapped so long away from the vivifying air of reason, but they could be made to revive. The effort of the Renaissance was to revive all of the powers of man, and its faith in those powers was boundless. "What a piece of work is man!" exclaimed Hamlet to Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. "How noble

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in reason! How infinite in faculty! In form and moving how express and admirable! In action how like an angel! In apprehension how like a god! The beauty of the world! The paragon of animals!" So everywhere there was a disposition to glorify the nature of man and to find it sufficient. The goodness, the perfection of human nature—it was no longer heresy to speak such words. Indeed, it became orthodox to suppose that as soon as we saw down to the bottom of man we should be in possession of the ultimate wisdom. Man not only was good; he was beautiful, too. So the plastic arts forsook the straight lines, the stern geometry of religious form, and flowed along the curves of nature, voluptuously, freely, wonderfully. So Shakespeare revealed the infinite variety of the human soul; so Rabelais roared his satisfaction with our instincts, great and small.

Machiavelli shocked his generation, and has shocked every generation since, with a description of man which a century or so before would have failed to raise a single intelligent eyebrow. He looked at man as a political animal and found in him nothing but greed and craft. Now in the days when man by definition had been imperfect, and when, if perfection had been granted him at all, it had been granted him through grace, no one would have been surprised at such an analysis as Machiavelli's. It was merely an analysis, as T. S. Eliot has pointed out, of man without grace—by definition vile. But the Renaissance was shocked, and Shakespeare was haunted throughout his writing career by the spectre of a Machiavellian monster.

So always during these centuries we have been extremely sensitive about ourselves. The truth about ourselves, whether expressed in pessimistic philosophies or in realistic fiction, has been unpalatable. For we were committed to the belief that human nature is intrinsically good, and certainly sufficient to itself. The eighteenth century went wild in this faith; rested on reason; invented altruism; constructed, in deism, a new religion wherewith the unaided faculties could arrive at all the truth about the universe we need to possess, and could deduce from the fact that man is reasonable the fact that God is reasonable; devised a "natural" theology; set up a hierarchy of human desires; and toward the end, having to admit the existence of many sad shortcomings in ourselves as creatures, fell back on the promise of our perfectibility at some future date. The reference to Eden now became forward, not backward; instead of being blamed for our fall from grace we were worshipped for the tendency in us to rise toward perfection.

Shelley was soon to mould a golden image of man in this latter aspect, and many until to-day have bowed with him before an altar decorated with rosy hopes, rainbow-colored possibilities, and reasonable expectations. "Man never is, but always to be, blest." Right now we must admit that man is still chiefly vile; but, once every man has been made free to follow the life of reason, once injustice has been banished out of society and inequalities corrected, we shall have a different story. So the perfectibilitarians. We have had humanitarians, too, and positivists, and utilitarians, and sociologists, and social workers, and social scientists, and merely socialists. We have had plenty of men who implied that our restlessness would cease as soon as our economic house was put in order. We have had generations of men whose faith was great—in the man to come. And always, I may be pardoned for believing, the time of this man's coming

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is set farther and farther away, while the experts wrangle among themselves over the details of his recognition. Each one of them by himself may be clear and convincing enough; altogether, however, they are sadly confusing. And they must continue so to be if I am right in my assumption that man is by definition incapable of understanding and saving himself, social science notwithstanding.

Shelley fell upon the thorns of life, and bled. So at the beginning of the nineteenth century fell man, and bled; but got up and ran on, bleeding more and more profusely, in search of the safety which some gesture, some phrase, some gospel, some conception could presumably afford him. The great hope of the Renaissance had not been sustained in its integrity. The possibilities of man had been grandly explored and sweetly reported; yet here, on the very threshold of our time, poets and philosophers seemed disturbed. A certain shrillness had crept into the voices with which they declared the glory of their species. There was hope enough still; but its greatness had been shattered, and the pursuit of happiness in the nineteenth century was a pursuit of fragments. Reason had done its best to reach the end, and failed. Science was lifting an alarming voice. Revolution was being followed by disillusion and reaction. What, then, of man? The answer came from many sources, but always, and with what now seems an almost tiresome regularity, in the form of promises that if this or that direction were suddenly taken, then the end, the peaceful end, would heave in sight. Man as an abstraction was no longer invoked as a substitute for God, but this or that corner of man's mind and heart was so invoked, and assiduously explored. The story of the nineteenth century is the story of a long series of attempts to find in nature, in art, in various forms of behavior, some compensation for our failure so far to understand ourselves. There was always the falling back on a smaller and weaker position—and at the same time the insistence that this was the only position, the one necessary place to stop. We were fighting despair with our backs to the wall, but the wall moved ever rearward. So does it move to-day, when we have inherited the nineteenth century and hardly have earned a new one of our own; and so do we move, like crabs, backward.

Goethe, turning to man for man's salvation, announced that he had discovered in human nature a secret process whereby satisfaction could be manufactured. His gospel of strife for strife's sake, of pursuit for the sake of pursuit, echoing through Browning and other lesser men, seemed adequate for the while; it does not seem so now, when the pursuit grows meaningless and tiresome, and we have not yet our second wind. Wordsworth spelled nature with a capital N, and in that very act created a faith. The faith lasted a few decades; but not very many responsible persons, I suspect, talk any more of the healing influences of nature, or claim that through communion with her we can achieve a special understanding of ourselves. Wordsworth the prophet is no more, though we still have a great poet there. Carlyle, thundering out his doctrine of great men, rolls to-day through very distant skies; it is difficult to believe that he ever seemed, as he certainly did, to hold the key of our eternal mystery. Carlyle the prophet is no more; he is merely a great prose-writer. Matthew Arnold's religion of culture is fainter still; we smile at his dependence upon the best that has been thought and said in the world. What best? What world?

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Ruskin, and William Morris, and Walter Pater—where is their æstheticism now? What is it but one of those attitudes which we can collect from the wreckage of the century as antique-dealers collect pine bureaus from New England homesteads with sunken roofs? Emerson had his honor as a prophet both in America and in England; he *had* his honor, he does not have it. We do not read him now to learn anything, though we may very profitably go to him for his beautiful eloquence. John Stuart Mill and all those other men who preached liberty would hardly be happy to learn that we are wondering just what it is that we were to become free to do. Mill preached also against the subjection of women, but now that women are somewhat less subject than they were it does not appear that the world is wiser. Women now have many of the privileges of men, and one of those is the privilege of discovering how little man can know. Liberalism is dead, we hear on every side. Dead or not, it has had its day.

The sensation of the century, of course, was Darwin. Darwin's offense was not against God, I think, but man; his heresy was a heresy against the orthodoxy of human greatness. Six centuries earlier he might have caused no stir at all. For was there not that assumption of man's ridiculous, vile, and incorrigible inferiority? Would it have made much difference how the worm had come into being, whether he could boast these ancestors or those? In the nineteenth century, with God gone and with man casting about to prove his own sufficiency, man seemed to lose some essential dignity through the publication of a theory connecting him with a family of ludicrous vertebrates. So he rebelled, and of course rebelled in vain; for there happened to be a promise of life in Darwinianism itself. That also could be made into a religion, and it was. Evolution became a gospel; men hailed it as an answer to the great question; applied it in ethics, politics, and history; it came to seem an adequate formula somehow. Evolution, for instance, made it unnecessary any longer to examine the nature of things; their origins would do. We stopped and stood still with joy at the spectacle of such a game before us. No need to bother any longer with good and bad; what had developed or was developing was the thing; one might as well assume that values took care of themselves. We had found another substitute for the real thing—and there are those to-day who insist that after all it was not a good one. It too has had its day.

Anthropology, of course, still flourishes. It still is possible to lose sight of the question: What is Man? behind the other question: What did Man use to be? or the question: What is Man now in remote and primitive places? Fascinating questions, with fascinating answers when any at all are forthcoming; but it is a mistake to suppose that the main answer can be heard from that quarter, any more than that it can be heard from pragmatists and instrumentalists, who only put us off with technical talk about experience, and cannot be made to understand that experience may be by definition insufficient for peace and wisdom. Doubtless there are those who look to psychoanalysis for an understanding of the soul. But the thing to me sounds hopeless. The soul seems to grow in complexity with the complexity of our knowledge of it; we can never, it would seem, catch up with it and overtake it; and after all it is analysis we get, not understanding. I shall not speak of the numberless religions with which every land is infested these days, or of the numberless hopes that men build on

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foundations of queer words. I shall not speak of machinery, of physical training, of those various systems whereby "the whole man" is to be given development. "The whole man." Yes, but he is not enough, even by definition.

It is all a good joke, probably, in the mind of God, who even now lets out a little more rope so that we may hang ourselves fantastically. Not that he is in any especial hurry for the end to come. Time means nothing to him, and so the game of freedom may go on for millenniums, I suppose. Indeed, it may never stop, unless by chance the cataclysm which Mr. Krutch envisages in "The Modern Temper" should throw us back into barbarism. The futility of the experiment was proved before it began; therefore, if we remain civilized forever, we may remain foolish forever, for all God cares. He probably is not interested in our finding out that we are foolish. But we are. We shall never be able to measure ourselves by ourselves; such a measure can be taken only against the background of God. Now against that background we are very small and full of flaws; we stand only a few inches high; and we appear as creatures whose principal characteristic is a strange, mad desire for self-knowledge. But God is the only person who can know himself, as he is the only person who can measure himself.

Let me confess, before it is too late, that I am not a pious man. For all I know I do not even believe in God, and certainly I am not concerned with the propagation of a gospel. I suspect that if I am any kind of man I am the kind I tried to describe in the third paragraph of this article. For me, that is to say, the present discussion is largely academic. I stand quite outside the lines of the battle. But that is my advantage, if I have any. In perfect disinterestedness I can say to those who scurry over the earth in search of substitutes for the God whom their ancestors put aside: "There aren't any." Without any evangelism at all I can recommend the virtue of humility, I can insist that the most refreshing, the most cheerful, the most enlightening discovery possible to man is that he will continue to be imperfect, no matter how hard he tries to be otherwise. The reward of believing this is that you cease to worry over the question of whether you have got hold of the right new religion or not; you know there is none. You cease to jump nervously when you hear generalizations about the whole truth and nothing but the truth. You accept your limitations. You learn to say nature, experience, art, man, without capitalizing them. You read books of information for the information's sake, and not for your soul's sake. You reflect in calmness that the humanists of the twentieth century have only invented another substitute for God when they have looked into the mind of man and found an authority there. You know there is no authority short of the God who is forever gone. You know that man cannot return to God except by a miracle, at least if he continues in his present direction, which is straight away from him. You know how long proud man's predicament will last. And you may not care. For you will have learned the final lesson of all—not to be surprised at human fallibility.

Two interesting articles discussing Christianity in the cities will appear soon: "A Countryman's Religion Come to Town" by John Thomas Stewart and "Protestants and the Cities" by Tertius van Dyke.

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A missing husband dominates this new story by the young Canadian author of "Strange Fugitive"

Lady in a Green Dress

BY MORLEY CALLAGHAN

A YEAR ago, when they were at the law school, Henry Sproule and his friend Ben Silversmith used to walk from the school as far as the city-hall square with five or six of the fellows from the final year. In the first fine days of the early spring they walked on the wet pavements, carrying their brief-bags. They all went into the cigar and magazine store at the corner to talk for a few moments with the woman behind the counter before they separated and went to their law offices.

This woman looked to be about thirty-five, plump, smiling, polite, and very glad to see the students. Usually she wore a simple green dress which seemed to be new and distinctive because it set off her thick blond hair pulled back into a bun on her neck. The proprietor of the store, a thick-necked Greek, over six feet tall, was delighted to have the fellows in his store making small but regular purchases for the sake of a minute of trivial conversation with the woman. Henry Sproule, who was red-headed and lanky, resented the way the proprietor stood there smiling and rubbing his hands together. The Greek used to try and make a conversation with Henry in particular by whispering: "She's a nice woman, ain't she? But it's a shame she's so married, eh?" And he tried many times to explain confidentially to the fellows that he was glad the woman was so independent and respectable.

Henry Sproule and Silversmith began to go into the store alone, and Henry talked fluently, amusingly, and often wittily with the girl while Ben put on his glasses and read some of the magazines very quickly. It was hard to read intelligently, because both Henry and the girl would suddenly laugh out loud. Ben heard her admit reluctantly that her name was Irene Airth. Henry was pleading with her to go out with him, and she teased him charmingly, as though he were a very young but very nice fellow.

In the morning classes at the law school that were so important because of the approaching final exams, Henry dozed in his chair and occasionally looked out the window at the new green leaves on the chestnut tree and the blue sky. The city streets were clean. He liked the city in the spring. Soon, he would go away to practise law in a country town, he thought, and suddenly he made up his mind to try and become the lover of the woman with the fair hair and green dress before he went away. Several times he left the school in the morning and went over to the store to whisper intimately with Irene, who

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was a little embarrassed and puzzled by his sincerity. She was worried, because she wouldn't go out with him even though she liked him.

He said to Ben Silversmith that soon something would have happen, because he had told her he would be leaving the city in a month, and now she was very eager to see him in the mornings. "I don't think she knows what to do about me at all, that's the trouble," he said grinning and slapping his hands together. "But soon we're going to get a little action. Mark my words."

But she practically told him, the next morning, that she would like very much to have just a simple friendly feeling for him. She was so gentle in her explanation and yet so lovely that he could hardly find words to answer her, and left the store abruptly.

For a week he was too angry to go into the store, but when he was downtown in the evening he sometimes passed just when she was leaving to go home. One night he followed her, remaining always a few yards behind the neat figure in the light coat with the pretty little cape. She walked as far as the older part of the city, where there are many big dilapidated rooming-houses. When she was under a street-light, he caught up with her and took hold of her by the arm. "Just a minute," he said.

"Oh, hello, Red, where did you come from?" she said quite casually. She smiled as though really glad to see him.

"I've been following you."

"Heavens, what for? What do you want?"

"Nothing at all; just to be with you, Irene," he said nervously.

She was trying to look very severe, though she wasn't at all offended; actually, she was delighted to see him but afraid to encourage him. "I was going into the house," she said.

"Let me come too."

"What about my husband?"

"I don't know. What about him?" he said gaily.

"Well, don't look so uneasy while you talk cheerfully, dear boy. He's not at home."

Arm in arm, and laughing freely, they entered one of the houses and went into a large high-ceilinged room on the ground floor. A dressing-table and a bed were at one end of the room. She took off her hat and stood in front of the mirror, powdering her nose, while Henry, who felt the excitement growing stronger in him, fumbled awkwardly with his hat. Then he noticed that she still had on the green dress.

"Is that the only dress you have?" he said suddenly.

"No. I have another one, but I don't like it so well. Is that all right with you, Red? Now I'll talk with you from the kitchen while I make a cup of tea."

Waiting, he wondered how long she had lived in the room, for it was furnished so impersonally.

They sat beside each other to drink the tea, and smoothing her skirt she said suddenly: "You're an awfully jolly fellow, Red, but promise me that you won't try and kiss and fool around with me if I let you stay."

"But why?"

"Because I'm quite happy as it is, for one thing. Then again, I might like it and I'd go all up in the air, and I couldn't stand it. Besides, you've got such a nice freckled face."

"Oh, I see; I thought you might have been worrying about your husband."

"I do worry about him sometimes."

She looked at him so vaguely he knew her thoughts were far away from the room. Her cheeks were flushed a little. The blood seemed so warm under the clear skin and she was so sweet he could

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hardly keep from putting his arms around her. Cautiously feeling his way, he said: "Are you much in love with your husband?"

"Am I in love with him? Of course I am," she said abruptly.

"Where is he?"

"I don't know."

She was positively angry and a little bewildered. He thought she was going to cry. "I'm awfully sorry. You've no idea how sorry I am," he said; "I just meant . . . Well, I mean I don't know what I meant."

Smiling calmly, she said sincerely: "You've been very friendly, Red, so there's no reason why I shouldn't explain to you. I haven't seen my husband for eight years. What do you think of that?"

"Lord, lady, where is he?"

"I don't know. It sounds a little funny, doesn't it? Yet I love my husband. I love him more than any one else in the world. I love all my thoughts of him and the clear, bright picture I always have of him in my mind."

As she looked at him steadily her blue eyes were a little moist, and she began to tell him very simply that her husband had to go away a few months after they had got married. "I'll show you a picture of him," she said, and got up to look into a bureau drawer. Then she showed him a small picture of a young man with a good forehead, remarkable eyes, and a sneering lip. He was in uniform. "We were married when he came back from the war. We only lived together six months," she said.

"He's a nice-looking fellow, all right. You picked a good one," Henry said.

"Look at me, Red. If I tell you something, will you promise never to tell . . . because I like you so much."

"Sure, I'll promise. Honest to God, cross my heart."

"Weren't you wondering why he went away?"

"I was, but I didn't like to ask."

"He was going to be arrested for embezzlement. He stole money, quite a bit, I think. He left me a note saying that no one would ever bother me about it and some day he'd pay back every cent and come back. Of course he will come back . . . if he can. That was eight years ago."

"And you say you haven't heard from him? He never even wrote to you?"

"No. But I believe there's a good reason for it. I prefer to think that," she said, looking at him steadily.

"You won't mind me saying that it sounds just a bit too simple?"

"I don't mind what you say about it. But that's how I'll go on thinking of it."

On the old-fashioned sofa they sat close together and went on talking about her husband. Her smooth forehead was puckered into a frown occasionally, though often she smiled confidently as she told him how she had gone once to Detroit and once to Chicago to attempt to identify the body of a man who was reported to have come from this city, and who, from the brief description, might have been her husband. "I really knew before I set out each time that it wouldn't be Jack, but I felt that I ought to go," she said, smiling quickly. A sudden strong feeling of admiration and sympathy for her prompted Henry to put his arm on her shoulder, and they were silent. He was thinking of the misery she had endured when her husband, who had been with her such a short while he had hardly been more than a lover, had first gone away, and how, in the years, her strong faith had given her peace and contentment.

"How old are you?" he said suddenly.

"About forty."

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"Honestly, you look about thirty."

"I know it. It makes me quite happy to know it. It's sweet of you to remind me of it. Listen, Red; kiss me. That's it. Now kiss me once again the same way. Now promise me you'll never kiss me except like that and when I ask you to, then we can go on being good friends and see a lot of each other."

When he left her he walked slowly to the house where he roomed with Silversmith just a few blocks away, and he felt intensely alive and good-humored. It was such a fine, clear, starlit evening in the late spring.

Next day he listened to the lecturer in the law school and thought about Irene. The leaves were much thicker on the chestnut tree by the window. The warm summer days were coming on. He was still very eager to become Irene's lover during the weeks he would be in the city after his exams.

Often, in the late evening, he walked home with her from the store. Sometimes he was a little irritated when he realized that he was becoming so friendly and sympathetic he was losing some of his determination to become her lover. She told him that she had had many jobs, and liked the news-stand because so many people talked to her every day. The proprietor, a married man with eight children, never bothered her. One evening Henry made her a present of three bottles of red wine and some assorted biscuits, and they had a happy time together, though her kisses were carefully guarded and carefully given. That evening she showed him the short note her husband had left for her when he went away, written in a round, bold hand. By this time it actually seemed as if Henry had known her husband a long time, and knew all the marks on his body, and the quaint phrases he had learned in France. Henry was positive he would recognize him at once if he should come walking into the room. And Henry was even more in love with her, though a little ashamed to try and arouse her.

His feeling for her had become so complicated that he began to make inquiries about her husband for his own amusement. The fellow had worked in the city eight years ago as a credit manager for a large publishing firm. There could be no difficulty about a few simple inquiries, either, at police headquarters, where he, as a lawyer, could have access to the records. But unfortunately Henry was studying all day for his examinations. The night before the last exam he came home and said to Ben Silversmith, who was staring at a case book of contract law and muttering to himself: "I've got some news, Ben. Listen to me a minute. Let that stuff go for just a moment. I found out something about Irene's husband."

"Oh!" Ben said, without looking up.

"I mean that I can say quite definitely that her husband never stole anything around here that he'll get pinched for. I talked with the manager of that publishing firm, and they don't know why he left so suddenly. The police department hasn't a thing against him either."

"Well, why did he beat it?"

"Probably a bit restless after the war. Maybe there was another woman, but he wanted to leave it open for himself to come back."

"Are you going to tell her? That ought to fix it all up for you, Red," Ben said, grinning wisely.

"Lord, I don't know. I haven't the heart to tell it to her. I'll think about it a bit while I work," he said, taking off his coat.

But Henry did not tell Irene that he had made any inquiries about her husband. In the afternoon, when he had

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finished the last of the examinations and was feeling free and light-hearted, he hurried over to the store to explain the matter to her. And looking at her, he knew he could not tell her.

"What is worrying you now, Red?" she said earnestly.

"Nothing at all. Nothing," he said. "I think I'm a bit of a fool." She thought he was worrying about his examinations.

Henry remained in the city another week, mainly to have a good time drinking with Silversmith while assuring himself that Irene was there, ready to love him if only he would speak plainly to her. Whenever he could he kissed her eagerly, and she laughed and was charming, thinking he was becoming more ardent because he was going away soon.

At the end of the week, when he went into the cigar-store, Irene was not there. The Greek proprietor, who looked very unhappy, said that she had asked him to tell Henry to see her as soon as he could.

Henry hurried to her home and found her sitting at the front window crying and holding the morning newspaper in her hand. She jumped up quickly, ran toward Henry and, trembling nervously, showed him a paragraph about a man who had been killed by an automobile the night before, and who had died on the way to the hospital. The ambulance attendant had heard him mutter that his name was "Ayers," "Airth," "Airns," or a name like that. The man had evidently been drunk, but had whispered that he had a wife in the city.

"It's my husband, all right. It's Jack," she said. "What will I do? That's a good description of him." She was holding her hands together and shaking her head from side to side.

"We'll go right down to the morgue," Henry said. "I'll get a taxi."

His arms were trembling as he helped her into the taxi. They sat very close together as she cried softly, muttering: "After all these years, after all these years."

At the morgue the officials agreed to show her the body. They asked Henry if he would care to see a note-book found in a pocket of the dead man's coat. Henry stood beside Irene, looking at the body on the slab, and then he examined the entries in the note-book while he watched Irene furtively. A puzzled expression was on her face as she peered at the dead man's drooping mouth, the hollow cheeks, and the partially bald head. Twice she shook her head. She was trembling with excitement and yet dazed; she hardly seemed to see anything as she rubbed her fingers nervously across her eyes, and then she began to cry quietly while Henry lowered his head, looking again at the note-book. The entries were evidently a record of bets placed on horses.

Suddenly she cried out eagerly: "That's not Jack. That couldn't be Jack. Why, we were about the same age. He's years older than me, this man."

"Do you want to see this note-book? There's no name in it," Henry said casually.

"Of course I don't want to see it," she said excitedly, moving toward the door." Don't you think I'd know my husband? I could tell him any place in the world."

Together they walked down the stone steps from the morgue as she dabbed her eyes with a handkerchief and tried to laugh happily. "Thank God that wasn't Jack," she said. "Please don't look so sober, Red. I feel grand." But her face was still white.

They got into a taxi to go back to the

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store. Henry was leaning back, frowning, and sucking his lips. "I looked at the writing in the book they showed me," he said cautiously.

"Did you?" she said, hardly interested.

"Yes. You know I had that picture of your husband in my mind, and I'd know that handwriting of his a mile away. I mean that's why I looked at the note-book so carefully." His face was absolutely expressionless as he watched her.

"I know, but let's not even talk about it, Red."

Finally he said: "I'm definitely going away at the end of the week, you know."

"I'll miss you terribly, Red," she said. "How will I get along? You've been a dear."

She kissed him quickly just before the cab stopped. He watched her hurrying across the wide pavement to the store. The Greek, smiling broadly, was waiting for her at the door. A puff of wind held back her open coat, showing a flash of the green dress. Her slender ankles moved rapidly. It was nearly noontime and the sun was shining brilliantly.

Biography

By Nina S. Merrill

All her life she has known no little sins,
(Nor any friends);
Now suddenly Eternity begins—
Life ends.

When Youth the world before her flung,
And Spring was gay,
In stuffy rooms she taught the snuffling young
To pray.

No lover at her doorstep dared to lurk,
Her heart to woo;
She had no time for love, with all God's work
To do.

The uneventful days and long, long nights
With piety were full;
She lived aloof from sudden mad delights,
(Dull, dull!)

Virtuous, meek—the world's temptations now
Have passed her by;
Living, she spent her life in learning how
To die.

In all the years, no fleet immortal thought,
No singing hour.
(Is Goodness, then, a vegetable, and not
A flower?)

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J. E. B. STUART

BY CAPTAIN JOHN W. THOMASON, JR.

The Seven Days' Battle and Events Leading Up to the Second Manassas Campaign

On the information brought by Stuart from his ride around the enemy, Lee decided to attack McClellan's right, isolated north of the Chickahominy. Stonewall Jackson came from the Valley to join the Richmond Army, bringing Lee's strength to about 80,000. The fighting which followed is called the Seven Days' Battle: it opened with McClellan 5 miles from Richmond, and ended with his army 25 miles down the James River from the Confederate Capital. Lee's plan was to crush the Federal right, north of the Chickahominy, then to cut the Army of the Potomac's communications with its base on the York River, and then to capture or destroy McClellan, who would have to attack at disadvantage across the Chickahominy, or to receive Lee's attacks from three sides in the difficult swamps between the Chickahominy and the James.

Lee's combinations failed, largely because of the tardy and uncertain movements of Stonewall Jackson, to whom was intrusted the most important of the movements involved. On the 26th of June, at Beaver Dam Creek, A. P. Hill attacked alone and was beaten by Porter. On the 27th, Porter was driven from his lines by Jackson, Longstreet, and the Hills, but escaped across the Chickahominy. On the 28th, the York River Railroad was cut by Stuart, who was then sent on to White House Landing. McClellan, with great skill and courage, abandoned his York depots and shifted his base around to the James River—this move made possible by his naval échelon. Lee had to readjust his plans accordingly. On the 29th, at Savage Station, and on the 30th, at Glendale, the Blue army fought rear-guard actions, successfully, to save its trains, which were being moved to the James. On 1 July, McClellan made a stand at Malvern Hill and Lee was heavily repulsed. By 3 July, McClellan was safe, at Harrison's Landing on the James River.

The cavalry under Stuart covered the left of the army on the 26th and 27th, and on the 28th was sent to White House on the York, and did not rejoin the army until the night 1/2 July.

McClellan escaped destruction, but the siege of Richmond was raised. Lee lost 20,000 men, McClellan 16,000.

Early in July, Jackson's command was sent from Richmond to Gordonsville to confront a new army of invasion under General John Pope, which moved into central Virginia as a diversion in favor of the Army of the Potomac. Lee effected some reorganization of his forces. All the cavalry of the army was given to Jeb Stuart, who was promoted Major-General on 26 July, his command now consisting of a division; three brigades, Hampton, Fitz Lee, and Robertson.

In August, McClellan was ordered to abandon the James and to return to Washington. On 7 August, Jackson advanced upon Pope, and fought him at Slaughter's Mountain on the 9th, an indecisive action. McClellan embarking, Lee, on the 13th, took Longstreet and joined Jackson, the army concentrating near Gordonsville on the 15th. Cavalry was ordered in from the Fredericksburg-Hanover area, where it had been engaged in small operations during the first half of the month. Pope then lay north of the Rapidan, and Lee planned to move around his left, between him and Washington, and bring him to battle.

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IV. Stuart Loses His Hat—and Pope His Coat

At Orange Court House, on the 16th, Stuart had from General Lee the final directions for cavalry's part in the rounding up of Pope, and he received a written order which set forth the cavalry mission in detail, as well as the general plan of the army. This order Stuart intrusted to his adjutant, Major Fitzhugh. Meantime, Fitz Lee, starting for Louisa, had sent a despatch advising Stuart of his route: but this despatch did not reach Orange Court House before Stuart departed for the rendezvous.

On the 17th Stuart, with his party of five,—Lieutenant Chiswell Dabney, Major Fitzhugh, Major Von Borcke, Captain Mosby, and Lieutenant Gibson,—rode east on the Orange Plank Road to meet Fitz Lee at Raccoon Ford. The army of General John Pope lay off to the west, beyond Clarke Mountain and the Rapidan, and Stuart was not seriously concerned about it. He was, however, annoyed at his failure during the day to fall in with Fitz Lee's brigade, which should be marching up from the southeast; and when, about dark, he reached Verdiersville—a little village by the Orange Plank Road, ten miles or so from Raccoon Ford, on Fitz Lee's line of march—and learned there that no gray cavalry had passed, he sent Major Fitzhugh out to find Fitz Lee's column and hurry it along. He, with his staff, stopped for the night at Verdiersville. The weather was fine, and they settled on an old house, set back a little from the road, with a wide porch in front of it. The August dark came down; the party ate from their haversacks, listened awhile to the noises of the night, and rolled up in their cloaks on the porch to sleep. Their horses were in the yard behind the house, and Stuart, perfectly accustomed to living between the lines, was not at all uneasy, especially since the citizens told him that no Yankees had been seen near Verdiersville for a month. Only the thorough Von Borcke seems to have regarded their situation as dangerous, and he turned in with his sword-belt and equipment, heedless of Dabney's suggestion that he'd sleep more comfortably with it off. The horses were saddled, but free to graze. Nothing had been heard from Major Fitzhugh, but he would, most probably, remain with Fitz Lee. The Confederates slept until dawn.

Major Fitzhugh, plodding on his tired horse, sent no messages for a very good reason. He had been captured. During the night he rode into the arms of a Yankee cavalry column, coming from the direction of Louisa Court House. They gathered him up and took him along, for they were in a hurry. They had halted about dark, intending to bivouac, but as soon as their horses were unsaddled some troopers had strayed into a corn-field just off their line of march, intent upon supplementing their diet with fresh roasting-ears. Deep in the tall corn, they came upon a Confederate infantryman who was rationing himself on those same roasting-ears. Him they took, having their side-arms with them, and they extracted from him the information that Longstreet's wing,—to which this soldier belonged,—and probably Stonewall Jackson's wing, and Stuart's Cavalry Division, and such other details as the grayback's imagination could supply—were just on the other side of the corn-field. These interesting facts were promptly reported to their colonel.

The Yankee regiment was the 1st Michigan Volunteer Cavalry, under Colonel Brodhead, which, with the 5th New York Cavalry, had been out for a week's scouting in the vicinity of Louisa

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Court House, and was now returning to Pope's army. They did not wish to meet Longstreet, or Jackson, or, least of all, Stuart's Cavalry Division. They got to horse without bugles, and withdrew swiftly toward the Rapidan, on a road that led through Verdiersville, and they met Major Fitzhugh some miles from that place about midnight. And, going through Major Fitzhugh's papers, they came upon the autograph letter from Lee which gave his full plans for the destruction of Pope. They could hardly have made a more important capture—yet, in a few hours, they came very near doing so.

At dawn they approached a cluster of houses—Verdiersville. On the porch of one of the houses Jeb Stuart, who had ears like an Indian, stirred, sat up in his cloak, and listened. . . . Cavalry, coming from the southeast—Fitz Lee, certainly! He called to Mosby and Gibson, and told them to ride out and make sure. He himself, bareheaded, leaving his cloak and hat and haversack on the porch, strolled down to the gate to watch.

Just beyond the house the road curved off, and Mosby and Gibson trotted out of sight around this bend. A minute later a spatter of pistol-shots broke the morning quiet; there were yells, and a great noise of hoofs, and Mosby and Gibson came around the curve, low on their horses' necks, shouting, "Yankee cavalry!" The officers ran for their horses. Stuart vaulted into his saddle, jumped the garden fence, and made off bareheaded, behind the house, toward the nearest woods. Von Borcke, fully accoutred, mounted his big black, received (he says) the pistol-fire of numerous Yankees at close range, and rode through a side gate and across a field, with a squadron after him. Dabney caught his horse somehow, and fled after Stuart. The Yankees, led by a major on a strong horse, considered tall Von Borcke the important prize, and chased him, firing from the saddle; but his mount was fresh and theirs were tired, and they did not follow very far. Stuart, safe in the woods, watched with chagrin as they looted the gear on the porch—waved his red-lined cloak about, rifled his black leather haversack. And one of them tried on, and wore away, the famous plumed hat. Then he saw them reform and pound north, forcing their jaded nags. They did not know what noble game they had started, until Major Fitzhugh, riding gloomily in the rear of their column, saw the captured hat and turned pale. "Where," he said urgently, "is the man who wore that hat?" Oh, they told him, with good humor, he got away, the dam' spry rebel! "Thank God for that!" said Fitzhugh, "that's Jeb Stuart's hat!"

In the woods above Verdiersville Stuart's party assembles—all out of breath, but unwounded—and Von Borcke asks Dabney, wickedly, if he is quite comfortable now, without his side-arms. Stuart—Stuart is a major-general, and he is not amused, and they say nothing when he ties a handkerchief around his head against the August sun. They ride on, and come upon Longstreet's infantry, and find a Georgia regiment with a well-stocked sutler, who supplies the general with a plain wool hat such as poor infantry soldiers wear. The tale runs through the army with the amazing swiftness of soldiers' grape-vine telegraph—and all day Stuart endures the joyous shouts of the irreverent gray columns, who have little enough to make them merry in this time of forced marches. "Lookee, boys—Jeb's got a new hat!" "Hi! Cavalry! whar's yo' hat?"—and acquaintances call out, old army and new army, delightedly. "I am

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greeted on all sides with congratulations and—'Where's your hat' "—Jeb Stuart writes his wife. . . . "I just had time to mount my horse & clear the back fence, having no time to get my hat or anything else. I lost my haversack, blanket, talma, cloak, & hat that had that *palmetto star*. Too bad, wasn't it?" And he adds, grimly, "I intend to make the Yankees pay dearly for that hat——"

Stuart's report of this phase of the cavalry operations is exceedingly severe on Fitz Lee. That officer's brigade reached Raccoon Ford a whole day late,—and in no shape, because of its Louisa Court House detour, to ride fast with Beverly Robertson's brigade for Culpeper. Late on the 19th, after a necessary day of rest, Stuart shifted his column down to Mitchel's Ford. That night despatches from Lee indicated that Pope had moved beyond immediate danger. Stuart also points out that, by failing to be on time, Fitz Lee also made possible the escape of the considerable body of blue cavalry —the 1st Michigan and the 5th New York—which flushed him at Verdiersville.

Jeb Stuart's report does not mention the loss of the important papers which Major Fitzhugh carried. But from them Pope drew an urgent warning. Further, his reiterated instructions from Halleck enjoined the necessity of maintaining intact his rail communications with Alexandria, and it was always considered his first duty to keep his army between the enemy and Washington. With Stuart headed for his rear and Longstreet preparing to work around his left flank—his home flank—the Culpeper country was becoming dangerous. Therefore, on the 18th, immediately after Pope received Colonel Brodhead's report, the Confederate signal stations on Clarke Mountain wigwagged that there was motion in his camps. On the 19th General Lee himself, with Longstreet, climbed the hill and looked at the great prospect spread below: the wide Yankee camp was visibly diminishing, and long lines of dust, crawling northeastward, indicated that Pope was fully awake to his danger and was prudently withdrawing from it. Lee had to spin new schemes. Perhaps he could catch Pope on the Rappahannock. He issued orders when he came down from Clarke Mountain.

On the 20th Lee sent Longstreet and Jackson forward. They marched at moonrise—about 4 A. M. Longstreet, Fitz Lee's brigade his advance-guard, crossed the Rapidan at Raccoon Ford and reached Kelly's Ford on the Rappahannock the same afternoon, Fitz Lee effectively screening him and skirmishing hotly with Buford's blue cavalry near Kelly's.

Jackson, farther west, with Robertson's cavalry brigade, and Jeb Stuart in person, going before, and Munford, and a battery of the horse artillery on his left, crossed the Rapidan at Somerville Ford and marched on Brandy Station. That day Bayard's cavalry had been covering the retreat of General Sigel's corps from Culpeper, and in the afternoon Bayard was near Brandy Station, where he was ordered to halt for the night, south of the Rappahannock and its small tributary Hazel Run. He had seen, all day, dust clouds over the roads to the southeast, and his scouts brought in reports of an enemy advance. He had five regiments of volunteer cavalry,—the 1st Pennsylvania, 1st Rhode Island, 1st New Jersey, 1st Maine, and 2d New York—and they had swept the ten-mile stretch between Raccoon Ford and Brandy Station—a Maine squadron having encountered, early in the day, some of Fitz Lee's people in front of Longstreet. Now they assembled to their

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right, on Brandy Station, where, between Stevensburg and Hazel Run, there is open country. In the late afternoon Stuart approached them with Robertson's brigade. Bayard's regiments were drawn up in a deep échelon, the New York (Harris Light) Regiment, Lieutenant-Colonel Judson Kilpatrick, standing the most advanced. As soon as the enemy came into clear, reports Bayard, they formed line and charged him, "with loud shouts and wild yelling."

They fell first upon Kilpatrick's Harris Light, and scattered the New Yorkers. The New Jersey regiment was next, and its colonel, with his adjutant, rode alone to meet the rebels—his Jerseymen rode off toward the river.

This Confederate regiment was the 7th Virginia, Colonel Grumble Jones, the remainder of Robertson's brigade having been sent by Stuart, after a hasty reconnaissance, to sweep by the left, toward Barboursville, and turn the Federals. The fugitives streamed before the gray horse, toward the river, and between Brandy Station and the Rappahannock, the other three regiments of Bayard's brigade were formed in column of squadrons and disposed to fight. The 7th Virginia recoiled from their fire. It was soon apparent that Robertson had missed his road to the flank, and there was some delay while Stuart's staff officers galloped to find him. He was brought back, and the impatient Stuart threw his regiments, as they arrived, against the enemy in columns of fours —the 6th and 12th regiments and the 17th Virginia Battalion, Ashby's old troopers. Bayard's men did not wait to cross sabres. They broke again and reformed on the bank of Hazel Run, under the cover of Sigel's artillery beyond the stream. Stuart estimated their numbers and their supporting guns in position to be too formidable for him, and he sent after Fitz Lee, now down toward Kelly's Ford, and for the horse artillery. Two regiments and Pelham's battery came in response, but by the time they arrived Bayard had crossed Hazel Run to safety. Robertson's brigade lost three killed and thirteen wounded, and took, Robertson reports, sixty-four prisoners; Bayard admits a loss of sixty-one, all ranks. Stuart's report is generous, citing equally General Robertson and Colonel Jones—neither of whom he liked—and Major von Borcke and Captain Redmond Burke, who were dear to him.

This little action, in which four Confederate regiments were engaged against five Federal regiments, on the plain of Brandy Station, was the first considerable cavalry engagement in Virginia. Afterward there would be many fights at Brandy Station. The place was a crossroads: all the routes south, over the headwaters of the Rappahannock, as you go to Culpeper, led through it. It would become one of the commonest of the war names.

During the next two days, cavalry picketed the river on Pope's front, and felt for an opening, without finding one, while Lee kept his infantry back, out of sight. Then rains came, and the river began to rise between the armies.

On the 22d of August Stuart proposed to the commanding general that he be allowed to ride around Pope's upper flank and interrupt his rail communications with Alexandria. The proposition was attractive. It was evident that no advantageous battle could be delivered against Pope where he stood, while a demonstration in his rear might start him into some hasty move that could be turned into an opportunity, and meantime Lee could not lie idle and let his enemy accumulate strength. Also, the armies were stabilized on the river, and cavalry could be briefly spared. Lee

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gave his consent, and Stuart immediately assembled the brigades of Fitz Lee and Beverly Robertson,—less the 7th and 3d Virginia regiments, left with the army,—took two of Pelham's guns, and rode upstream, past the flanks of the armies, to Waterloo Bridge. Here, in the forenoon of the 22d, he crossed his column and went twelve miles east, to Warrenton. To his professional zeal was added a personal urge: there is the letter—"I intend to make the Yankees pay dearly for that hat——"

At Warrenton, there was a great reception from the sympathetic civilian population. The column rested an hour: Stuart gathered as much information as he could on Yankee habits in the locality; Von Borcke became acquainted with a number of charming girls; and the regimental officers amused themselves by registering formally at the Warrenton Hotel. Stuart then took the road eastward, seven miles to Auburn, on Cedar Run, and, being well behind Pope's army and north of the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, he turned, about dark, down toward Catlett's station. The weather had been threatening all day, and with nightfall it began to rain, and Stuart says it was the darkest night he ever saw. Fitz Lee with the advance-guard rode into Catlett's, captured the place, and scattered its defense, for the Yankees were all bewildered in the dark and the driving rain—and then the Confederate troopers, still held compactly together, halted; they were where Stuart wanted them, but in the night and the storm it was impossible to tell which way to strike next—or even to distinguish friend from foe. Cavalry cannot wait long in such a situation: it must hit hard and quickly, or go away.

Then Stuart had the thing called a break: Napoleon placed luck high among the essential qualifications of a successful general. A negro teamster, snatched among other Yankee prisoners from an overrun wagon park, recognized Jeb Stuart: he was a Berkeley County negro, a slave with an otherwise unrecorded odyssey—and he was glad to see his white folks. He told the general that Pope's headquarters were camped right near to Catlett's station, by the railroad, between the station and Cedar Run: there were his headquarters tents, his personal horses and wagon park, and all his staff. He volunteered to show the way. Stuart consulted briefly with Fitz Lee, and accepted the negro's proposition: whatever was to be done had to be done quickly. Fitz Lee designated Rooney Lee and the 9th Virginia to rush the headquarters camp, while the 1st Virginia and the 5th Virginia, Colonels Brien and Rosser, went to make diversion at the next camp to headquarters; and he told off Engineer Captain Blackford and a detail, with Wickham's 4th Virginia, to destroy the railroad bridge over Cedar Run.

They moved swiftly and in close order, the rain covering all small sounds. Rooney Lee led quietly up to the tents "occupied by the convivial members of General Pope's Staff," and charged, shooting and yelling. Sleepy sentries, sheltering against the wet, lay discreetly low, or ran out to be ridden down. The camp-guards fled or surrendered. The soaked gray troopers ravaged about, cutting tent-guys and upsetting wagons, rounding up prisoners and horses, and putting fire to everything that would burn. Pope was, unfortunately, from home, but they caught Pope's field-quartermaster and other staff officers, and secured the general's letter-books and correspondence files, and his tent furniture, horses, and baggage, as well as the headquarters safes.

Rosser and Brien, guided by lightning

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flashes, crossed and recrossed the cuts and fills of the railroad and turned out more camps. An active youngster swarmed up the telegraph-poles and hacked down the wire with his sabre. Captain Blackford got at the bridge, a double-decked trestle, very strong, and tried to fire it: but the sodden timbers would not catch. Colonel Wickham sent a detail through the camps for axes, and a few were found, and with these Blackford attacked the trestles. Fitz Lee himself came to hurry the work. The storm continued with increasing violence, and a Federal command came up and opened fire from the far side of Cedar Run on the axemen who were pecking away at the bridge. Fugitives from the alarmed camps rallied on this formation, and their firing grew heavier. Worst of all, Blackford was making no useful progress at the bridge. Stuart comes, strokes his wet beard, and decides, most reluctantly, that the difficulties are insuperable. Cedar Run was rising: a message came from Robertson's brigade, in reserve with the artillery, that it was already swimming-deep where the column would have to cross. And the Rappahannock was getting the same rain. And the cavalry had to get back to the army. "The Commanding General," writes Stuart, "will, I am sure, appreciate how hard it was to desist from the undertaking, but to any one on the spot there could be but one opinion—its impossibility. I gave it up."

Cavalry bugles sounded recall and assembly. Rooney Lee and Rosser and Brien formed in the gutted camps, with 300 prisoners—including the high-ranking staff gentlemen—a number of horses and mules, and as many wagons as the column could escort. Stuart drew off in the dark by the Auburn road.

Soon after daylight they were at Warrenton, receiving the compliments of the citizens. Some inventory was made of the loot, and Stuart was delighted to find Pope's best uniform coat, a major-general's frock, very elegant, with the buttons spaced in threes. A black-eyed Warrenton lady, one of the staff writes, ran out with a bottle of wine to pay a forfeit to Major Goulding, the captured Yankee staff quartermaster: she had wagered him this champagne that he would not, as he had predicted recently, be in Richmond within thirty days. Now he was Richmond-bound, and she felt that she should settle up. It is related that the major took his winnings handsomely and pledged the lady when he drank.

A courier went galloping ahead with Pope's correspondence for General Lee: it contained the most intimate details of Pope's plans, and, most interesting of all, the schedule of expected arrivals from the Army of the Potomac, now landing or landed along the river, from Aquia Creek to Alexandria.

The column marched, unpursued, and crossed again at Waterloo Bridge, rejoining the army by noon of the 23d. John Pope's uniform coat was mounted on a frame and carried conspicuously through the Confederate camps, to the delight of all ranks, and later it was displayed in a Broad Street show-window in Richmond.

"My Dearest Wife," Stuart wrote, on the 25th, "I have had my revenge out of Pope, I captured part of his staff, all his baggage and baggage train, horse equipments, by a rapid dash upon his rear near Warrenton Junction. . . ."

The cavalry loss was four killed, one wounded, and seven missing. Stuart feels bound "to accord to the officers and men, collectively, engaged in this expedition, unqualified praise, for their good conduct under circumstances where their discipline, fortitude, endurance, and bravery stood such an extraordinary test.

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The horseman who, at his officer's bidding, without questioning, leaps into unexplored darkness, knowing nothing except that there is certain danger ahead, possesses the highest attribute of the patriot soldier. It is a great source of pride to me to command such men."

General John Pope's comments on the Catlett's station affair are not good-humored. He estimated the enemy which dashed into his camp at 300 sabres—almost the only underestimate of an opponent's strength that I have found in the official records—and adds that the camp was guarded by 1,500 blue infantry and five companies of cavalry, and that the success of the rebel raiders was disgraceful to the guard in charge of his trains. Pope had opened his campaign with trenchant remarks to his troops about lines of retreat and bases of supplies—"certain phrases which I am sorry to find much in vogue amongst you. . . . Let us study the probable lines of retreat of our opponents, and leave our own to take care of themselves. Let us look before and not behind!" "Old Headquarters-in-the-Saddle! The Man Without a Rear—" gibed the sardonic Southern troopers. Seldom in history have a man's words come so humiliatingly back upon him. Here was Stuart, running off with his personal baggage, and there was much worse being prepared for his army.

The important item in Stuart's booty was the headquarters correspondence. From it Lee learned what his enemy intended, what his strength was, and what he proposed to do with it. Most important of all was the movement of troops from McClellan's army: Porter and Burnside, the 5th and 9th Corps, were up, and others were in supporting distance, and Lee saw that in a very few days Pope would be too strong for him. Already there were 80,000 men on the Rappahannock, and he would soon have, in hand and within call, 150,000 men. Lee's possible reinforcements, now starting from Richmond, were D. H. Hill's two divisions and Hampton's Cavalry Brigade. On the field he had now all the troops he was going to have. Pope must be attacked before the rest of the Army of the Potomac reached him, and, considering Pope, Lee thought his 55,000 were enough.

He could not be attacked on his river line: the rains had swollen the waters, rendered the forts impassable, and even swept out bridges. From the 20th to the 23d of August Lee had failed to find an opening for a thrust. Now, on the 24th, at Jefferson, he went with Jackson through Pope's correspondence, and the results of the conference were exciting.

On the Rappahannock Pope's 80,000 were too strongly posted, and 20,000 more stood under his orders at Aquia Creek; and more would come. Lee decided to divide his army, draw Pope from the river, and bring him to battle on ground of the Confederates' choosing. Things began to happen. On the 23d and 24th Stuart skirmished hotly at every ford on Pope's front and had hard fighting to save Waterloo Bridge. Longstreet's infantry displayed itself in force to Pope's observers across the river. Behind this show of activity Jackson's command was withdrawn and assembled at Jefferson, Longstreet extending to occupy his old front, facing Sulphur Springs.

Under the morning stars, before the dawn of the 25th of August, Stonewall Jackson took the road northwest from Jefferson. He had his own division, A. P. Hill's Light Division, and Ewell's, about 21,000 men. Stuart's cavalry, he knew, would presently follow, but nobody in the column knew where Jack-

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son was leading, or why. This day and the next he did the most notable marching of his career.

The column passed Waterloo Bridge, where some of Longstreet's infantry and Stuart's Horse Artillery were bickering with Pope's extreme right flank, and held on up-stream. Five miles above, at Hinson's Mill, it turned and forded the Rappahannock, the flood stage having passed. By Amissville, thence north to Orleans, and thence to Salem, through the hot, clear August weather, it marched. About midnight Jackson halted at Salem, on the Manassas Gap Railroad, and his men fell down in ranks and slept like the dead. They had come twenty-six miles. Where they bivouacked the long rampart of the Blue Ridge rose to the west, and the undulating mass of Bull Run Mountain lifted itself on the other hand. The regiments had marched with colors uncased, to stimulate the files, and Pope's observers on the hills west of Warrenton had seen, and by counting flags and batteries made a close estimate of, the column's strength, and deduced that it was Jackson's. This was the first intelligence Pope had of enemy movements since the 22d. He rather thought it must be a flank column, covering a movement toward the Valley—Winchester, possibly. Amazingly enough, he sent no cavalry to investigate. Bayard and Buford were engaged that day, the 25th, along the river, and, their reports say, very much exhausted from the hard service they had already undergone.

Jackson moved from Salem before dawn and headed eastward—the first hint his people had as to his intention. This day, as on the day before, his march was unopposed: Munford, with the 2d Virginia Cavalry, riding in advance, had nothing to do but ride. During the forenoon the column passed Thoroughfare Gap in Bull Run Mountain, and opened the tranquil plateau of Manassas, all empty of blue soldiers. In the afternoon they came to Gainesville, and met Stuart's brigades, riding from the southwest.

Stuart, at 1 A. M. the night of the 25/26th, had received orders to follow Jackson. He marched at two o'clock in the morning of the 26th—he mentions in his report that he had no sleep that night, himself—and trailed the infantry as far as Salem, where he came upon Jackson's trains, filling the roads at his rear. Detaching his own light trains and wagons to join those of the infantry, he turned right and passed Bull Run Mountain south of Thoroughfare Gap, and caught up with Jackson at Gainesville. With him he had Fitz Lee and Beverly Robertson, and Pelham's Horse Artillery, which always kept up.

Gainesville is on the Warrenton Turnpike, a few miles west of the 1st Manassas battle-field. Jackson ordered Stuart to take the front and flanks and move on to Bristoe station, by the country road leading southeast from the Warrenton Turnpike. Stuart detached squadrons to watch east and west on the turnpike—toward Warrenton and toward Centreville—and the long dusty column—Fitz Lee, Robertson, and Ewell's infantry in close support—marched southeast, and before sunset the leading squadrons dashed into Bristoe station and captured it.

Bristoe station, on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, lay five miles southwest of Manassas Junction, and fourteen miles east of Warrenton, and was squarely on Pope's line of communication. Immediately to the east, centring on the Junction, was Pope's great army depot. Fourteen to twenty miles westward were the masses of the Federal Army, still écheloned upon the Rappahannock, engaged in watchful wait-

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ing. As Stuart occupied the place, and before he could tear up the rails or destroy the bridge over Broad Run at Bristoe, an empty train drawn by the engine "Secretary," came through from Warrenton, and got away to Alexandria. We learn that "Engine 'Secretary' is completely riddled with bullets." Behind it were two more trains, which were derailed and taken. A fourth approached cautiously from the west, smelled danger, and retired, which meant that both Alexandria and Washington would be warned of trouble at Manassas; and they were. Both places decided that it was just another cavalry raid.

Soon after dark Jackson's divisions closed on Bristoe, having made a twenty-five-mile march from Salem. But Jackson's objective was still seven miles away, the depot at Manassas Junction. Brigadier-General Trimble, with a North Carolina and a Georgia regiment, volunteered to go ahead, and Jackson sent Stuart and the cavalry brigades. Cavalry rode wide to get behind the Junction; infantry plodded up the track. Stuart was in charge of the operation. At midnight the depot was surrounded, and there was some spasmodic, ineffective firing in the dark. At the gray of dawn, on the 27th, Wickham's 4th Virginia, from the north, and Trimble's infantry, from the west, closed in and took the depot without difficulty, capturing most of the small guard. Jackson arrived with daylight, bringing his own and Hill's divisions. Ewell remained in line at Bristoe, watching to the west for Pope's reaction.

The sunlight of a lifetime ago falls golden, across the years, on Stonewall Jackson and Jeb Stuart, the foot cavalry and the gray horsemen, in the Manassas Plain, this August morning, the 27th of the month. It was one of the joyous days of the Army of Northern Virginia. The infantry had marched, in midsummer heat and dust, nearly sixty miles in two days. Cavalry had covered the same distance in twenty-two hours. This marching had come in the course of marching and fighting, constant since the early spring—and it was now late summer. The infantry had marched out of their shoes and very nearly out of their clothes, and out of most of their equipment. The Confederate supply service, never efficient, had utterly failed in the battle summer of 1862. Thousands were barefoot. The poor gray jackets were in tatters. Jackson's infantry had thrown away as useless, for the most part, knapsack and leather gear. They carried, to each man a haversack and a blanket-roll, and a canteen—and to each squad a frying-pan and a coffee-pot, and their cartridges were loose in their pockets. They were hairy and dirty and weathered black, and only their arms and their eyes were bright. Such ragged, miserable, and filthy wretches, observed a Yankee officer who was captured about this time and saw them close, you cannot possibly imagine. They lack everything . . . but as for marching and fighting—

Stuart's troopers were in little better case. The feathered hats, the shabracks, the jack-boots, the braided jackets, the elegant accessories with which the young gentlemen rode first to war, had all disappeared. The hot-blooded Virginia horses, drawn and thin from hundreds of miles of riding, were about all that was left of the original equipment.

The physique and morale of the command was, however, remarkable. The Valley campaign and the Peninsula had taken battle-toll of the best and bravest, but the ardors of the weather and the terrible marches had stripped away the

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weaklings. The men who remained in ranks were very hard men, seasoned and war-wise. Now they stood, 20,000 of them, in the midst of 100,000 enemies—with the enemy's food and stores in their hands. Every soldier present understood the situation and appreciated it. Their general, having placed the liquor under guard, and taken steps to secure as much ordnance material and public property as could be moved, loosed them on the depot, and they foraged jubilantly through the day.

The recorded scene is extremely jocose: Jackson himself was looking out for Pope's rear. His people had been living on corn and green apples, and they were sharp-set. One can hear across the years the wails of the Northern sutlers as the lank rebels gutted their choicest stores. The gray soldiers frolicked like bad little boys in a place they had no business being. Long-haired Georgians, Carolinians, Virginians, had never seen such plenty or such variety in their lives, and they gorged themselves to full capacity. What they couldn't eat they tried to carry off. Every cavalryman had a sack of coffee across his saddle. Infantry marched with bulging blanket-rolls, and hams skewered on their bayonets. Hatless fellows, men whose trousers were beyond redemption, men whose shirts had disintegrated to a button and frill, shoeless men, were all supplied. Major John Pelham, arriving late, deprived a sutler of four splendid draft-horses for his guns, and shared with Hill's and Ewell's chiefs of artillery the choicest animals in the army corrals. To Pelham, also, was given the detail of removing several batteries of artillery found in store. Ewell remained in observation down the road, and Stuart sent detachments of Fitz Lee's and Robertson's brigades to sweep the country toward Alexandria where that morning they "had great sport chasing fugitive parties of the enemy's cavalry." Fitz Lee, with the 9th, 4th, and 3d Virginia Regiments, rode as far as Fairfax Court House.

Alexandria reacted first; in the morning a New Jersey brigade, General G. W. Taylor, infantry without artillery, came down on the train, alighted and formed at a safe distance, and moved by the railroad at the Junction. Sufficient infantry was sent to meet him, and captured cannon were turned on him. He had not expected to find anything but raiding cavalry; he was mortally wounded and his command dispersed. Fitz Lee, on his line of retreat, cut up the remnants. Late in the afternoon Hooker's Division appeared from Warrenton, and a brisk action developed along Kettle Run, beyond Bristoe. In the midst of it Jackson sent word to Ewell: Break off, and come in: he wanted no battle there.

Ewell skilfully withdrew, Munford and Rosser covering his retirement, and fell back on Manassas Junction. Hooker had been so savagely received that he followed with great discretion, reporting merely that he had defeated the enemy and driven him five miles. Jackson had from Stuart the news that McDowell's corps was moving on the turnpike, from Warrenton, and that all the country to his southwest showed the dust of marching columns. He had also a message from General Lee, brought through Pope's converging masses by a trooper of the Black Horse in the 1st Virginia Cavalry, that Lee had marched with Longstreet the evening of the 26th, and was coming on by Salem and Thoroughfare Gap. The day was closing, and it was time to go.

The vast depot was set on fire, and blazed for miles along the railroad. Hooker's advanced elements watched the enemy retire northward, toward

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Centreville, toward Alexandria, in the direction of Washington; and Hooker, and presently Pope with him, come to see with his own eyes, were amazed. Hooker could not find out more, because Rosser and Munford covered the roads to the Junction, and fought from every coppice in the gathering dark.

Between the 24th and the 27th Pope's divisions had done a great deal of marching and counter-marching. After the Catlett's station affair he thought Lee might be getting ready to turn his left flank—his down-stream flank—and he massed troops on Rappahannock station, in his centre. Then he observed the activity of the Confederates on that flank, and decided that Lee was trying to mask a movement up-stream,—in which he was correct,—and he swung his centre of gravity toward Warrenton, which was not quite far enough. Longstreet, on the 26th, crossed the Rappahannock only three miles above him. Except the note on Jackson's marching column, the 25th, he had absolutely no information of enemy movements for these three days, and his first positive intelligence was brought by the train that escaped Stuart and Ewell at Bristoe station, late on the 26th. Even then he did not realize how bad it was. On the 27th reports increased; he discovered that the Confederates had left the river on his front, and he issued orders for the Army to fall back on the Manassas depot. It is queer that his great depot was left entirely naked to the enemy, so far as any adequate detachment for defense is concerned. In his reports he blames the corps commanders in his rear échelons for failure to guard it, but his orders to them had not been specific in this regard, and the simple fact is that the possibility of a Confederate raid on a corps scale never occurred to him.

Pope broke off movement for the night. All his army, except Banks, had left the Rappahannock during the day. Hooker and Kearny were on the railroad facing Bristoe station, Fitz-John Porter behind them. Sigel was up at Gainesville on the turnpike, McDowell, with the rest of his corps, following close. Reno was between McDowell and Hooker. Bayard, with the cavalry, was north of Gainesville, and Buford remained near Warrenton. Pope knew that he was between this enemy, now known to be Jackson, and the main body of the Confederates, and, sore and angry as he was, he did not see how Jackson could escape him.

Next morning he moved slowly forward, and came to smouldering Manassas Junction by noon. The place was deserted. Hooker's men pulled a few bloated stragglers out of the ditches; that was all. An occasional gray horseman was seen on the distant ridges. But Jackson had disappeared as though the earth had swallowed him. The early afternoon was a period of profound bewilderment at Pope's Headquarters.

As for Jackson, he had marched ostentatiously on Centreville. There he had turned secretly and swiftly to his left, to the west, and favored by the same little ridges that hid McDowell's flank march at the first Manassas battle in July, a year ago, he had gone by the Warrenton Turnpike and the Sudley Springs road to the position he had selected.

About two and a half miles west of the Stone Bridge, on the turnpike, is a little group of houses called Groveton. From Groveton a wooded ridge makes northward and northwestward for some miles, as far as Sudley Springs and Sudley Church. An unfinished railroad, some cuttings, and long, high embankments passed along the east slope of the ridge, in the edge of the timber. The country to the east is open farm land,

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dominated by the high ground across the railroad workings. A road leads northwestward from the upper end of the ridge, toward Aldie. Into the thick forest on the ridge, early on the 28th, Jackson led his divisions, grouped his trains to the north, where the Aldie road debouched, set cavalry to watch the flanks, front, and rear, and lay concealed. Watching from the woods, his observers could see the thick dust clouds of marching infantry, rolling toward Centreville from the direction of Manassas Junction —and also coming from the west, on the turnpike, and along the Gainesville-Bristoe road. Seven miles away Pope was concentrating. But it never occurred to any Federal officer to scout the wooded country north of the Warrenton Pike.

During the forenoon of the 28th, while Pope's corps approached Manassas by forced marches, already beginning to feel the loss of their rations, and Jackson's infantry lay unsuspected and unmolested in the forest above Groveton, cavalry was very active. Fitz Lee's brigade was riding up the railroad, past Fairfax Court House, toward Alexandria, and Pope presently had a report that Burke's station, east of Fairfax, was being shelled. This and other reports, notably that Jackson was last seen at Centreville, impelled him to push on to the latter place. His columns, advancing, pushed the Confederate picketing squadrons off the Warrenton Turnpike, and away from Manassas Junction, which Rosser and Brien had been holding under observation. Meantime Stuart took a part of Robertson's brigade and rode west toward Gainesville, with the mission of opening communication with Longstreet. Moving clear of the Groveton forest, Stuart could plainly see the fires of the fighting at Thoroughfare Gap, where Longstreet was being feebly opposed by Ricketts's Division. At Gainesville, he found considerable cavalry and infantry drawn up—Bayard and some of McDowell—and he skirmished hotly with them through the afternoon. He sent also a message by a courier who detoured widely to the north, informing Lee of Jackson's situation, and the courier got through. Stuart's people captured, in this fighting, a galloper with orders from Pope to McDowell: the army would concentrate at Centreville. Sigel, of McDowell's, had already marched southwest from the turnpike to Manassas, but King was still at Gainesville with his division, and this order had set him marching east, up the Warrenton Turnpike, by the most direct route to Centreville. Jackson, to whom the order was immediately communicated, realized that King was almost the last Federal element which lay west of him, and, if Pope's concentration on Centreville was carried out, Lee's problem would start all over again: there would be Pope, united and ready for battle, in a position of prohibitive strength, with numbers accumulating behind him. Jackson's essential mission had been to draw Pope to battle on Lee's terms. Now King came marching across his front, along the Warrenton Turnpike, and without hesitation Jackson threw at him the divisions of Ewell and Tailleferro. Pope's order, that moved McDowell from Gainesville, finally lost him his campaign. McDowell had 20,000 men, enough to have stood in Longstreet's way and held him from joining Jackson.

The fighting that followed was of the sternest order, and King's Division, attacked in the late afternoon as it marched in route-column, from a quarter believed to be empty of menace, acted in the most gallant manner. It formed front to its left and held its ground. Ewell and Tailleferro, both division commanders, were wounded as the Con-

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federates came into action, and probably for this reason the gray attack was only half developed and at no time pressed. The action turned into a fire fight, most of it in an apple orchard just north of the turnpike, where blue soldiers and gray volleyed in each other's faces at the closest range until dark. Jackson, who also had to form to a flank, found difficulty in getting his artillery placed, and his guns built up on the position seized by Major John Pelham, who took the horse artillery at a gallop through the Groveton woods, unlimbered in the open fields just north of the turnpike, and went into action at a range of two hundred yards, with double canister. Almost immediately he lost his horses, and so many of his men that the chief of Jackson's artillery sent him orders to withdraw. But, he reported, it was impossible to move his guns, so he stayed in action until night covered him. After dark King drew off in good order. About 3,000 men had fallen on both sides, and the fight was tactically indecisive. But the result was what Jackson wanted: Pope now knew where he was, and Pope would think only of destroying him, and could be held until Lee came with Longstreet. Through the night Pope gathered his army, and next morning his blue masses rolled over the ridges east of the Groveton woods and prepared to settle the matter. They drew also from the country between Groveton and Thoroughfare Gap, leaving it open for Longstreet's passage.

During the night Stuart reformed on Jackson, Robertson's brigade on the right, covering the turnpike, and Fitz Lee, returned from Burke's station by a wide detour to the north, on the left, near Sudley Springs. Jackson made all things ready for the fight he expected. He relocated his batteries, massing them where the ground favored, and assigned Stuart the additional mission of opening communication with Longstreet. There had been a great weight of anxiety on Jackson this night: with 20,000 men weakened by the casualties and stragglers of the last four days, he stood to receive the assault of Pope's concentrated force. In case of disaster, he might fall back to the northwest, toward Aldie, and his wagons were gathered behind his left flank, ready to take that route.

Pause now and look at the Second Manassas campaign, which is this day almost finished. It started with the detail of Pope to command the Army of Virginia at the end of June. It had crawled through July with small unimportant operations. The first battle was at Slaughter's Mountain (also called Cedar Mountain), on 9 August, where Pope had his first actual contact with the Army of Northern Virginia. After that Pope's fate began to close upon him. There was Lee, with Jackson in his left hand and Longstreet in his right, and Jeb Stuart going before. Once, behind the Rapidan, through Stuart's misadventure, Pope escaped. Again, behind the Rappahannock, by reason of the rain-swollen streams, Pope was saved. Then he was reinforced until he outnumbered his gray enemy, but the initiative had passed from him: since Lee came upon his front he had moved to meet Lee's ominous gestures—not Lee to meet his. Twice deflected from his purpose, Lee, with patience and consummate skill, had drawn him again, deceived him, baffled him, so that his own mistakes strengthened the Confederate strategy. Now, with a total incomprehension of his danger, he came down from the strong Centreville bridge, crossed Bull Run, and rushed to the final accounting.

Isaiah has said: "For every battle of the warrior is with confused noise and

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garments rolled in blood." It is not necessary to go deeply into Second Manassas. When Jackson came out of the Groveton woods upon King's unsuspicious column, on the 28th of August, he fixed the battle-field. During that night Pope's tired divisions were brought into assault position—and all through the 29th they pounded the inflexible Confederate infantry in front of the Groveton ridge. While they fought in front, Jeb Stuart rode to meet Longstreet, swinging down from Thoroughfare Gap: Longstreet, imperturbable and stolid, was with Stuart on the pike at Gainesville in the forenoon. Stuart rode south of the pike for a mile and made a base for the Confederate flank on a knoll (they call it Stuart Hill to-day) looking toward Fitz-John Porter's corps, which was advancing cautiously from Manassas Junction. Longstreet is deliberate, and Stuart, while he waits for the gray infantry, has an eye on Porter and sets his cavalry to dragging brush along the dusty roads. Porter sees the dust clouds and thinks, that's lots of rebels getting into line—and lay inactive, though ordered repeatedly by Pope to go forward, until, between noon and one o'clock, Longstreet was actually there. Lee has reunited his army, and now Pope is where he wants him. Pope can do his worst.

Jackson held his lines against six great blue assaults; 30,000 good troops were wrecked by Jackson's infantry and guns on this day. During the forenoon two blue brigades, deflected from his left at Sudley Springs, slid around his flank and threatened his ambulances and trains. Stuart, just then starting toward Gainesville, saw and reported them, and sent John Pelham and Major Patrick, with six companies of cavalry, to hold them until Jackson could get up some infantry. But the infantry were not needed: Pelham met them with a blaze of canister, and the gray cavalry rode into their flank, making a great noise in the woods. They broke back and did not come again. Here Major Patrick, a very gallant officer of Stuart's, was mortally wounded. "He lived long enough to witness the triumph of our arms, and expired thus in the arms of victory. The sacrifice was noble, but the loss to us irreparable," Stuart noted in his report.

In the afternoon Lee wants a counterstroke: orders Longstreet forward, but Longstreet demurs: he is not ready; he wants to reconnoitre; he wants this and that, and the day passes. He keeps his divisions out of sight behind the ridges; Pope does not know that he is there. Buford and Bayard are totally broken down; no scouts can pierce the screen Stuart has drawn around the flanks. Pope is confident; he has 30,000 more good infantry, or 50,000, if he needs them, and he concentrates again in the night, all on the front of Jackson. He will bag Jackson in the morning; he will then bag Longstreet, if Longstreet is up, which he doubts. Dawn discloses to him Jackson's old lines, empty except for the dead. Only a few gray batteries stand impudent, in the eastern face of the raddled Groveton wood. The August sun rises; already the dead of yesterday are blackening under it. Go forward, says Pope, jubilant behind his troops—go forward and pursue.

Out storm the dense blue lines of battle, short and thick, brigade on brigade, division on division, with their bright flags and their bands, their mounted officers and their deep cadenced shouting. Bugles peal in the Groveton woods; a lean gray line, with a glitter of bayonets along it, and the red Southern battle-flags above, shaken out in the early light, breaks from the woods and stands on the railroad line: Stonewall Jackson, where he stood before. Jackson's bat-

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teries, Stuart's Horse Artillery, the savage Confederate muskets, threaten from the ridge; the blue people come on magnificently; there breaks a shattering tumult, and white smoke, fire-hearted, rolls up from Jackson's line. The blue people drive home, reel back, reform, and come on again. Confusion, and strong crying; the Stars and Stripes and the Stars and Bars flap side by side in the battle-smoke; Jackson stands, but diminishing. In the afternoon, toward the right of his line, they break into him and he wigwags Lee for help.

Lee sends to Longstreet; Longstreet, not yet engaged, sends Colonel Stephen D. Lee with a group of batteries, and they shred the Federal assault into fragments from the flank with long rafales of shell. It is time for the counter-stroke: Lee's couriers gallop; Stuart's brigades get to horse on either flank; Longstreet moves at last; and Jackson's infantry rushes out from the railroad cut. From Sudley Springs down to Stuart's Hill three miles of yelling gray line goes forward, their shadows long before them in the level evening light. Pope's infantry gives way from right to left, recedes from the Manassas Plain, abandoning guns and wounded, prisoners and flags. But Jackson's much-enduring men were too spent to follow far, and Longstreet's pursuit ended about Bull Run, with the dark. Stuart, with Robertson on the right, Fitz Lee on the left, snaps at the skirts of the Yankees all night, riding over and behind the Centreville ridge.

There is preserved a glimpse of Stuart, this night, after the battle. Fitz Lee and Robertson were launched on their missions: to slash at the heels of the retreat, to urge it along, to capture and destroy where they could. The major-general of cavalry, with his escort, elected to ride by the northern edge of the battle area, toward Chantilly, which is above Centreville, and after a night of large activity, in the very dark hour immediately before dawn, Jeb Stuart and his people came to a plantation where friends of the family lived—folks who had been hospitable to young cavalry soldiers last winter, before Joe Johnston fell back to cover Richmond in the spring. Stuart says: "Let's rouse them with a dulcet serenade—they've heard nothing but Yankees for so long that it'll be a treat to them"—and he led his group through the big gates and up to the side of the house. You imagine flowers of the old-fashioned garden kind, crushed under hoof, breathing small fragrances to mingle with the smell of sweated leather and unwashed men and animals, in the close, moonless dark. Sweeny spurred his horse to the centre, staff gathered, they all crowded in on the general, and Sweeny, with his banjo slung, struck a chord. Strong male voices, Jeb Stuart's ringing baritone, Von Borcke's mighty bass, and the croaks of anonymous cavalry officers and soldiers, bleared with dust and powder-smoke and battle-cries, swelled up in harsh, discordant chorus. The dogs of the household howled sympathetically under the porch. Windows rattled open, and alarmed heads were thrust out, and when the serenaders drew breath on the first strophe a quavering voice was heard: the gentleman of the plantation begged that the building and the lives of its inmates be spared, in accordance with the usages of civilized warfare . . . peaceful citizens . . . no military . . . every demand will be met— The Major-General, Cavalry Division, A. N. Va., had to identify himself. The household, delighted, and relieved also, lit its candles, dressed, and hurried down to make him welcome. It was a long time since last spring. They gave him breakfast.

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Although Ernest Hemingway is considered a master of the short story, he writes comparatively few. Here is his first since his novel, "A Farewell to Arms": A French couple on the plains of Wyoming, bewildered by the vast country and its fantastic customs as contrasted with their neat and mellow native land.

Wine of Wyoming

BY ERNEST HEMINGWAY

It was a hot afternoon in Wyoming; the mountains were a long way away and you could see snow on their tops, but they made no shadow, and in the valley the grain-fields were yellow, the road was dusty with cars passing, and all the small wooden houses at the edge of town were baking in the sun. There was a tree made shade over Fontan's back porch and I sat there at a table and Madame Fontan brought up cold beer from the cellar. A motor-car turned off the main road and came up the side road, and stopped beside the house. Two men got out and came in through the gate. I put the bottles under the table. Madame Fontan stood up.

"Where's Sam?" one of the men asked at the screen door.

"He ain't here. He's at the mines."

"You got some beer?"

"No. Ain't got any beer. That's a last bottle. All gone."

"What's he drinking?"

"That's a last bottle. All gone."

"Go on, give us some beer. You know me."

"Ain't got any beer. That's a last bottle. All gone."

"Come on, let's go some place where we can get some real beer," one of them said, and they went out to the car. One of them walked unsteadily. The motor-car jerked in starting, whirled on the road, and went on and away.

"Put the beer on the table," Madame Fontan said. "What's the matter, yes, all right. What's the matter? Don't drink off the floor."

"I didn't know who they were," I said.

"They're drunk," she said. "That's what makes the trouble. Then they go somewhere else and say they got it here. Maybe they don't even remember." She spoke French, but it was only French occasionally, and there were many English words and some English constructions.

"Where's Fontan?"

"Il fait du vendage. Oh, my God, il est crazy pour le vin."

"But you like the beer?"

"Oui, j'aime la bière, mais Fontan, il est crazy pour le vin."

She was a plump old woman with a lovely ruddy complexion and white hair. She was very clean and the house was very clean and neat. She came from Lens.

"Where did you eat?"

"At the hotel."

"Mangez ici. Il ne faut pas manger à l'hôtel ou au restaurant. Mangez ici!"

"I don't want to make you trouble.

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And besides they eat all right at the hotel."

"I never eat at the hotel. Maybe they eat all right there. Only once in my life I ate at a restaurant in America. You know what they gave me? They gave me pork that was raw!"

"Really?"

"I don't lie to you. It was pork that wasn't cooked! Et mon fils il est marié avec une américaine, et tout le temps il a mangé les *beans* en *can*."

"How long has he been married?"

"Oh, my God, I don't know. His wife weighs two hundred twenty-five pounds. She don't work. She don't cook. She gives him beans en can."

"What does she do?"

"All the time she reads. Rien que des books. Tout le temps elle stay in the bed and read books. Already she can't have another baby. She's too fat. There ain't any room."

"What's the matter with her?"

"She reads books all the time. He's a good boy. He works hard. He worked in the mines; now he works on a ranch. He never worked on a ranch before, and the man that owns the ranch said to Fontan that he never saw anybody work better on that ranch than that boy. Then he comes home and she feeds him nothing."

"Why doesn't he get a divorce?"

"He ain't got no money to get a divorce. Besides, il est *crazy* pour elle."

"Is she beautiful?"

"He thinks *so*. When he brought her home I thought I would die. He's such a good boy and works hard all the time and never run around or make any trouble. Then he goes away to work in the oil-fields and brings home this Indienne that weighs right then one hundred eighty-five pounds."

"Elle est Indienne?"

"She's Indian all right. My God, yes. All the time she says sonofabitch goddam. She don't work."

"Where is she now?"

"Au show."

"Where's that?"

"*Au show. Moving* pictures. All she does is read and go to the show."

"Have you got any more beer?"

"My God, yes. Sure. You come and eat with us to-night."

"All right. What should I bring?"

"Don't bring anything. Nothing at all. Maybe Fontan will have some of the wine."

That night I had dinner at Fontan's. We ate in the dining-room and there was a clean table-cloth. We tried the new wine. It was very light and clear and good, and still tasted of the grapes. At the table there were Fontan and Madame and the little boy, André.

"What did you do to-day?" Fontan asked. He was an old man with a small mine-tired body, a drooping gray mustache, and bright eyes, and was from the Centre near Saint Etienne.

"I worked on my book."

"Were your books all right?" asked Madame.

"He means he writes a book like a writer. Un roman," Fontan explained.

"Pa, can I go to the show?" André asked.

"Sure," said Fontan. André turned to me.

"How old do you think I am? Do you think I look fourteen years old?" He was a thin little boy, but his face looked sixteen.

"Yes. You look fourteen."

"When I go to the show I crouch down like this and try to look small." His voice was very high and breaking. "If I give them a quarter they keep it all but if I give them only fifteen cents they let me in all right."

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"I only give you fifteen cents, then," said Fontan.

"No. Give me the whole quarter. I'll get it changed on the way."

"Il faut revenir tout de suite après le show," Madame Fontan said.

"I come right back." André went out the door. The night was cooling outside. He left the door open and a cool breeze came in.

"Mangez!" said Madame Fontan. "You haven't eaten anything." I had eaten two helpings of chicken and French fried potatoes, three ears of sweet corn, some sliced cucumbers, and two helpings of salad.

"Perhaps he wants some kek," Fontan said.

"I should have gotten some kek for him," Madame Fontan said. "Mangez du fromage. Mangez du crimcheez. Vous n'avez rien mangé. I ought have gotten kek. Americans always eat kek."

"Mais j'ai rudement bien mangé."

"Mangez! Vous n'avez rien mangé. Eat it all. We don't save anything. Eat it all up."

"Eat some more salad," Fontan said.

"I'll get some more beer," Madame Fontan said. "If you work all day in a book-factory you get hungry."

"Elle ne comprend pas que vous êtes écrivain," Fontan said. He was a delicate old man who used the slang and knew the popular songs of his period of military service in the end of the 1890's. "He writes the books himself," he explained to Madame.

"You write the books yourself?" Madame asked.

"Sometimes."

"Oh!" she said. "Oh! You write them yourself. Oh! Well, you get hungry if you do that too. Mangez! Je vais chercher de la bière."

We heard her walking on the stairs to the cellar. Fontan smiled at me. He was very tolerant of people who had not his experience and worldly knowledge.

When André came home from the show we were still sitting in the kitchen and were talking about hunting.

"Labor *day* we all went to Clear Creek," Madame said. "Oh, my God, you ought to have been there all right. We all went in the truck. Tout le monde est allé dans le truck. Nous sommes partis le dimanche. C'est le truck de Charley."

"On a mangé, on a bu du vin, de la bière, et il y avait aussi un français qui a apporté de l'absinthe," Fontan said. "Un français de la Californie!"

"My God, nous avons chanté. There's a farmer comes to see what's the matter, and we give him something to drink, and he stayed with us awhile. There was some Italians come too, and they want to stay with us too. We sung a song about the Italians and they don't understand it. They didn't know we didn't want them, but we didn't have nothing to do with them, and after a while they went away."

"How many fish did you catch?"

"Très peu. We went to fish a little while, but then we came back to sing again. Nous avons chanté, vous savez."

"In the night," said Madame, "toutes les femmes dort dans le truck. Les hommes à côté du feu. In the night I hear Fontan come to get some more wine, and I tell him, Fontan, my God, leave some for to-morrow. To-morrow they won't have anything to drink, and then they'll be sorry."

"Mais nous avons tout bu," Fontan said. "Et le lendemain il ne reste rien."

"What did you do?"

"Nous avons pêché sérieusement."

"Good trout, all right, too. My God, yes. All the same; half-pound one ounce."

"How big?"

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"Half-pound one ounce. Just right to eat. All the same size; half-pound one ounce."

"How do you like America?" Fontan asked me.

"It's my country, you see. So I like it, because it's my country. Mais on ne mange pas très bien. D'antan, oui. Mais maintenant, no."

"No," said Madame. "On ne mange pas bien." She shook her head. "Et aussi, il y a trop de Polack. Quand j'étais petite ma mère m'a dit, 'vous mangez comme les Polacks.' Je n'ai jamais compris ce que c'est qu'un Polack. Mais maintenant en Amérique je comprends. Il y a trop de Polack. Et, my God, ils sont sales, les Polacks."

"It is fine for hunting and fishing," I said.

"Oui. Ça, c'est le meilleur. La chasse et la pêche," Fontan said. "Qu'est-ce que vous avez comme fusil?"

"A twelve-gauge pump."

"Il est bon, le pump," Fontan nodded his head.

"Je veux aller à la chasse moi-même," André said in his high, little boy's voice.

"Tu ne peux pas," Fontan said. He turned to me.

"Ils sont des sauvages, les boys, vous savez. Ils sont des sauvages. Ils veulent shooter les uns les autres."

"Je veux aller tout seul," André said, very shrill and excited.

"You can't go," Madame Fontan said. "You are too young."

"Je veux aller tout seul," André said shrilly. "Je veux shooter les rats d'eau."

"What are rats d'eau?" I asked.

"You don't know them? Sure you know them. What they call the musk-rats."

André had brought the twenty-two-caliber rifle out from the cupboard and was holding it in his hands under the light.

"Ils sont des sauvages," Fontan explained. "Ils veulent shooter les uns les autres."

"Je veux aller tout seul," André shrilled. He looked desperately along the barrel of the gun. "Je veux shooter les rats d'eau. Je connais beaucoup de rats d'eau."

"Give me the gun," Fontan said. He explained again to me. "They're savages. They would shoot one another."

André held tight on to the gun.

"On peut looker. On ne fait pas de mal. On peut looker."

"Il est crazy pour le shooting," Madame Fontan said. "Mais il est trop jeune."

André put the twenty-two-caliber rifle back in the cupboard.

"When I'm bigger I'll shoot the musk-rats and the jack-rabbits too," he said in English. "One time I went out with papa and he shot a jack-rabbit just a little bit and I shot it and hit it."

"C'est vrai," Fontan nodded. "Il a tué un jack."

"But he hit it first," André said. "I want to go all by myself and shoot all by myself. Next year I can do it." He went over in a corner and sat down to read a book. I had picked it up when we came into the kitchen to sit after supper. It was a library book—"Frank on a Gunboat."

"Il aime les books," Madame Fontan said. "But it's better than to run around at night with the other boys and steal things."

"Books are all right," Fontan said. "Monsieur il fait les books."

"Yes, that's so, all right. But too many books are bad," Madame Fontan said. "Ici, c'est une maladie, les books. C'est comme les churches. Ici il y a trop de churches. En France il y a seulement les catholiques et les protestants—et très peu de protestants. Mais ici rien que de

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churches. Quand j'étais venu ici je disais, oh, my God, what are all the churches?"

"C'est vrai," Fontan said. "Il y a trop de churches."

"The other day," Madame Fontan said, "there was a little French girl here with her mother, the cousin of Fontan, and she said to me, 'En Amérique il ne faut pas être catholique. It's not good to be catholique. The Americans don't like you to be catholique. It's like the dry law.' I said to her, 'What you going to be? Heh? It's better to be catholique if you're catholique.' But she said, 'No, it isn't any good to be catholique in America.' But I think it's better to be catholique if you are. Ce n'est pas bon de changer sa religion. My God, no."

"You go to the mass here?"

"No. I don't go in America, only sometimes in a long while. Mais je reste catholique. It's no good to change the religion."

"On dit que Schmidt est catholique," Fontan said.

"On dit, mais on ne sait jamais," Madame Fontan said. "I don't think Schmidt is catholique. There's not many catholique in America."

"We are catholique," I said.

"Sure, but you live in France," Madame Fontan said. "Je ne crois pas que Schmidt est catholique. Did he ever live in France?"

"Les Polacks sont catholiques," Fontan said.

"That's true," Madame Fontan said. "They go to church, then they fight with knives all the way home and kill each other all day Sunday. But they're not real catholiques. They're Polack catholiques."

"All catholiques are the same," Fontan said. "One catholique is like another."

"I don't believe Schmidt is catholique," Madame Fontan said. "That's awful funny if he's catholique. Moi, je ne crois pas."

"Il est catholique," I said.

"Schmidt is catholique," Madame Fontan mused. "I wouldn't have believed it. My God, il est catholique."

"Marie va chercher de la bière," Fontan said. "Monsieur a soif—moi aussi."

"Yes, all right," Madame Fontan said from the next room. She went downstairs and we heard the stairs creaking. André sat reading in the corner. Fontan and I sat at the table, and he poured the beer from the last bottle into our two glasses, leaving a little in the bottom.

"C'est un bon pays pour la chasse," Fontan said. "J'aime beaucoup shooter les canards."

"Mais il y a très bonne chasse aussi en France," I said.

"C'est vrai," Fontan said. "Nous avons beaucoup de gibier là-bas."

Madame Fontan came up the stairs with the beer bottles in her hands. "Il est catholique," she said. "My God, Schmidt est catholique."

"You think he'll be the President?" Fontan asked.

"No," I said.

The next afternoon I drove out to Fontan's, through the shade of the town, then along the dusty road, turning up the side road and leaving the car beside the fence. It was another hot day. Madame Fontan came to the back door. She looked like Mrs. Santa Claus, clean and rosy-faced and white-haired, and waddling when she walked.

"My God, hello," she said. "It's hot, my God." She went back into the house to get some beer. I sat on the back porch and looked through the screen and the leaves of the tree at the heat and, away off, the mountains. There were furrowed brown mountains, and above them three peaks and a glacier with snow that

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you could see through the trees. The snow looked very white and pure and unreal. Madame Fontan came out and put down the bottles on the table.

"What you see out there?"

"The snow."

"C'est joli, la neige."

"Have a glass, too."

"All right."

She sat down on a chair beside me. "Schmidt," she said. "If he's the President, you think we get the wine and beer all right?"

"Sure," I said. "Trust Schmidt."

"Already we paid seven hundred fifty-five dollars in fines when they arrested Fontan. Twice the police arrested us and once the governments. All the money we made all the time Fontan worked in the mines and I did washing. We paid it all. They put Fontan in jail. Il n'a jamais fait de mal à personne."

"He's a good man," I said. "It's a crime."

"We don't charge too much money. The wine one dollar a litre. The beer ten cents a bottle. We never sell the beer before it's good. Lots of places they sell the beer right away when they make it, and then it gives everybody a headache. What's the matter with that? They put Fontan in jail and they take seven hundred fifty-five dollars."

"It's wicked," I said. "Where is Fontan?"

"He stays with the wine. He has to watch it now to catch it just right," she smiled. She did not think about the money any more. "Vous savez, il est crazy pour le vin. Last night he brought a little bit home with him, what you drank, and a little bit of the new. The last new. It ain't ready yet, but he drank a little bit, and this morning he put a little bit in his coffee. Dans son café, vous savez! Il est crazy pour le vin! Il est comme ça. Son pays est comme ça. Where I live in the north they don't drink any wine. Everybody drinks beer. By where we lived there was a big brewery right near us. When I was a little girl I didn't like the smell of the hops in the carts. Nor in the fields. Je n'aime pas les houblons. No, my God, not a bit. The man that owns the brewery said to me and my sister to go to the brewery and drink the beer, and then we'd like the hops. That's true. Then we liked them all right. He had them give us the beer. We liked them all right then. But Fontan, il est crazy pour le vin. One time he killed a jack-rabbit and he wanted me to cook it with a sauce with wine, make a black sauce with wine and butter and mushrooms and onion and everything in it for the jack. My God, I make the sauce all right, and he eat it all and said, 'La sauce est mieux que le jack.' Dans son pays c'est comme ça. Il y a beaucoup de gibier et de vin. Moi, j'aime les pommes de terre, le saucisson, et la bière. C'est bon, la bière. C'est très bon pour la santé."

"It's good," I said. "It and wine too."

"You're like Fontan. But there was a thing here that I never saw. I don't think you've ever seen it either. There were Americans came here and they put whiskey in the beer."

"No," I said.

"Oui. My God, yes, that's true. Et aussi une femme qui a vomis sur la table!"

"Comment?"

"C'est vrai. Elle a vomis sur la table. Et après elle a vomis dans ses shoes. And afterward they come back and say they want to come again and have another party the next Saturday, and I say no, my God, no! When they came I locked the door."

"They're bad when they're drunk."

"In the winter-time when the boys go to the dance they come in the cars and

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wait outside and say to Fontan, 'Hey, Sam, sell us a bottle wine,' or they buy the beer, and then they take the moonshine out of their pockets in a bottle and pour it in the beer and drink it. My God, that's the first time I ever saw that in my life. They put whiskey in the beer. My God, I don't understand *that!*"

"They want to get sick, so they'll know they're drunk."

"One time a fellow comes here came to me and said he wanted me to cook them a big supper and they drink one two bottles of wine, and their girls come too, and then they go to the dance. All right, I said. So I made a big supper, and when they come already they drank a lot. Then they put whiskey in the wine. My God, yes. I said to Fontan, 'On va être malade!' 'Oui,' il dit. Then these girls were sick, nice girls too, all-right girls. They were sick right at the table. Fontan tried to take them by the arm and show them where they could be sick all right in the cabinet, but the fellows said no, they were all right right there at the table."

Fontan had come in. "When they come again I locked the door. 'No,' I said. 'Not for hundred fifty dollars.' My God, no."

"There is a word for such people when they do like that, in French," Fontan said. He stood looking very old and tired from the heat.

"What?"

"Cochon," he said delicately, hesitating to use such a strong word. "They were like the cochon. C'est un mot très fort," he apologized, "mais vomir sur la table—" he shook his head sadly.

"Cochons," I said. "That's what they are—cochons. Salauds."

The grossness of the words was distasteful to Fontan. He was glad to speak of something else.

"Il y a des gens très gentils, très sensibles, qui vient aussi," he said. "There are officers from the fort. Very nice men. Good fellas. Everybody that was ever in France they want to come and drink wine. They like wine all right."

"There was one man," Madame Fontan said, "and his wife never lets him get out. So he tells her he's tired, and goes to bed, and when she goes to the show he comes straight down here sometimes in his pyjamas just with a coat over them. 'Maria, some beer,' he says, 'for God's sake.' He sits in his pyjamas and drinks the beer, and then he goes up to the fort and gets back in bed before his wife comes home from the show."

"C'est un original," Fontan said, "mais vraiment gentil. He's a nice fella."

"My God, yes, nice fella all right," Madame Fontan said. "He's always in bed when his wife gets back from the show."

"I have to go away to-morrow," I said. "To the Crow Reservation. We go there for the opening of the prairie-chicken season."

"Yes? You come back here before you go away. You come back here all right?"

"Absolutely."

"Then the wine will be done," Fontan said. "We'll drink a bottle together."

"Three bottles," Madame Fontan said.

"I'll be back," I said.

"We count on you," Fontan said.

"Good night," I said.

We got in early in the afternoon from the shooting-trip. We had been up that morning since five o'clock. The day before we had had good shooting, but that morning we had not seen a prairie-chicken. Riding in the open car, we were very hot and we stopped to eat our lunch out of the sun, under a tree beside the road. The sun was high and the patch of shade was very small. We

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ate sandwiches and crackers with sandwich filling on them, and were thirsty and tired, and glad when we finally were out and on the main road back to town. We came up behind a prairie-dog town and stopped the car to shoot at the prairie-dogs with the pistol. We shot two, but then stopped, because the bullets that missed glanced off the rocks and the dirt, and sung off across the fields, and beyond the fields there were some trees along a watercourse, with a house, and we did not want to get in trouble from stray bullets going toward the house. So we drove on, and finally were on the road coming down-hill toward the outlying houses of the town. Across the plain we could see the mountains. They were blue that day, and the snow on the high mountains shone like glass. The summer was ending, but the new snow had not yet come to stay on the high mountains; there was only the old sun-melted snow and the ice, and from a long way away it shone very brightly.

We wanted something cool and some shade. We were sunburned and our lips blistered from the sun and alkali dust. We turned up the side road to Fontan's, stopped the car outside the house, and went in. It was cool inside the dining-room. Madame Fontan was alone.

"Only two bottles beer," she said. "It's all gone. The new is no good yet."

I gave her some birds. "That's good," she said. "All right. Thanks. That's good." She went out to put the birds away where it was cooler. When we finished the beer I stood up. "We have to go," I said.

"You come back to-night all right? Fontan he's going to have the wine."

"We'll come back before we go away."

"You go away?"

"Yes. We have to leave in the morning."

"That's too bad you go away. You come to-night. Fontan will have the wine. We'll make a fête before you go."

"We'll come before we go."

But that afternoon there were telegrams to send, the car to be gone over, —a tire had been cut by a stone and needed vulcanizing,—and, without the car, I walked into the town, doing things that had to be done before we could go. When it was supper-time I was too tired to go out. We did not want a foreign language. All we wanted was to go early to bed.

As I lay in bed before I went to sleep, with all the things of the summer piled around ready to be packed, the windows open and the air coming in cool from the mountains, I thought it was a shame not to have gone to Fontan's—but in a little while I was asleep. The next day we were busy all morning packing and ending the summer. We had lunch and were ready to start by two o'clock.

"We must go and say good-by to the Fontans," I said.

"Yes, we must."

"I'm afraid they expected us last night."

"I suppose we could have gone."

"I wish we'd gone."

We said good-by to the man at the desk at the hotel, and to Larry and our other friends in the town, and then drove out to Fontan's. Both Monsieur and Madame were there. They were glad to see us. Fontan looked old and tired.

"We thought you would come last night," Madame Fontan said. "Fontan had three bottles of wine. When you did not come he drank it all up."

"We can only stay a minute," I said. "We just came to say good-by. We wanted to come last night. We intended to come, but we were too tired after the trip."

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"Go get some wine," Fontan said.

"There is no wine. You drank it all up."

Fontan looked very upset.

"I'll go get some," he said. "I'll just be gone a few minutes. I drank it up last night. We had it for you."

"I knew you were tired. 'My God,' I said, 'they're too tired all right to come,'" Madame Fontan said. "Go get some wine, Fontan."

"I'll take you in the car," I said.

"All right," Fontan said. "That way we'll go faster."

We drove down the road in the motor-car and turned up a side road about a mile away.

"You'll like that wine," Fontan said. "It's come out well. You can drink it for supper to-night."

We stopped in front of a frame house. Fontan knocked on the door. There was no answer. We went around to the back. The back door was locked too. There were empty tin cans around the back door. We looked in the window. There was nobody inside. The kitchen was dirty and sloppy, but all the doors and windows were tight shut.

"That son of a bitch. Where is she gone out?" Fontan said. He was desperate.

"I know where I can get a key," he said. "You stay here." I watched him go down to the next house down the road, knock on the door, talk to the woman who came out, and finally come back. He had a key. We tried it on the front door and the back, but it wouldn't work.

"That son of a bitch," Fontan said. "She's gone away somewhere."

Looking through the window I could see where the wine was stored. Close to the window you could smell the inside of the house. It smelled sweet and sickish like an Indian house. Suddenly Fontan took a loose board and commenced digging at the earth beside the back door.

"I can get in," he said. "Son of a bitch, I can get in."

There was a man in the back yard of the next house doing something to one of the front wheels of an old Ford.

"You better not," I said. "That man will see you. He's watching."

Fontan straightened up. "We'll try the key once more," he said. We tried the key and it did not work. It turned halfway in either direction.

"We can't get in," I said. "We better go back."

"I'll dig up the back," Fontan offered.

"No, I wouldn't let you take the chance."

"I'll do it."

"No," I said. "That man would see. Then they would seize it."

We went out to the car and drove back to Fontan's, stopping on the way to leave the key. Fontan did not say anything but swear in English. He was incoherent and crushed. We went in the house.

"That son of a bitch!" he said. "We couldn't get the wine. My own wine that I made."

All the happiness went from Madame Fontan's face. Fontan sat down in a corner with his head in his hands.

"We must go," I said. "It doesn't make any difference about the wine. You drink to us when we're gone."

"Where did that crazy go?" Madame Fontan asked.

"I don't know," Fontan said. "I don't know where she go. Now you go away without any wine."

"That's all right," I said.

"That's no good," Madame Fontan said. She shook her head.

"We have to go," I said. "Good-by

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and good luck. Thank you for the fine times."

Fontan shook his head. He was disgraced. Madame Fontan looked sad.

"Don't feel bad about the wine," I said.

"He wanted you to drink his wine," Madame Fontan said. "You can come back next year?"

"No. Maybe the year after."

"You see?" Fontan said to her.

"Good-by," I said. "Don't think about the wine. Drink some for us when we're gone." Fontan shook his head. He did not smile. He knew when he was ruined.

"That son of a bitch," Fontan said to himself.

"Last night he had three bottles," Madame Fontan said to comfort him. He shook his head.

"Good-by," he said.

Madame Fontan had tears in her eyes.

"Good-by," she said. She felt badly for Fontan.

"Good-by," we said. We all felt very badly. They stood in the doorway and we got in, and I started the motor. We waved. They stood together sadly on the porch. Fontan looked very old, and Madame Fontan looked sad. She waved to us and Fontan went in the house. We turned up the road.

"They felt so badly. Fontan felt terribly."

"We ought to have gone last night."

"Yes, we ought to have."

We were through the town and out on the smooth road beyond, with the stubble of grain-fields on each side and the mountains off to the right. It looked like Spain, but it was not Spain.

"I hope they have a lot of good luck."

"They won't," I said, "and Schmidt won't be President either."

The cement road stopped. The road was gravelled now and we left the plain and started up between two foot-hills; the road in a curve and commencing to climb. The soil of the hills was red, the sage grew in gray clumps, and as the road rose we could see across the hills and away across the plain of the valley to the mountains. They were farther away now and they looked more like Spain than ever. The road curved and climbed again, and ahead there were some grouse dusting in the road. They flew as we came toward them, their wings beating fast, then sailing in long slants, and lit on the hillside below.

"They are so big and lovely. They're bigger than European partridges."

"It's a fine country for la chasse, Fontan says."

"And when the chasse is gone?"

"They'll be dead then."

"The boy won't."

"There's nothing to prove he won't be," I said.

"We ought to have gone last night."

"Oh, yes," I said. "We ought to have gone."

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As I Like It

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

WHATEVER may be the present and future attitude of sophisticated society toward religious faith, there is no doubt that intelligent interest in religion is increasing. If many men and women seem to be able to live without religious faith, they do not live without thinking about it. Among the enormous number of recent publications, I will select four works, which respectively represent fairly common points of view.

My friend H. L. Mencken, who is adored by many, beloved by many, feared by many, hated by many, despised by many, and known to all, has recently published a book called "Treatise on the Gods." Its vivacious style does not conceal, does not attempt to conceal, the seriousness of its purpose. Its purpose is to destroy organized religion; to convince every one that churches and church-going are absurd, that prayer is ridiculous, that any hope for communication of any sort with a Divine Power is vain.

Although I have never seen Mr. Mencken in the flesh, I am quite sure I should enjoy doing so. He is a good fellow. I admire the spirit of much of his writing, for I believe he has never written anything except out of sincere conviction, and his convictions are based on study and thought. I disagree with his attitude toward religion; but I admire his hatred of hypocrisy, his hatred of zeal without knowledge, and his ruthless exposures of vulgarity in church-advertising and in sermons and prayers. Furthermore, if I myself were as devoid of religious faith as he is, and firmly believed it to be a delusion, as he does, I should not be afraid to take his position and attack Christianity vigorously. When Thomas Carlyle was asked by a bewildered parent, "Shall I teach my babies to say their prayers?" the grim Scotsman replied, "Yes, if you absolutely believe in praying yourself, and practise it. Otherwise, not." Nothing seems to me more futile than for fathers and mothers who never pray themselves, to insist on their children praying; for parents who never go to church, to send their children thither. Thus the children look upon church-going as one of the innumerable penalties of childhood, which they will escape in maturity.

It is also interesting to observe in Mr. Mencken's book that he regards the New Testament as the most beautiful literature in the world and the Gospels as supreme. The Gospels are indeed unique in many ways, and especially I think in this. Ordinarily a book that appeals most of all to the humble, the unlettered, the uneducated, does not appeal to men and women of intellectual power and fastidious taste. Whereas the words of Our Lord, which are the mental furniture and daily delight of millions of the "common people" are passionately admired by the most advanced and cultivated minds. Mr. Mencken places them as literature above Shakespeare and Homer.

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He selects as the finest masterpiece the world has ever seen the story in St. John's Gospel of the woman taken in adultery. But here is a curious thing; Mr. Mencken admires this not only for its beauty of style, but because Our Lord in his boundless charity rebuked the sanctimonious intolerance and cruelty of those who were about to murder their helpless victim. Yet if Mr. Mencken had been there himself, he would have been the only one who had the right to hurl the venomous stone. Jesus said, "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone." Now if there is one thing certain, it is that Mr. Mencken believes himself to be without sin. He has no sense of sin at all; no consciousness of guilt. Therefore——

Are there any people who do not need religion? Of course there are. All those who firmly believe they are doing their best, all those who are certain of their superiority, all those who regard themselves with complacency, all those who feel no desire or necessity for improvement, they will manage without religion.

Another recent book is called "The Passion Week," which incidentally for accuracy should have been called "The Holy Week." This is written by Walter E. Bundy, and is seriously recommended to ministers, Sunday-schools, Bible classes, and so on. I prefer Mr. Mencken's book, for I think clergymen, students of religion, and devout people in general, would get more out of it. Mr. Bundy takes the attitude, so common to-day among Protestant ministers and professors of divinity, that there was nothing "supernatural" in the Gospels or in the life of Christ. That he died on the cross and was buried, they believe. Even Mr. Mencken says no intelligent person to-day believes that Jesus was a myth, although he seems to have forgotten the late George Brandes, who maintained with his dying breath that Jesus never lived at all.

The book I am now discussing attempts to rationalize that last week, attempts to explain what happened. Jesus performed no miracles; he did not rise from the dead. Yet this book is to be the companion of professional preachers of the Christian religion, and of Sunday-school teachers. Now if Our Lord did not rise from the dead, there is no use in getting excited about the Christian religion. We might just as well go to church and sing hymns in honor of Emerson, Socrates, and Confucius—excellent fellows, all of them; and who in one respect were better morally than Jesus, for the last thing they would have claimed was that they were divine. If there is no supernatural foundation for the Christian religion, then the sensible thing to do is to get along as best we can, without the assistance of an expensive church, a paid professional expounder, and a ritual that solemnly recites a fairy tale.

Why do so many Catholics go to church and why do so many Protestants stay away? The answer is obvious. If the minister himself does not believe in the divine origin of the Christian religion, or in the future life, why listen to a moral homily or a lecture on social science?

The third book is called "Who Moved the Stone?" and is written by an Englishman named Frank Morison. He began his studies of the Resurrection in scepticism and ended in belief. This book, written in the manner of a lawyer marshalling evidence, is the statement of his convictions. Even as Lord Charnwood began his studies of the Fourth Gospel with the intellectual detachment of a professional biographer and ended by believing in the story (see his book,

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"According to Saint John"), so Frank Morison, in a clear, logical, unemotional style, states the case for an intelligent belief in the Resurrection.

I find this book thrilling. It is all the more impressive because it is free from sentimentality. The book leads steadily and logically to the climax of the greatest drama in history.

Robert Norwood, poet and man of letters, rector of St. Bartholomew's in New York, has published a little book, called "His Glorious Body," which I recommend to the faint-hearted. It is inspiring, because a renewed faith seems to have inspired its author. Mr. Morison and Doctor Norwood deal with the same theme in different ways; and it is well to read the marshalling of evidence first and the spiritual results of it second.

Thomas Hardy loved the English church service, and was a frequent visitor. He deeply regretted that the Catholic Church did not "rationalize" its faith; and also that the Church of England did not revise its creed, so that persons who had no belief in a God of Personality or in anything supernatural, or in a future life, might be honest communicants. He really thought churches of that kind would be crowded with worshippers because there are so many people without faith. There are indeed; but why should they waste their time going to church? They would get more out of a symphony concert. You might as well expect a Unitarian "revival."

Now, as a matter of fact, if the Roman Catholics "rationalized" their faith, they would scuttle the ship. All the talk today about neglect of church-going, and so on, applies only to us Protestants. The Catholics need no sympathy because they have no problem. Not only are the Catholic churches crowded—I have never attended one that was not—but they are steadily increasing in number. When I was a boy in New Haven, there were only three Catholic churches in town; now there are thirty.

But an even more astounding fact, a fact that seems to me to have enormous significance, is the Catholic rise in social prestige. When I was a child, I was ignorant of European conditions, and of the real nature of Catholic Christian worship. I honestly believed there were no intelligent Catholics; I thought all Catholics were ignorant, that they all belonged to the class of unskilled laborers. I was not acquainted with a single Catholic family of any social consequence.

To-day the situation is totally different. At Yale there are far more Catholic undergraduates than there are Baptists; one meets intelligent Catholics everywhere; and in England such distinguished men of letters as G. K. Chesterton, Maurice Baring, Compton Mackenzie, Alfred Noyes, Sheila Kaye-Smith, all brought up otherwise, have joined the Catholic Church.

The last thing I wish to suggest is social snobbery; I do not care a rap for any one's social position, unless there are brains and character behind it. What I wish to emphasize as a fact of deepest significance is the enormous elevation in social and intellectual distinction which I have seen in the Catholic Church.

If this had been accomplished according to the wish of Thomas Hardy, that is, if in order to secure recruits from persons of intellectual and social prestige the Catholic Church had revised its creed, or had made compromises with the world, that would have helped to prove something other than it has proved. But the Catholic Church has made no deductions from its faith; it has made no compromises; it does not take any converts on *their* terms. It takes

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them all, poor and rich, cultivated and ignorant, on *its* terms.

Many Protestant ministers, and many professors in Protestant seminaries, regard faith in the divinity of Christ, in a personal God, and in the future life as unintelligent; if they think so, then they are correct in not believing in any of these. But is it intelligent to continue in their profession as ministers and teachers of future ministers? For the real difficulty with Protestantism to-day is not in the pews but in the pulpit. The hungry sheep look up and are not fed.

No one should be forced to believe anything; no one should pretend to believe anything; but a preacher and pastor who has only a hazy notion of a "stream of beneficence" (for which, incidentally, outside of religious faith, there is no sufficient evidence) is as grotesquely unfitted for his job as a man with no knowledge of mathematics is unfitted for civil engineering.

The chief reason, I think, why so many persons are added to the Catholic Church is not because of the ritual, beautiful and impressive as that is; it is because the Catholics put religion first. It is refreshing to enter a Catholic church and breathe an atmosphere of faith.

My friend and neighbor Mr. Henshaw Ward, who lives across the street, has an interesting article in the June SCRIBNER'S called "The Disappearance of God." He points out, with his accustomed frankness, some important facts. However, in his essay, there is one rather remarkable omission. There is no mention of Christ. Now it is not in the least necessary for any Christian to define God. The Christian Church is founded on faith in Christ.

Does all this mean that I am "going over to Rome"? It assuredly does not. I admire the Catholics for many things, and for one thing most of all; but I shall stay where I was brought up, and where I am. And there ought always to be some stout-hearted Protestants like me who love the Catholics and the Catholic Church, *n'est-ce pas?*

The death of my friend, the famous research scientist, William J. Matheson, is a great loss; he was a very remarkable person. I rejoice to see he left money to Protestant and to Catholic churches.

An exciting and intentionally irritating book is "The Awakening College," by the ex-president of the University of Michigan, C. C. Little. He steps on everybody's toes except those of the undergraduates, in whom he has implicit faith. I disagree with many things in this highly charged work, but I admire its spirit. It has done me good and no harm; which is the effect it will have on all minds not impervious to new ideas.

In reading the latest mystery story by the incomparable S. S. Van Dine, I mean "The Scarab Murder Case," I am once more lost in admiration of his ingenuity, although I should admire Philo Vance just as much if he pronounced words like a normal New Yorker. This story gets better as it moves along. In thinking over all his books the other day, trying to pick out my favorite, I vote for "The Greene Murder Case." Never shall I forget that lamblike devilish girl.

As is well known, Anthony Trollope injured his reputation by his Autobiography, where he insisted that his work was purely mechanical, so many lines an hour. His masterpieces belie his theory. But I have just read "Cousin Henry," which he wrote late in life; in this book it is certain that he *wrote by rote,* extending the material for a very short story into a novel. Yet even here the characters are all real.

A good story of the war, which is practically a diary, is "A Generation Miss-

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ing," by Carroll Carstairs, an American who lived in England, and who fought and bled. It bears the imprint of truth and is exceedingly well written.

A sprightly novel, original and unexpected in dialogue and incident, is "Co-Stars," by Will W. Whalen. The leading stock actress is a fine woman, and her conversations with Oscar Wilde are well done.

"A Candle in the Wilderness," by Irving Bacheller, is the best book he has written, better than "Eben Holden," which gave him a wide reputation many years ago. This is an exciting yarn, and also gives one an excellent picture of the actual social life of the Massachusetts Puritans in the seventeenth century.

"She Knew She Was Right," by the late Jesse L. Williams, whose death was a loss to American letters, is a diverting and brilliant novel. I shall not forget in a long time his immaculate and terrifying heroine.

"Black Genesis," by S. G. Stoney and G. M. Shelby, is a remarkable series of pictures of Southern negroes and their vernacular versions of the Bible stories. It is of especial interest at this moment, synchronizing with the successful play "Green Pastures." . . . I wish there might be a revival of "The Wisdom Tooth," written by Marc Connolly, author of "Green Pastures."

Edith Sitwell's "Alexander Pope" is written with consummate art. But it is more Sitwell than Pope.

The admirable English journalist R. A. J. Walling, of Devon, writes delightful murder stories. His name on the title-page is a guarantee of interest. Try "That Dinner at Bardolph's" and you will be hungry for more.

L. V. Jacks's "Xenophon" interested me enormously, taking me back to high-school Greek, when we used to proceed painfully through the underbrush until we came upon that blessed *enteuthen exelaunei,* when we shot through three or four lines without an effort. This biography is steadily interesting, and takes its place with Captain Liddell Hart's book on Scipio, "A Greater than Napoleon," and E. F. Benson's "Alcibiades."

A new biography of one of the best Presidents this country ever had, Rutherford B. Hayes, has appeared from the learned and impartial mind of H. J. Eckenrode. It is a valuable contribution to American history.

Another group of fine murder thrillers: "The Gang Smasher," by Hugh Clevely; "Trackless Death," by A. Livingston; "Murder Backstairs," by Anne Austin; "The Men on the Dead Man's Chest," by C. Raymond; "The Rhododendron Man," by J. A. Tyson; "Somewhere in This House," by Rufus King, a veritable hair-raiser.

With reference to the double possessive, the following interesting letter comes from John Galsworthy:

About that letter you "respectfully refer" to me from one Miss Florence E. Paton of Laurium, Mich.:

Well, you see, as is very common with readers she (in the instance given) confuses the author with the character speaking. That double possessive is very common in current English speech. I should say people use about six of the single possessive to about half a dozen of the double possessive; and the example she quotes is a perfect specimen of the practice.

I'm not going to say however that I wouldn't be capable of using it myself; such is the force and attraction of corruptions, and I am, alas, the least precise of persons.

From Miss Winifred F. Watts, of the University of California, Los Angeles:

I am moved to voice a protest against that protest of *Miss F. E. Paton's* in the May number of SCRIBNER'S regarding double possessives.

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Mr. Galsworthy writes idiomatic, spoken English, as a man writes his mother tongue, instinctively, by ear, and not with the analytical eye of the too-too-utterly purist grammarian.

Miss Paton can find "no authority and no reason for this." What have either authority or reason to do with idiomatic English? Why does the American mind seek so earnestly for authority and lean so heavily on reason?

An idiom cannot be translated literally into another tongue, *nor explained logically* in its own.

Is not the expression justified by conversational usage in good society? Besides, Mr. Galsworthy is writing conversation in the passage Miss Paton quotes.

Miss Helen Derby, of Catasauqua, Pa., writes:

You include, in the May "As I Like It," a letter of Miss Florence Paton, commenting upon the use of the double possessive. Am I mistaken in suggesting that Miss Paton should herself take note of her own grammatical errors, and remember that a word ending in the letter "s" needs only a subsequent apostrophe to denote possession, and not an apostrophe and "s" (see "Uncle Soames's")?

As for myself, I always use "s" apostrophe "s"; and how I hate to see my own name spelled Phelp's.

Miss Edna I. Asmus, of Chicago, writes:

It was your comment some months ago on The Forsyte Saga and A Modern Comedy that induced me to purchase both books. I became acquainted with Galsworthy in a drama course during my senior year at the university. When I turned the last page of A Modern Comedy I felt bereft. . . . It was like bidding farewell to fine old friends. And I have never ceased talking of the Forsytes as we do of flesh and blood people we have known! On the strength of that experience I purchased Galsworthy's Caravan!

You can guess with what sympathy I read Book Madness in the current issue of SCRIBNER'S. For in that Mr. Cohn tells of his acquisition of a Galsworthy library comprised of editions about which most of us may only dream!

From Mrs. J. W. McNair, of Scarsdale, New York:

I have come across your story—in connection with a reference to Gladstone as a moderate drinker—of a member of the House of Representatives who referred to his glass of liquor as "cold tea." You said that you would have admired him if he had said that what he drank was nobody's business. I cannot refrain from telling you a story of a cousin of mine, a true Virginia gentleman, now over ninety years old. (He left the University of Virginia—where he studied under Gildersleeve and McGuffey—to fight for what he believed was right.) He has always taken his dram before dinner but is certainly not a heavy drinker. One Sunday as he was leaving the Episcopal Church he met a Methodist friend and invited him home for dinner. The friend accepted and said that he would bring with him the Methodist Bishop who was visiting him. Then remembering Cousin Prov's custom he asked, "But how about your drink—and the Bishop?" "Well," replied Cousin Prov, "I have been drinking in the sight of the Lord for over sixty years, and I see no reason why I should fear a Bishop."

Isn't that true integrity?

From Henry N. Ogden, Professor of Sanitary Engineering at Cornell:

You will be interested I am sure to know that yesterday as I was reading, with the greatest interest, your interpretation of the significance of "Humanism" in the current number of SCRIBNER'S, I received a letter from the Warden of St. Stephen's College containing this sentence: "The Commencement address will be given by Doctor Paul Elmer More, undoubtedly the *leader* of the new Humanist movement. It will be the best commencement from an intellectual point of view that the college has ever had."

Norman W. C. MacDonald, Yale 1928, now in the Harvard School of Business Administration, writes:

The discussion of onion soup interested me and I think that I can give you a valuable tip. I have tried this truly wonderful soup in Les Halles in Paris, in Germany, and in many parts of this country, but have yet to get better than is served in Boston at the Loch Ober

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Café in Winter Place (between Boylston and Washington on Winter Street). This old and excellent restaurant serves the soup in the traditional earthenware pots and I assure you that it is worth trying the next time you are in Boston.

I have been afraid that William De Morgan's splendid novel "Joseph Vance," first published in 1906, was forgotten; hence it pleases me to see in a British catalogue that a copy of the first edition fetches ten guineas. I obtained my own copy for a much smaller sum.

Robert R. Reed, of Washington, Pa., hopes I will found a club of the "subconscious poets." Half awakening one morning, he heard himself say these words:

Let her lean her heavy arm upon you,
God knows best,
Until the Schuylkill River's President's Widow
Goes to her berning rest.

I do not know what this means, and I do not care. But the lines contain more poetry and more sense than anything I have ever read by Gertrude Stein.

One of the finest poems written subconsciously is at the end of the Oxford Book of English Verse, in my edition marked anonymous. It was *dreamed* by Blackmore, the author of "Lorna Doone." He sent it to the *Athenæum,* but refused to take any money for it, as he did not feel that he could claim any credit for its authorship. It is the poem beginning

In the hour of death, after this life's whim.

Edward Lippincott Tilton, of Scarsdale, N. Y., joins the F. Q. Club. Also Miss Sara Bowers, an undergraduate of Goucher College, Baltimore. Some one bet she wouldn't, an excellent method for swelling the club's ranks. The saccharine nature of the poetry was well matched by a large box of candy. Lee L. Forker, of Oil City, Pa., has read it twice, once as an undergraduate at Cornell, and recently again; and in her youth, by Mrs. E. B. Solano, of Los Angeles.

From Miss Agnes R. Best, of Madison, N. J.:

Although I cannot aspire to become a member of the Faery Queene Club, I would like to draw your attention to one who would have been a very distinguished member, if the Club had existed in his century; I refer to Abraham Cowley (1618–1667) from whose essay "of myself" this quotation is taken, proving his eligibility to the Club. "I believe I can tell the particular little chance that filled my head first with such chimes of verse, as have never since left ringing there; for I remember, when I began to read, and to take some pleasure in it, there was wont to lie in my mother's parlour (I know not by what accident, for she herself never in her life read any book but of devotion) but there was wont to lie Spenser's works. This I happened to fall upon, and was infinitely delighted with the stories of the knights, and giants, and monsters, . . . which I found everywhere there (though my understanding had little to do with all this) and by degrees, with the tinkling of the rhyme and dance of the numbers; so that, I think, I had read him all over before I was twelve years old, and was thus made a poet."

Alas, we have no associate members. It should be remembered that Thomas Gray never composed poetry without first reading Spenser.

A learned lady, who has studied both music and law, writes me an interesting note on surnames, in connection with my remark on the poet Clough. C. W. Beardsley's "English Surnames" says "Our 'Cloughs' represent the narrow fissures betwixt the hills. From the same root we owe our 'Clives,' 'Cliffs,' 'Tunnicliffs.'" And from "The Norman People and Their Existing Descendants," 1874, she extracts good news for Gene Tunney. It seems that Tunny=Tony=Toeni, "baronial Norman house

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of De Toeni, of Toeni and Conches." Toesni lies between Conches and Evreux, according to a map in Freeman's "Norman Conquest."

From Charles H. Misner, of Peoria, Ill.:

Why is the word "colorful" not in the dictionaries?

It seems to be used as a substitute for the pictorial or the picturesque or the merely graphic or plausible: as if an effort (of slovenliness) were being made to force the word to include all these divergent meanings and others of lesser kinship in one term.

I could not find it in U. S. dictionaries. It is in the "New English Dictionary," called "rare," and first appearance 1890.

From Frederick J. Shepard, of Buffalo:

A Boston newspaper man, supposedly, who uses the name Nicholas Nichols, is the compiler of "Quaint and Quotable Sayings and Incidents," Boston; Stratford Co., 1930, in which he describes his initiation into the freshman fraternity Kappa Sigma Epsilon just as I went through it in 1869. I wonder who he is. He explains "O. K." as the initials of a Civil War baker, but I am sure their origin was the charge, presumably by Maj. Jack Downing, that President Jackson spelled "All Correct" "Ol Korrect." He also includes Macaulay's excellent charade on cod, but I wonder how many people nowadays know that "Giver of sweetest sounds, yet mute forever" refers to the "Sounds and Tongues" that New England country stores used to advertise.

From Hugh B. Scott, of Wheeling, W. Va.:

Noting your hatred of the word "gotten" I am tempted to pass in review the following scrap of "hoopie talk" which treads nonchalantly on the heels of your taboo.

If I'd a knowed that you'd a been a left to home
I'd a see'd that you'd a git to got to goed.

Hoopies are West Virginia mountaineers who can hang on a street-car strap with one hand and pick objects from the floor with the other.

Miss Therese Varney, of Portsmouth, England, admires many things in America:

I have just seen your article in the April issue of SCRIBNER'S, and I, for one, can't see why "gotten has got to go." It seems to me a much lovelier word than "got"—we were always being told at school how ugly the latter word is. I am a great admirer of America and the Americans, but I don't think your language can afford to lose one of its few old beauties. You may or may not be surprised to hear that almost all English writers returning from the States express admiration at the use of the old English "gotten" over there, and a wish that it would become correct usage in England once again. I agree with them, (though, being just a girl of eighteen, I am not much of an authority) and, with all due respect to you, hope that your campaign against "gotten" may *not* succeed.

I should like to express here my admiration for certain other American expressions. For instance, isn't it much more logical to live "on" X Street than to live "in" it? To "can" foods than to "tin" them? To go on a "vacation" than to go on "holiday"? (I mean, of course, that the old "holyday" is not either a day or holy any more.)

And your slang is wonderfully alive and colourful. Also, if you glance through my spelling—which I know to be correct in English—you'll understand my saying that I admire America for taking the first step in spelling reform.

I admire your numbered street system, your picture-plays, SCRIBNER'S magazine, and (you'll be surprised) your accent. In fact, I love everything American, and wish I could live in U. S. A.

From the Reverend Eliot White, Grace Church, New York:

Surely it would be another attempt to paint the lily, to offer this editor of a Nuremberg guide-book (found by my brother on a tour), the corrections he so trustfully solicits:

"In consequence of melioration and price-moderation of communications, the numbers of travellers is constantly increased. Herewith

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latters have contemporarly need of a speedy cheap & sure orientation. This guide contains not only chief-towns of continent but also little the ones which do attract frequently the visits of travellers, and are descripted with regard of whose peculiarities and completed with exact maps or plans. Each guide-book's disposition was spring of own practise of the editor who has visited the most part of towns and countries and therefore could he express his own experience. In interest of enterprise the editor would be gratefully to the travellers if they might favor him corrections."

And from notices in his room in a hotel in Munich, my brother copied these gems:

"I beg instantly to close the taps of the washhand-basin after the use by turning to the left side and to open the middle by turning to the right side. Throw nothing in to avoid a stop. Damages caused by contravening this prescription must be paid."

"Press at the button of the telephone. Put the trumpet at the ear and expect the call of the servant. After the use put trumpet into the hook."

I myself remember this placard in a hotel at Mainz on the Rhine.

"Please to have the stores shot on account of the morning son."

From Starr G. Cooper, of The Peddie School, Hightstown, N. J.:

Recently when I was travelling in England I ran across a local legend which aroused vague memories. I was in Warwickshire and my red-vested coachman—for I was actually sightseeing with a horse and carriage instead of by auto—told me about in such-and-such a spot Sir Guy found the Dun Cow and in another spot Sir Guy killed the Dun Cow and in a small lake Sir Guy threw the Dun Cow into it and those rocks you see are the bones of the Dun Cow.

Then a day or two ago, on re-reading Carlyle's "Heroes and Hero Worship," I found the source of my vague memories. In the Cow Adumbla I find that the Cow Adumbla in Norse mythology and the Dun Cow of Warwickshire had the common faculty of giving milk without limit.

Do you know if the Dun cow tradition is a descendant of the Cow Adumbla? Mrs. Cooper and I have been much interested in that Dun Cow and Mrs. Cooper is especially tickled with herself to believe she has traced its origin back to Scandinavia.

A good advertisement for the radio from Miss Anne Johnston, of the Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis:

I've just been reading your piece in SCRIBNER'S this month and observe with joy that you too are a fan of Fowler's "Dictionary of Modern English Usage." Isn't it a grand book! I must tell you what an experience I had with it though, two or three years ago. I wrote a little blurb for it, just from affection for the book, for the radio station here to broadcast in its book-hour. Then I tuned in to see how it sounded, and was so impressed I decided to give Fowlers to all my relatives and friends, and so sold myself half a dozen copies! So that was one time the radio sold books.

Some professional men do their stint: others do their stunt.

Books mentioned in this article are given below, with the names of publishers.

"Treatise on the Gods," by H. L. Mencken. Knopf.
"The Passion Week," by Walter E. Bundy. Willett, Clark, and Colby.
"Who Moved the Stone?" by Frank Morison. Century.
"His Glorious Body," by Robert Norwood. Scribners.
"The Awakening College," by C. C. Little. W. W. Norton.
"A Generation Missing," by C. Carstairs. Doubleday, Doran.
"Co-Stars," by W. W. Whalen. White Squaw Press, Ortanina, Pa.
"A Candle in the Wilderness," by I. Bacheller. Bobbs-Merrill.
"She Knew She Was Right," by J. L. Williams. Scribners.
"Black Genesis," by Stone and Shelby. Macmillan.
"Alexander Pope," by E. Sitwell. Cosmopolitan.
"The Gang Smasher," by H. Clevely. Clode.
"Xenophon," by L. V. Jacks. Scribners.
"R. B. Hayes," by Eckenrode. Dodd, Mead.
"The Rhododendron Man," by Tyson. Dutton.
"The Scarab Murder Case," by Van Dine. Scribners.
"Trackless Death," by A. Livingston. Bobbs-Merrill.
"Murder Backstairs," by A. Austin. Macmillan.
"Cousin Henry," by A. Trollope. Oxford.
"The Men on the Dead Man's Chest," by C. Raymond. Bobbs-Merrill.
"Somewhere in This House," by Rufus King. Doubleday, Doran.
"According to St. John," by Lord Charnwood. Longmans.

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S. S. "San Pedro"

(Continued from page 128)

the first life-boat. Something must have happened to the light over the stairs. Bending a little he pulled himself back to the door. Inside he drew off his dripping gloves and went to the telephone.

The minute's long silence broke in his ear with a clean click. "Navigating bridge, sir," he said. "Bradell speaking."

"Well, boy?" came Captain Clendening's voice.

"Permission to change course, sir? Pretty wet forward."

"Do what you want. Shall I come up?"

"No, sir. Nothing wrong."

"Half-speed, Mr. Fenton," Anthony requested. "Half-speed, sir," agreed Mr. Fenton, snapping over the telegraph.

"Helm!" said Anthony. The helmsman glanced over his shoulder, stood aside, fastening both hands on one spoke. Anthony stepped in and took it. He drew the wheel left, hand over hand. The electric telltale went to half rudder.

"Starboard full ahead, Mr. Fenton!"

"Starboard full ahead, sir."

The *San Pedro* gained steerageway, came staggering over. She buried her port bow and the white water thundered down. She tilted up and rode the next one. "Two-thirds, Mr. Fenton."

The telltale went to amidships. Anthony bent his face into the binnacle light. "The course is due south," he said. "Look alive! Nothing off."

The helmsman stood on.

"Well," sighed Mr. Fenton, "I guess the worst is over."

At six o'clock, dawn, delayed, was pale on the forecastle. Miro relieved the helmsman. Anthony had attempted full ahead twice, but they made wet work of it. Captain Clendening, up to the ears in his bridge coat, appeared now. He returned the salute of the watch incompletely, holding onto a window and staring out forward. He stood so long, swaying loosely with the movement of the ship, that even Miro at the helm began to watch him, apprehensive.

"What are we doing, Mr. Bradell?" he said at last. "About two knots?"

"About five, sir, I think."

"List is worse," he said. He came and stared at the clinometer. "Anything shifted yet?"

"Not that I know of, sir."

"Where's Mr. Driscoll?"

"I think he's still below, sir, at the half-door. They were making quite a lot of water."

"I want to see him. Look up the chief officer, Mr. Fenton."

His face in the strengthening light was so haggard that Anthony said: "Take some coffee, sir. The vacuum bottle's full in the chart-room."

"Don't want it now," he answered. "Turn out the morning watch, Mr. Bradell. I want to heave to and find out what's wrong with us. What do we need for steerageway?"

"I guess one-third, sir."

"All right. Helm! Mind your rudder. Get on, Mr. Bradell."

Anthony supposed it was ten o'clock when the fore-and-aft bulkhead in upper hold number one stove. Two cased automobiles shifted fifteen feet to port, knocking down the wall of the port bunk-room. The wedges probably came loose when they had lain-to while wind and sea on their port quarter shook them so heavily. That helpless half-hour had been a little worse than futile, then. He went forward with Mr. Eberly. The junior second officer said: "Well, maybe the old man will feel better now. We got something wrong here all right."

Anthony understood Mr. Eberly's attitude but he understood too Captain Clendening's earlier exasperation at their failure to find anything which would account for the list. He said nothing now, viewing the bunk-room attentively. In the working alleyway there was water over his ankles. At the half-door Mr. Driscoll was still busy in a grim, conscientious silence. He had several seamen with him and they were trying to tighten the dogs with a persistence which had become, considering the simplicity of the task, merely maddening. Anthony had an impatient desire to get at that job himself and finish it up. It was too senseless. They had been working there off and on for eight hours without effecting a change. To avoid any such officiousness he turned back to

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Mr. Eberly and said: "We'd gone over pretty far to make them slide. This sea will have to go down before we can do much. I don't believe they'll move again."

"Say, listen, white man," rose a querulous voice from the firemen's forecastle beyond, "how we sleep?"

"Pipe down!" called Anthony sharply.

"We got water, mister."

He went up the passage. "Oh," he said, "you have a port out."

The bunk-room was running underfoot. Two electric bulbs burned, and sickly morning light came with the recurring splashes of water through the broken port. A strong smell arose; wet wool and bedding, old sweat. Wrapped in blankets, like lively mummies on shelves, forms stirred, white eyeballs rolled in the shadows. The crazy man, Quail, caught the iron bunk post above, swung himself out and down with one arm, like a chimpanzee. He landed squatly on his feet in the shallow water. "I want to be home," he moaned. He beat his great swinging fist on his chest; his voice rolled and boomed from the depths. "I got those home-again blues." His conical skull swayed from side to side. "Home," he chanted, "knock on the door!"

"Lay off, nigger," snapped Anthony. "I'll have the carpenter in."

"Quail, he think he swim. Long way New York, Quail." Laughter exploded richly in the bunks.

"Quail, he feel water, he fear soap to come!"

Quail held onto the post. "Home, just as before," he moaned. "Home again, to roam no more. . . ."

Most of the late morning Mr. MacGillivray had a crew on the ash-ejector valve. It must have worked loose during the heavy weather while they were heaved-to earlier. By noon they had it tight again, but water was pouring smoothly into the stoke-hole by the bunker chutes. It slopped around the dog box and washed back and forth on the plates. Perhaps a bunker-hatch cover had gone and Mr. MacGillivray suggested this to the bridge. He did not know whether they had done anything about it or not but he had started a pump at half past ten and still needed it. In fact he would have used all his pumps but he had been ordered to empty the rest of the port ballast-tanks. Meanwhile he was clearing his bilge by not more than a foot an hour and the whole place was in a mess, with pressure falling off. It was useless to tell the fire-room to shake her up. The men worked resentfully with a psychological slowness in a flooded stoke-hole. Mr. MacGillivray wished loudly and audibly to God that they were on oil, independent of firemen with wet feet and trimmers who were constantly losing their rakes in the shallow water. It was his only public concession to the annoyances of the situation, which were, to his mind, many. Among other things, he wouldn't get to luncheon and he had a nice crowd at his table, including two good-looking women who called him chief and knew a funny story when they heard one —well, that was the way it always worked, and probably they were seasick anyway. There would be plenty more meals when they got South and had nicer weather. At the moment it was still remarkably rough. Much rougher than there was any need for it to be, he decided, having gone above a moment for the purpose. Most of it was the half-witted way they handled the ship.

Half past three declared the clock on the stairs which Anthony had just passed, moving down the port alleyway of the C deck. He was going aft to find out what had been done five minutes before by a green sea taken broad on the quarter. It pooped them with a shock like a hill falling aboard. Anthony could not figure it out—how, in view of wind, weather, and the *San Pedro's* course, it ever got there. He was extraordinarily tired. In this state, the ocean became almost personified; a purposeful and malicious agent, driving its heavy assaults to the unexpected and unguarded points. At the *San Pedro's* heavy stagger, Captain Clendening went out and looked aft. Obviously a boat had gone from the steerage superstructure, for one thing. The supports of the after-bridge were twisted. White water cascaded endlessly off the poop-deck as the fantail shook itself free. You could hear the descending crash all the way forward. He said without emphasis: "Find out what carried away, Mr. Bradell."

Anthony went, as smartly as he could make his aching legs move. He was certain that it would prove to have been particularly, wantonly, destructive. The steerage passengers were probably in a panic. In fact, there was no reason to suppose they hadn't lost a few people overboard. Anthony reviewed these possibilities in a stupor of resentment. A figure was approaching him in the alleyway and he fal-

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tered a moment, trying to calculate by the lethargic lurch of the tilted floor whether to pass right or left.

"Hello, Bradell," she said. "Such a nice day, isn't it?"

She moved a little with the shift underfoot, and managed, intentionally or not, to block the whole alleyway, so he had to halt. "Sorry," he said. "I've got to get aft."

"Listen, Bradell," she said. "Do something about this. Clara and tons of people are sick as dogs. And I can't even get a bath. The bath-steward says we aren't level enough. I'll be positively filthy if it keeps up many weeks." She regarded him with clear good humor and he saw that her eyes were blue. "You don't look well, Bradell," she continued critically. "Have a sleepless night? So did I. I couldn't get my mind off you. And the food is atrocious, such of it as stays on the table. It was bad enough before."

"Sorry," repeated Anthony. "Don't worry. Everything is all right."

All the woodwork creaked and cried out with the roll. She put a hand on his arm and said: "Good Lord, is it as bad as that?"

She seemed obscurely to cling to him, impeding his thought as well as his progress. He felt too tired to shake her off, so he said: "No danger at all. Everything is all right."

"Listen, Bradell," she begged. "Tell me how bad it is. I'll be simply furious if I find out afterward we almost sank and I didn't even know it. A girl has to have some kick out of life."

"Everything is all right," said Anthony, looking at her.

She frowned a little, tightening the fingers on his arm.

"I thought at first there couldn't be anything wrong," she admitted, "because so many of the passengers were scared. Listen, Bradell, why don't you say it's the worst storm you've seen in ninety-seven years at sea, or something?"

"No danger," he said. "I've got to get aft."

"Bradell," she pleaded. "You don't hate me enough to go and drown all these innocent people too, do you? Besides, I told you I damn well didn't want to drown."

"All right," he exploded wearily. "You won't. Don't be such a fool."

Her face was getting whiter and whiter under the rouge. "Listen," she said, somewhat more huskily. "I've got plenty of nerve, but you have to tell me one thing." She hesitated an instant. "Bradell, are you sure that doctor man went ashore?"

"I've got to get aft," said Anthony, "I can't talk to you."

"Bradell, you weren't fooling me? I keep thinking I see him."

"I can't stop your thinking," said Anthony. "Please step aside."

"I don't know," she said, whiter still, "whether I'd rather have him really here, or have him not really here." She moistened her lips. "Bradell, honey," she whispered, "why did you have to let me see him?"

"I've got to get aft," said Anthony.

She moved, backing against the white-panelled wall, extending a lax arm on either side of her to grasp the hand-rail. "You don't know, either, do you?" she murmured. "Good-by, Bradell."

He passed her. Although he did not look, he could feel her still there, her dark head up, leaning against the wall mutely, her blue eyes on his retreating back.

In the wireless-room Smith, the first operator, regarded Morris without favor. Morris was on duty. He had, as usual, the phones pushed off one ear. A cigarette nodded up and down as he hummed to himself. His tobacco-dyed forefinger kept the key in a vibrating, whining chatter—*QSU—QRN—QRU*. . . . The *San Pedro's* WPRV went on to the end. He locked his hands in back of his head and sucked at the cigarette.

"Who was that?" asked Smith, still sleepy.

"San Pablo."

"We aren't reporting anything?"

"Having a fine time. Wish you were here. Want me to write a poem, or tell 'em the one about the stuffed monkeys?"

"It doesn't feel so good to me," said Smith. "Where did we get all this water?"

"Elephant charged the camera," admitted Morris, "but I dropped him at twenty paces. He's in the wastepaper basket."

"Funny boy, aren't you?" marvelled Smith. "Are we all right?"

"As advertised," agreed Morris. "These magnificent vessels are unsurpassed in comfort and luxury. Having been especially constructed for tropical voyaging, the ventilation of every room is perfect—just feel it," he invited, turning up his collar. "Running water, too," he added, "in every room now. Some with baths."

"Don't, I'll die!" grunted Smith.

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"Appetizing meals to delight the keen appetites aroused by the bracing sea air—" He seized a partly consumed ham sandwich from the plate beside him. "Do take some more caviar, count," he urged. "It will only be thrown out."

"Say, listen," said Smith. "Is that all we get to eat?"

"That? You don't even get that. That's mine. Try and find another. While you were absent they procured five tons of sea water somewhere at great expense and put them in the ranges. Didn't they consult you?"

"After the applause dies down, let's see the bridge orders."

"Help yourself," said Morris cordially. "The old man keeps wanting to know where the *San Pablo* is, as if I gave a damn! When I get them, he doesn't want them for anything. Their lad told me for God's sake to leave them alone. That shows how little he's been out. Nothing like a valve transmitter in unscrupulous hands, I always say. We'll bother them, if you want to know, from thirty-five to forty-five on twenty-one hundred continuous every hour for the rest of the night."

"What's the idea?"

"Oh, just a little thing I tossed off while I was waiting. It isn't finished yet, of course, but the old man certainly liked it."

"Listen, I'll relieve you now. Like a good sport, go down and get me a sandwich, will you?"

"Wrong," protested Morris.

"Listen, have I got to order you?"

"No, no, don't feel that way. Accidents happen."

"Go on, get up. You got a drag down there."

"Say, you certainly presume on your white hairs, Lord Algy," groaned Morris. "All together now; American Marconi Company, I love you!"

The narrow promenade around the fantail had lost a long section of rail. On the port side the Third-Class pantry had been flushed out clean. The door was carried away; every detachable object was swept through with the rail. For the moment it would be simpler to assume that no one had been on duty there, Anthony decided. He continued around the stern. Not a square inch of glass was left in any exposed window. The stewards would have to rope off the unprotected deck, and looking for them, he put his shoulder against the starboard entry doors.

Inside, the constricted stairs came up to the Third-Class lounge. Furniture consisted mainly of benches fastened to the walls, but there was a big table. This had torn out the pin of the stay-chain, overturning and scattering newspapers and old magazines on the linoleum, shining with dirty water. Forty faces, black or palely negroid, lifted to Anthony. The high, miserable storm of voices quailed a moment. Then the sight of his uniform cap drove up a louder wail; partly hysterical relief at finding they were not alone in the world, partly fresh panic at the appearance of authority, in most of their minds associated with disaster and unreasonable suffering to come.

Anthony endeavored to ignore them, but his rapid and accurate eye included them all. Some sat paralyzed, bundles of their poor possessions done up in sheets resting at their feet. Others had gotten inefficiently into life-belts. One group appeared to be praying, led by a monstrous woman with a mustache. More practical, another group had procured several bottles.

"Steward!" Anthony called.

Not understanding him, most of them joined in, too; a general lamentation. The old woman with the mustache shrieked louder. The people with bundles laid hold of them. A man with a bottle tilted it up as far as it would go.

"Pipe down!" shouted Anthony. "Shut up! You're all right." He realized that they did not understand him. "No hay periculo! Basta! Basta!"

That exhausted his Spanish, but they understood at least that he was trying to talk to them. With appalling suddenness a silence fell, marred on the edges by stifled groans and sobs. They swayed visibly toward him, all eyes fastened to him, all waiting for him to perform some miracle and save them.

"No hay periculo," repeated Anthony. "Esta bien."

His broken Spanish was worse than nothing. It frightened them more. The uncertainty of his accent, the inadequacy of his words made everything he said improbable, sinister even. They were clearly cut off from the people who had them in charge, who had brought them to this extremity and alone could deliver them. The moaning swelled up again and Anthony shouted: "Doesn't any one speak English?"

White under his black skin one man said nervelessly: "What you like to say, señor?"

"Tell them to go back to their staterooms."

"No, no, mister," he wailed. "No, no. Room

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full of water. People sick. People scared. No, no."

"Tell them."

"No, no," he groaned. "Ship sink. People drown. Leave those here, mister."

"Where's the steward?"

"What you say, mister?"

"The steward!"

"No, no, mister. No, no."

"Where is the man with the white coat?" Anthony shouted.

"Some gone. Some sick in room. Some under bed."

"Where?" snapped Anthony. "Show me."

"No, no. I stay here, mister. No, no."

Anthony did not move, but simple savagery must have shown in his face, for the man cowered away into the corner, backing against people who parted struggling to keep far from Anthony. Their shrieks swelled up again. The whole frail fabric of human relationships melted now in a mess of paralyzed muscle and brain and will. More shocking than the most murderous resistance, they became simply dead weight, lumps weighing a hundred and fifty pounds, too yielding to grasp, too misshapen to handle. Anthony stood there dark-eyed and stiff-faced. He wanted to plant his feet in these quivering gelatinous heaps. He was shaken to the bottom—indeed there was no bottom, only the unthinkable abyss of human impotence opened under him. His brain, suspended over it, counselled him merely to kill, trample them down, destroy them, before their shocking contagion destroyed him. The blood beat up and filmed over his eyes, and he was saved by a quick, idiotic irrelevancy. He recognized that he was seeing red; that there was such a thing, no figure of speech, but a bloody mist. The childish surprise of it unsprung his nerves. He turned stiffly, grasped the rail of the stairs, and, putting one foot before another, descended. At the bottom his voice came like a croak, but he cleared it and shouted: "Steward!"

A figure appeared uncertainly at the end of the little passage. "Where are the others?" Anthony asked.

"In the pantry, they were," faltered this man, glassy-eyed.

Three, maybe four, men gone, swept off and smothered somewhere in the broken wake, was a fact, literal and sharp. At once the misery of wetness and fear, the noise above, like animals crowded in a dangerous pen, became a simpler thing, pitiable. If, a moment ago, Anthony could have wished them all scoured out by the hard sea, buried away and obliterated, now he felt only their wretched humanity, their common helplessness against the inhuman ocean.

"Poor devils," he murmured. The man's enormous eyes looked up at him. "All right," Anthony said. "We can't do anything now. Buck up!"

The man opened his mouth and no sound came out, but finally he said: "Yes, sir."

"Unlock the passage-door there. I'll get some men down to you. Everything is all right. Go up-stairs and don't let any one out. Half the rail's carried away."

"Yes, sir." The steward spoke more securely. He at least had the outlines of a discipline, however irregular, or casual. This framework propped him up a little, made him firm enough to grasp. Once grasped, the current of command galvanized him. His chin rose, his shaking ceased. "Yes, sir," he repeated quickly.

"Look alive," said Anthony. "We'll probably be out of this before dark."

At nine o'clock Mr. MacGillivray and his fourth engineer finished work on the extra pump. Designed for blowing ashes or supplying water to the deck fire-lines, they turned it on the stubbornly making bilge, broke the joint connection and fitted on a screen filter. That raised their available horse-power to about two hundred. As there was never anything wrong with the gear in an engine-room ruled by Mr. MacGillivray, the pumps were better than seventy per cent efficient. Together they sucked up a ton of water a minute, heaved it thirty feet from the level of the fire-room plates, and dumped it over the side.

The chief viewed this arrangement, satisfied. He did not know where so much water could be coming from, but he was, he felt sure, more than a match for it. He would have his bilges dry before morning. If it came to that, he could and would pump out the whole blasted ocean. He'd have no dirty water in his department.

Presently he went above to clean up. Soaping his big hands he felt rather grumpy. As he got older he tended more and more to regard sailors, deck officers, as a not very necessary nuisance. If they ever developed a tenth of the efficiency he demanded and received from his personnel, from his main plant, from every fitting and auxiliary, there might be some sense in shipping. As it was, you took the finest turbines made by man and put them

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in a tin scow run by a lot of damn fools who filled it with water, ran it on its side and near shook the lagging off. He was tired now, but he certainly wasn't turning in until they got a grip on things. Though the sea was moderating, the *San Pedro* rolled heavily. The list was to twenty degrees and he didn't believe what water he had below was doing it.

Returning to his office, he put on his uniform coat and settled at the desk, his hands folded on his belly, his porcelain-blue eyes brooding. He was there when the alleyway door opened and he saw that at last the captain had come below. Mr. MacGillivray got to his feet. Mr. Bradell had entered with the old man. He stood at his elbow, as though he were helping him to walk, and the chief noticed that Captain Clendening moved heavily, without determination.

"Evening, captain," he said shortly.

"How is it?" said Captain Clendening at last.

"We're all right," Mr. MacGillivray nodded. "Got three pumps on. Have us dry pretty soon. Can't we do something about this list? Throws my lubrication off. Burn out a bearing somewhere, I wouldn't be surprised." Actually he would be stunned with surprise. He had an extraordinary extra-sense for developing friction; it would be a clever bearing that burnt out in his engine-room.

"Where do you think the water's coming from, MacGillivray?" Captain Clendening asked.

Mr. MacGillivray pulled his loose chin. "It's black water," he said. "Must come through the coal. Don't suppose we sprung a plate?"

"I don't know," said Captain Clendening.

Mr. MacGillivray looked at him sharply. "Aren't you trying to find out?" he asked.

"Since about four this morning," interposed Mr. Bradell, "we haven't done anything else, chief."

"Now, if I were you, son," said Mr. MacGillivray, "I'd get myself in overalls and poke about the port bunkers. You can get in from the shelter-deck. Take an electric flash-light and keep it dry——"

"I'll give Bradell his orders, Mr. MacGillivray," said Captain Clendening.

"Just offering a suggestion," said Mr. MacGillivray, his mouth pouting out from the hanging folds of cheek. "Seems to me about time something was done."

Captain Clendening's lumpy jaw sagged down and forward. His mustache stiffened. "By God, sir," he roared, "I'll have you understand, Mr. MacGillivray, that I am in command of this ship. When I want your suggestions, I'll ask for them!"

"Very good," snapped Mr. MacGillivray. "And now I'll step below, with your permission, and get on with more important matters."

He turned his back on them. The clear snorts of his breathing sounded above the roar of the engine-room shaft for a moment. He stumped down the steel steps.

Captain Clendening swallowed audibly. "Boy?" he said.

"Yes, sir," said Anthony.

Captain Clendening made an uneasy gesture. "Go down, boy," he said. "My apologies to Mr. MacGillivray. Sort of nervous, boy. Guts are no good. Got to take care of myself. Tell him I appreciate his hard work. Tell him I rely on him absolutely and I hope he'll see fit to overlook my—my"—he faltered—"my language, that is."

"Yes, sir," said Anthony. The captain's mouth worked a little and Anthony hesitated, not knowing if he were finished.

The captain's eyes came back to him, focussed harder a moment. "Mr. Bradell!"

"Yes, sir."

"Perhaps you can tell me who is in command of this vessel?"

"You are, sir," said Anthony, dumfounded.

"Thank you. When I give an order, I want it obeyed. What are you standing here for? Look alive, sir! I'll have no oil-tanker customs on this ship!"

IV

Miro had gone below when Mr. Bradell told him to turn in. Wind, weather; noise, no matter how relentless; discomfort very severe, he could ignore when he was ready to sleep. Now, long past midnight, he knew no such thing had disturbed him. His eyes open in the dark, he was at once alert, roused from within. Believing that an angel watched over him, he recognized instantly what had happened. This invisible being, who saw all and knew all, had bent down suddenly. Her tall shadow fell on him, her great wings fanned him.

He was not perturbed, nor was he hurried, though it could mean only that danger had become at last real and imminent. Perhaps all day it had been mounting, like fluid in a pressure tube. Now it had crossed a mark and its crossing touched off tremendous alarms. His inquiring physical senses assured him that to every appearance nothing had changed. Slow

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and steady, the hammer of the engines at half-speed and time continued; the *San Pedro* rolled sluggishly; water forward bumped and crashed. There was still a sound of movement and calm enough voices from the working alleyway. All the greater reason to find out, if he could, what subtler or more sinister change had caught his angel's sleepless eye, made her reach down and rouse him.

He had not taken off his boots, so he came at once to his feet. The occasional lights of the narrow wet passage, tilted badly by the list, burned dim in their heavy cups of misted glass. He proceeded aft to the working alleyway and saw to his astonishment a dozen men from the steward's department. The half-door, he observed immediately, had carried away altogether. The carpenter was there, trying to rig a new one of boards and canvas. It was not completed and only partly in place, so when they leaned far on the list the sea came right in. One had a momentary staggering glimpse of their dull lights spilling into the void, winking on fathomless black swells almost under foot. Coming back enough to conceal this ugly phenomenon, the water already shipped surged to starboard like a miniature tidal wave. It went above the knees of the carpenter and his mate, busy with their boards.

Mr. Driscoll had been absent a moment before, but Miro saw him now, buttoned up in his bridge coat, his face remarkably white in the bad light. He picked out Miro in the shadow beyond and said: "Quartermaster?"

Miro answered, greatly relieved to find the chief officer in such alert charge.

"See if you can rout out some more men here. Get a lot of men. Any men you can." Mr. Driscoll supported himself with one hand on the clammy wall as the *San Pedro* went over and the half-door framed the black sea like a steep floor. "Wait," he said.

"Yes, sir."

"Report to the bridge first. Tell the captain that the situation doesn't seem to improve. You might ask if it would be possible for him to step below here a moment. I—er—" He became conscious of the deadly silence of the men listening. "Hurry up," he jerked out. "Get on with it."

Mr. Driscoll, then, was worried, too. Miro, in point of private fact, had small respect for Mr. Driscoll as a seaman. He did not believe now that Mr. Driscoll knew what ought to be done, nor even how to go about whatever substitute for the right thing he might have in mind. Mounting the inside stairs to the chart-room, Miro decided to report to Mr. Bradell first. Mr. Bradell could tell him what to do, and once sure himself, he might discover some way to modify Mr. Driscoll's designs.

He found this intention defeated, however. He appeared quietly in the door, and was dismayed to see the wheel-house almost crowded. Both Mr. Eberly and Mr. Sheedy were standing by. Young Mr. Fenton and the third officer were close together in the corner. The fifth officer, Mr. Eberly's junior, balanced himself restlessly with the roll, looking at the ceiling. Mr. Bradell, his arms folded tight, the brim of his cap down over his forehead, stood beside the engine-room telegraph. The helmsman's eyes swung furtively from the binnacle to the rudder indicator and then sideways, as though appealing to Mr. Bradell.

Unnoticed in the door behind, Miro considered them one after another. They were all tired, yet they were all alert too, quiet and composed, but obviously mystified. One could deduce that they were here because they had been ordered up. They had not been told why, they had not been told what to do. No one spoke; they simply waited. It was, in its inept, mute, rather bewildered way, magnificent, and Miro appreciated this. Here was a very superior form of *tela,* a splendid, passive morale, the supreme ability to remain motionless and to appear calm; to stand endlessly ready for no one knew what.

Since Mr. Bradell had the watch, it would be impossible to speak to him. Miro hesitated soundlessly, considering to whom he should speak. At this moment the port door onto the open bridge moved and Captain Clendening came in.

His face under the electric light was positively lifeless, but it had a surface shine from the spray on it. His eyes were so far swollen that they seemed to wink craftily out of slits. He stood heavy and clumsy in his wet bridge coat a moment. All glances had gone to him, but they wavered now, went away. There was a slight simultaneous movement of lips and eyes returning to careful impassivity. Mr. Bradell never budged, had not looked.

Paying no attention to his waiting officers, Captain Clendening kept his face toward Miro. "Yes?" he said.

"Chief officer reports, sir," said Miro. "Mr. Driscoll wants to know if you can step below, sir."

There was a general restrained stir, but no other sound.

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"No," said Captain Clendening. "Tell him to carry on."

The helmsman let his brown, nervous face turn. "Helm!" said Mr. Bradell harshly. The helmsman's eyes jerked front.

In his gray-yellow face Captain Clendening's eyeballs flickered. A slight muscular contraction shook the thick cheeks. "Turn in, Mr. Eberly," he said. "Get some sleep. Won't want you after all." He jerked his head toward the third and fifth officers. "You, too," he said. "Turn in. Mr. Sheedy, report to the chief officer."

They all moved immediately in the grateful release of definite orders.

"Quartermaster?"

"Yes, sir."

"Find out from the wireless-room where the *San Pablo* is."

"Yes, sir."

"Mr. Bradell?"

"Yes, sir."

"Can you carry on a little longer?"

"Yes, sir."

Miro was out through the chart-room. In his ears repeated and repeated the mechanical "Yes, sir," "Yes, sir." It lost all alacrity, all smart and competent obedience. The phrase hammered and hammered. Under the senseless impact, the framework of observation—the vital initiative, the intelligence to see clearly and do quickly—cracked, crumbled to dust. Discipline, directed co-operation, ceased here to have any virtue. Habit betrayed the will and debauched the brain. Physically, the lips might stiffen with reluctance, the voice almost fail, but the mind in its extremity knew only one reply. To disaster, to stupid folly, to terrible peril which might yet be averted or resisted; to the advance of death itself, the mind acquiescent, drugged with a phrase, answered only, "Yes, sir."

Wet wind hit Miro in the face. Beneath his feet the deck tilted away. He caught a handrail; he saw the dim bands of the *San Pedro's* funnel stagger in the dark. He knew now that the *San Pedro* was certainly foundering, however slowly, and that most of those she carried might be lost.

Tuckerton, New Jersey. East Moriches, Long Island. All night rain has fallen on the Atlantic coast. Dawn is up, wet from the eastern ocean, but before six o'clock the sullen skies were breaking. Heavy smell of wet trees, wide wet meadows, and the warm damp earth spread everywhere; through country streets, silent, but brighter; into the quiet open windows of houses still asleep. There followed presently a thin noise of bird song. Over the edge of the world, just about level with the drenched tree-tops, poured out the sun. Its flat, enormous shafts struck resplendent across the Eastern States. At Tuckerton, and at East Moriches, far higher than trees, slender and rigid against the fine dissolving blue, soared the lofty skeleton towers of the coastal wireless stations.

Under them, in the power-houses, in the offices and operating rooms, some of the lights were turned off. Shifts of operators and engineers changed. The great generators, not requiring relief, spun on, subdued; but there was a sound of released voices on the beautiful air outside. New York papers were in, and men going home to bed lit cigarettes, looked at them, and saw there was no news worth reading, while they walked slowly.

Inside, the morning reliefs were settling down. Outside, soundless, invisible, humanly indetectable, the serene, the golden June air swelled, grew full with rising volume; the racing, screaming whine of code communication; broadcasting voices clearly relayed; early music.

At seven-fifteen, into these crowded currents which carried the immense record of the awakened world, cut faintly the *San Pedro's* CQ—a thin plea, staccato with foreboding, from far off the Virginia Capes; *everybody listen*. At Tuckerton, at East Moriches, the emergency operators stirred, acutely attentive, mildly curious, as a half-hour silence settled. Just before eight o'clock came the S. O. S. By eight o'clock the Brooklyn Navy Yard was suspending all radio traffic. Over the whole of Eastern North America the air was abruptly vacant and into this immense void the *San Pedro* called again, small and solitary; broke off; called once more, appealing this time to the Naval Compass Station at Cape May for her true bearings.

They heard it on the largest ship in the world; the white vessels of the United Fruit Company, many-decked Clyde liners, a dozen ships of the Caribbean and Southern trade, picked it up, calculating the scores of separating miles. Slow, dogged, steaming stockily, the Japanese freighter *Toledo Maru* halted a hundred miles away and came heavily about; from the North Atlantic steamship lanes a moderately fast Cunarder broke, turned south forcing her draft; a German boat, farther east, bound for New York, turned too. Just over

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the horizon a small sugar tramp from Cuba came abreast, passed the *San Pedro,* crawled patiently on, not being equipped with wireless.

Captain Clendening's eyeballs were finely netted with scarlet veins. There was a silver stubble of beard over his square cheeks. Beneath his short white mustache his mouth opened and shut, sucking in the cool air. He held onto the shutter of the open wheel-house window, and the cumbersome seas, whipping up the tilted well-deck forward, staggering into the port half-doors, were gray with advanced morning. The *San Pedro,* resisting them, shook him back and forth on his feet, but he held on. He held the tighter, for he did not wish to turn around; he felt, insistent, the need to look back, to survey the boat-deck again, but he put it off a moment while his head wabbled. "Got to take care of myself," he murmured, for he knew that he was very sick, ought to be in bed. In answer he held himself still tighter, harder, while he did turn and look back. He realized then that he could not see anything unless he went out on the open bridge end. There was, however, a quartermaster gazing at him. The man's eyes were dark, sad, deep as wells. "Order to abandon, sir?" he said softly.

Captain Clendening was stunned. He opened his mouth to roar, but his throat failed him. He could not believe that he had understood; that on his own bridge a quartermaster could be offering him a suggestion. He breathed harder, he held tighter, as though he were climbing a vertical slope. The situation was so outrageous and amazing that, still speechless, he wondered if it might not have been his imagination, for the man was saying normally, like any quartermaster: "Chief officer reports starboard boats impractical, sir."

He hesitated and Captain Clendening, his mouth tight, his eyes hard ahead, continued to look at him.

"Mr. Bradell asked me to say, sir, that port boats could be dropped in the lee and get off. May he reverse orders, sir?"

Captain Clendening studied him, studied his brown clear skin and melancholy liquid eyes, knew that he had noticed him often before, that this was a reliable man. "What's your name?" he asked.

"Miro, sir," answered the quartermaster. There was a sudden brightening of his eyes as though he were about to weep. They were all inordinately sensitive, these Southerners; particularly, intelligent ones; Captain Clendening knew. He modified his tone a little. "Don't you know how to behave on the bridge, boy?" he said. "Look alive and speak when you're spoken to."

"Yes, sir," said Miro.

"Well, what did you want?"

"About life-boat stations, sir. Mr. Bradell——"

"I gave no orders about boats," said Captain Clendening, his voice thick in his ears. "What are you talking about?"

The man's deep sad eyes with the far-away glint of tears stayed on him steadily. "You will remember, sir," he said. His voice was mild, very gentle, but distinct. "You ordered Mr. Bradell and Mr. Driscoll to turn to on the boats."

"I sent Mr. Bradell forward," said Captain Clendening. "What's he doing with the boats?"

"Yes, sir," assented the soft clear voice. "That was afterward. He has gone forward now, sir."

"Why didn't you report at once? I'll have no tampering with——"

He found, to his amazement, that he must have been interrupted. "I try to report, sir, for ten—twenty minutes. I have been right here, sir. I do not think that you have heard me." The man's face was a still, tragic mask with the small deep pools of the eyes. "Boats have broken on the side, sir. It is too——"

"Officers," said Captain Clendening, "will carry out their orders to the best of their ability." He extended a hand. "I want to go onto the bridge," he said.

Miro came close, more like a sudden close-up in a motion-picture than ordinary movement. Miro's hard, neatly muscled shoulder steadied Captain Clendening. Very sure-footed, Miro calculated the movement of the ship, moving with it, and they were out, under the terrible white light of the pale sky. Captain Clendening shook off Miro's support, holding the rail and watching the concerted movement about the life-boats. His mouth was full of spittle, tasting brazen, or bitter, and he swallowed steadily, trying to get rid of it.

Now some one else had appeared at the wheel-house door. Captain Clendening tightened his jaw and said: "You have your orders, Mr. Fenton. Be good enough to carry them out." The quartermaster was still gazing at him, so he added, enraged at last by the implacable sadness of the eyes: "Get that man out

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of here, Mr. Fenton. I'll have him in irons if he leaves his post again."

He heard Mr. Fenton's voice: ". . . get some of them away, sir?" and it occurred to him that he might not have spoken aloud in reference to the quartermaster. He saw no use in repeating it. To Mr. Fenton he said automatically: "You will await an order for general abandonment. How are the passengers?"

"Mr. Eberly and Mr. Sheedy are in charge, sir. Women and children mustered up. All behaving well."

"Right," said Captain Clendening. "We'll have no *La Bourgoyne* business here."

Still a third man had appeared. He recognized this one as from the wireless-room. He had in his hand several papers. His voice awoke in an animated drawl. "Yes, yes," said Captain Clendening sharply. He did not want to listen to this, so he took the scribbled reports from the young man. "Carry on," he nodded, anxious to get rid of them.

In the wireless-room Smith was at the key. "On the coil now," he said to Morris, returning. "When are we going to abandon?"

Morris lit a cigarette, propped himself in the tilted corner. He employed his free hand thoughtfully, scratching his red hair. "Nobody knows," he hummed, "and nobody seems to care."

"Listen," said Smith. "Don't wisecrack. I don't mind telling you I want to live. How's the old man?"

"He's all right," said Morris. "He looks pretty bad. You don't lose your ship every day, now I come to think of it, but he's playing ball."

"What's he say?"

"Nothing," answered Morris, "which seems to me to be about right. They stove in another boat just now. Pretty soon we'll have to take off our shoes and stockings and wade; that is, those not otherwise engaged. I'll flip you to see who does the Casabianca stunt. We'll count Couch out, since he wouldn't be on duty anyway. Where is he, having a quiet nap?"

"Out with Mr. Driscoll. He's had some experience with boats. Well——"

"If he has, he's the only one," said Morris. "I could tell you a good joke, only it might upset you. Let's have a half-dollar."

"I'll stay," said Smith. "I'm the senior operator."

"You're sure hell on heroism," commented Morris, "but I've only one cigarette left, so I might as well drown. Furthermore, what did I happen to find but a quart of Bacardi, which will take away the taste of salt water something wonderful. I'll even give you a drink if you'll lend me your boy-scout knife."

"Now, shut up!" said Smith sharply. "Don't get all worked up. Everything's all right. We'll float for eight hours at least and by three o'clock——"

"You must have heard Mr. Eberly talking to the passengers," admired Morris. "That's the good joke I was going to tell you. He has them all down on the promenade-deck, and since they don't know him very well—some of them have barely met him—they think he knows what it's all about."

"And I suppose you know a hell of a lot more?"

"I know this," said Morris modestly. "If we don't stop leaning over the rail, we're going to capsize. Thank God I'm not a seaman; I'd miss all the fun of expecting it."

"You aren't so damn humorous," said Smith.

"Get off the key," suggested Morris, "and let me hand these boys a few sad brave remarks."

"Don't be an ass!" snapped Smith. "What juice we have we'll keep. Hang on, I got the Jap boat again."

He pencilled down letters in silence. "You didn't bring back any new bearings, did you?" he asked Morris over his shoulder. "They've got a ten-cent outfit with no direction finder."

"Shoot them something snappy for a come-on," begged Morris. "Don't be a Western Union messenger all your life."

"Shut up," said Smith. His key awoke, and Morris, reading it off, translated freely: "'Bad enough here old man position ship in hardly stay receive please hurry—' That's right," he applauded. "Probably they were wondering about that last part. Probably they didn't know whether to hurry or to stop and do a little fishing."

"For God's sake, shut up!" shouted Smith.

"Sorry," claimed Morris. "Didn't mean to spoil our last happy hours together. Well, before we get any more good news, I'll flip you two out of three for that space on the Memorial in Battery Park, the bottle, and all your cigarettes. Come on, boy, think of your lovin' wife."

Smith said glumly: "Well, at any rate I haven't got that to worry about."

Morris's great grin of derision shone on him. "It would be horrible," he nodded; "I

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expect you couldn't keep your mind off her if you had one. Never mind, think of your children in all parts of the world, then. What'll it be? Heads?"

Mr. Eberly carried a revolver in his pocket but he found no use for it. On the appalling tilt of the promenade-deck one felt unpleasantly shut in, seeing only the pale heavens, the fast eastward drift of the melting scud to starboard; only the long jostling slide of gray water getting green to port. From above came the dull sound of boots and men working, which was comforting. So was the undisturbed solidity of the ship. Even at this awkward angle the deck underfoot was firm as rock; the steel walls, white-painted, the windows, the heavy doors, looked strong and normal enough.

Mr. Eberly had all the passengers on deck now; the women and children in one compact group forward, ready for the boats which he presumed would be first down. At the after-rail, by the closed stairs, Mr. Sheedy waited, holding frankly an iron stanchion. He was watching the big Negroes of the black gang, who had either come up anyway or been sent up. They gathered sullen, restless but impotent, about the hatch covers. They hadn't yet made any real movement to approach the promenade-deck. Mr. Eberly, moving with the aid of lines that he had rigged himself, passed up and down watching everybody; the groups of men smoking with affected calm; the confused herd of women where occasionally a child cried. He told them—he was careful not to do it too often—that there was absolutely no danger, and it was fine to see how they behaved; resigned, patient, doing exactly as they were asked. He had directed them to dress as warmly as possible, and he made sure that they had their ludicrous, bulky life-belts on properly. Some of them managed to regard their appearance as amusing, and fortunately they were too ignorant to make any protest about a delay which Mr. Eberly himself found inexplicable, nerve-wracking. Once he went inside with unhurried calm, waited a few minutes, and came out. "Assistance alongside in about an hour," he announced, with the well-sustained implication that he had been to the wireless-room.

Mr. Sheedy occasionally said, addressing the invisible deck aft: "Take your foot off the ladder, nigger, or you'll get a broken head." Then there was a faint stir, lasting only a minute; a slight acknowledgment of this obvious hint that some other people were not quite so calm. But they all knew, they had read or been told plenty of times, that the one real danger in matters like this was simply panic. Certainly they could see no other, now that they were used to the ship's position. They believed that men who understood the situation were doing everything possible to get them off quickly and safely; they had, in fact, nothing to worry about so long as they stayed quiet and did what Mr. Eberly directed them to do.

"Everything," asserted Mr. Eberly, who was still trying to explain to himself why Mr. Driscoll wasted so much time on the starboard boats, when it would have seemed fairly simple to Mr. Eberly to let go the port ones, "is all right."

Driven by his consuming anxiety, he finally did find a reason. The captain must consider it wiser to try to get off as many of the starboard boats as they could first. The port ones might be handled somewhat more expeditiously if later it proved that they were pressed for time. The idea, he told himself, had much to be said for it. He was heartened, too, by the indication it gave of confidence on the bridge that they would float a long while. With the impassivity of good discipline he refrained from sending above to make inquiries which could only be useless and ridiculous. "Try to be patient just a little longer," he requested earnestly. "I know this isn't very comfortable, but there's no danger. The sun," he added with a sort of cheerfulness, "will be out in a minute."

From the well-deck forward Anthony could see Captain Clendening's stubborn, hatless white head against the sky. It was the one human detail in the confusion of the *San Pedro's* superstructure. Insistently under Anthony's eyes the Negroes crouched against the cased automobiles. Their wide feet clung like stunted hands to the rivets of the deck-plates. Cords bulged out of their black necks; sweat trickled flashing under the wool on their skulls. Their enormous paws locked over levers; black hills of muscle humped across their straining shoulders; their eyes rolled white, their thick lips contracted.

Anthony looked at them through a fluctuating reddish mist. Weariness tightened his throat in rhythmic cramping retches. He would have spewed out his empty stomach if he could. Both his hands he had to keep behind him so he would not break an hysterical

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fist on the black stencil of an Indian's head, outstanding with the maker's name on the side of the case.

After a while he realized that men and muscle couldn't do it. They would never get that case over the side. It must be wedged. He cupped his raw hands and screamed to the bridge: "Let me go below and make MacGillivray give me steam on the winches, sir!"

He couldn't tell whether Captain Clendening heard him, whether the old man could hear anything, or understand if he did hear. The white head, stubbornly held up, wagged a little.

Anthony turned. "Drop that. Get up number two starboard boom—" There was no one, he saw, to whom he could safely delegate authority if he wanted intelligent action, but he picked out one of them finally. "You," he said, "stand by to let in the valves. We'll get steam."

At the end, the Negro called Packy released his lever. His big hands pulled it out. One moment he poised on the tilted deck, his head sunk, his black jaw swung out. Water raced up to his feet; his shoulders balanced. The steel bar drove like a battering-ram into the Indian's stencilled profile. Anthony wiped his forehead. His voice was thin as water. "Lay off that, nigger!"

The wood had splintered at the terrible impact. Pallid sunshine from the aching white sky with the washed clouds moving fell through the broken boards, winked on nickel, on smooth cream-colored enamel. That's an expensive car we're throwing away, thought Anthony.

He had removed his shoes to stand more securely. His feet, cold and wet in his torn socks, gave him a good grip on the slanting deck. The echo of the steel door closed behind him, and he forced himself to trot through the water in the alleyway. It caught his ankles and splashed at his knees; his unprotected heels falling hit his spine sickening jolts.

Under a raw, thin fog of vapor the engine-room depths formed an infernal swimming-pool. Like monster green hogsheads the turbine cases rose in a fantastic steel swamp. Incredible vegetation flowered; white piping; flattened-out layers of openwork footways. Stairs edged with brass rail plunged down, leading nowhere. Heavy tanks; pistons in a stiff paralysis of the final failure of almost all the auxiliary systems; transparent oil-cups with the oil at an angle in them; everything seemed to have changed places in a mechanical anarchy. Below, water moved about regularly, swaying to the sluggish roll. The engine-room shaft echoed like a sea cave. Choking with a hundred tons of brine in their throats the pumps groaned up to Anthony. Electric lights fluctuated, winked on the dirty sliding surface, steadied as the *San Pedro* came back. Anthony stumbled down the iron slant of the ladder.

There was Mr. MacGillivray. He had the fire-room door tied back, and the lock-door beyond fastened, too. He braced himself between them, his eyes on the indicator dials and the bridge signal. Sometimes the water came almost to his waist. Vapor slipped out steadily above his head, licking the upper jamb. Anthony missed a step, scraped his shin open, saw the bright blood run on his foot before he landed in the water. "Chief!"

Mr. MacGillivray snatched his arm. Anthony shouted above the catch and gasp of the pumps: "I've got to have steam."

Mr. MacGillivray's hanging cheeks were set into a cold calm. Unavoidably retreating, he had lost almost everything, but bitterly, step by step, he gave way in grim good order, contesting each point with the invading ocean. His obdurate old face was wary, undismayed. Anthony asked: "How much steam have you got, chief?"

Mr. MacGillivray's eyes came down from the dials. "Eighty pounds!" he shouted. "The centre boiler's just gone. Listen to it!"

Over came the *San Pedro,* heavy and deliberate, rushing water into the hot fire-box. It sounded like the crash of thin metal sheets. The outlet valves whistled harder in the darkness. Mr. MacGillivray shook his finger at the fire-room. "To their necks, some of them," he roared. "We can't stay much longer."

Anthony swayed against him, looking through. A naked black back with prodigious arms bent to ease down a coal-bucket. Water swayed toward its armpits. In the upper corner a door came wide, and violent yellow light spurted in shattered columns across the liquid surface. A great shadow moved; coal crashed in, iron rang on iron, and the light went out. Up came a white back this time, another bucket.

"Electricity gone there!" roared the chief. "Go everywhere in a minute. Tell the old man. The telephone doesn't work."

The black figure with the dangling arms waded past. His face, his conical skull swayed into the light; he grinned; he swung his apelike arm and wagged the hand up and down. A faint boom-boom came from his

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chest. "Home," he moaned, "knock on the door. . . ."

"My God," said Anthony, shocked, "he's singing."

"Sure! He's crazy!" shouted Mr. MacGillivray. "No one who wasn't crazy would be here. He's the only nigger left."

Anthony swallowed. "Give me pressure on a winch, chief. I got to get some cases over."

MacGillivray stared at him, open-mouthed. He laid a hand on his shoulder and shook him. "Not do you any good. You can't use your booms in this list. Tie 'em down before you hurt some one."

"I can try," Anthony said, "I got to——"

"You cannot!" bellowed MacGillivray, his amazement melted in anger. "Hell and damnation, where are your brains, boy? You aren't at dock! Did the old man put that up to you?"

"Maybe I can work it," protested Anthony. "We've got to get those motors off. We——"

"Never mind them. You go up and find my fire-room crew. Tell the old man I got to have my men back." He shook Anthony's arm with a sort of fury: "Tell him they left. Tell him I got my engineers firing. Tell him if he wants to float to make those niggers come back here. Tell the old man we can't keep steam—tell him to come the hell down here himself!"

"He can't," shouted Anthony. "He's sick. He hasn't been to bed since Saturday night. What do you expect?"

"He's got no business to be sick," yelled MacGillivray. "Tell him I said so. Tell him we're foundering. Don't he give a damn? Don't he know we could capsize any minute? He'd lose every soul aboard. Just like that!" Mr. MacGillivray's loose fingers snapped soundless in the uproar. "Isn't he getting his passengers off?"

"We're doing everything we can," said Anthony. "We——"

"You are like hell!" roared MacGillivray. "Who's in command? The old man? He's dead to the world. Had him on the phone an hour ago and he didn't know what he was talking about! Why don't Driscoll take over? Why don't you take over? Are you so damn dumb you think you're going to float forever?"

"He's the master on this vessel," said Anthony. "As long as he's on the bridge giving orders, in the deck department we obey them. When we're ordered to abandon, we'll abandon. Meanwhile we keep our mouths shut."

Mr. MacGillivray stared at him. Then he spat hard into the dirty water in front of Anthony. "Get out of here, brat! Take your play-acting up-stairs! Believe me, if I was a sailor, I'd rather be drowned than have to tell people afterward what I was doing all morning. Jesus, I hope some of you get off alive!"

Anthony turned, but Mr. MacGillivray caught his shoulder suddenly. "Listen," he roared. "Tell the old man! Get it into him! Ask what he's doing with four hundred human beings somebody's going to want from us afterward. Tell him for Christ's sake use his head——"

Miro, still on the bridge, waiting for any further orders Captain Clendening might have, could not imagine what the men on the well-deck forward had in mind. He watched them release a boom from its cradle. Then they stood a moment, apparently arguing. Then with a sort of feverish violence, they scrambled above, all laid hold on the cable, and struggling hard brought the boom up, jerk by jerk. It tilted, staggered, mounted uncertain toward the perpendicular. What must surely be the idiocy of this performance did not surprise Miro so much as the energy with which they went about it. They might, of course, be contemplating something which he did not understand, but he noted that Mr. Bradell was absent, and it seemed more likely that they were acting on their own initiative.

Not speaking, for he knew that the captain would not hear him, he came close and pointed insistently until Captain Clendening looked. There was a long silence, and suddenly the captain, shaking his head a little, roared out: "On the fo'castle! Down that boom! What the devil is going on?"

Below, they wavered. Black faces turned. Out of the concealment of the deck-house under them came Mr. Bradell now, and he, too, turned. The boom hovered in a broken semi-circle, balanced dizzily, went into a drunken side movement.

"Look alive, sir!" screamed Miro.

The boom, released, came too fast. With a blind, inert precision it swung farther left; the iron-sheathed timber struck like a well-directed club out of the anonymous skies. It knocked Mr. Bradell's poised figure ten feet into the scuppers. Up to them came the final crash of the demolished cradle.

Captain Clendening opened his mouth and shut it. He shook his head and said: "Quartermaster?"

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"Yes, sir," said Miro.

"Who was that?"

"Mr. Bradell, sir."

"Bradell," said Captain Clendening. "Bradell." He turned his head, continuing sharp and clearer: "Quartermaster."

"Yes, sir," said Miro, whiter.

"See about him." Captain Clendening's mustache worked stiffly. "Don't report back here. If he's alive, get him into a boat. Don't come back here. Get him away, get him off this ship. We're foundering."

"Yes, sir."

Left alone, Captain Clendening was quietly aware of death like a man beside him. He thought of his lungs, bursting with sea water, a final agony of suffocation. This his body recoiled from, his gullet tightened, bitter saliva filling his mouth. He looked about carefully, as though there might be somewhere he could go; but it was a minute, never-completed gesture, for a habit of thought, an automatic pride, interrupted him. He was exposed, on the bridge; people could see him. The sluggish hammering of his heart, too large now for his chest, he could not control, but that was hidden. He knew perfectly how he had to die, and they did, too. He wished that they might for a moment face it; he would like to know —he was distracted, not ironic—if death would still seem so proper, so necessary, to them.

There his acuter senses broke down self-defensively. An anæsthetic of poorer comprehension, a sort of mental stupor took off the momentary keen edge, veiled the face and fear of death. Deliberately, his hands heavy and inaccurate, he buttoned his bridge coat, tugged it into place. He made some motions to smooth the wrinkles from the sleeves, brushing the gold braid. After several uncertain efforts he picked up his uniform cap, and this, too, he brushed off, hitting it with his numb hand once or twice. Then he put it carefully on his head, brought the visor down, a stiff, somehow heartening, line across his vision. He stood as straight as he could, supporting himself when necessary on the rail, hoping it would be quick.

From the southeast the sea was travelling in long swells. Miro, braced against the backboard of boat ten, supported Mr. Bradell between his knees. He did not know what time it was; he had somehow smashed his good watch; the glass was gone and the hands snapped off; there was sea water in it and some blood from Mr. Bradell's broken head. They had more than thirty Negroes on board, and this, Miro recognized, was shameful, but he could not prevent it while he had Mr. Bradell to look out for, and he told himself that if they had been the first to cut loose, he had orders to get away. Many of the other boats had been filled; one, he saw—and it frightened him more than anything else—was entirely filled with women and children. He tried to call Mr. Fenton's attention to the fact that there was no one in it capable of managing it. What would they do? Mr. Fenton paid no attention to him, and the men in number ten, mutinous at the delay, pushed off; with great difficulty got clear. Miro hoped that it might at least set the others an example; that they wouldn't wait any longer for an order to abandon. Otherwise, he understood, they might sink where they were, boats still attached, many people still on deck.

Mr. Bradell moved between his knees and Miro was seized with distress and consternation, for it occurred to him that now Mr. Bradell would realize that number ten had deliberately drawn off, leaving hundreds of people in danger of death. He said at once: "Captain's orders to abandon, sir."

Anthony's face had fallen apart, but it was bound up fairly well with bandages and a hard web of pain. Not knowing how he got where he was, where he had been, nor for how long, Anthony made an effort to learn the time, but the left arm with his wrist-watch he found to be no longer subject to his control. Pain of light on his eyes made him look up, and by the thin sun hung above him in the white sky he knew that it was close to noon. The boat, riding roughly, passed up a mound of water and let him see, amazed, the *San Pedro*.

He was stupefied by this sight. He had seen the *San Pedro* too often; he recognized at once that this view of her was a dream. It was impossible, it would be fatal, for her to remain like that. Here was no matter ballast-tanks could correct—her list was mortal, and at once he heard a low voice saying: *"But you do not float quite level. . . ."*

He started to make a movement, to arise; and hands were instantly on him, holding him. Blood came into his mouth. A scalding void complemented his body, filling out the electric emptiness where half his face and all his shoulder should have been. Waves of heat overpowered him—so strong that with them

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came the imaginary smell of hot oil, the roar of the engine-room shaft, while at his side, in a shabby black overcoat, he saw the author of that low voice, insistent, plucking at him: *"But you do not float . . ."*

This, he knew, was entirely false; he saw, actually, nothing but the men forward, the gunwales, the mounting green water, literal things in a spinning blur of fever and pain—yet, in a way, Doctor Percival remained; the fleshless face was steady and close, brooding on them. Seeing thus, while not seeing, he smelt stronger than salt and blood the warmed sweetness of patchouli; he was aware of the dark, despairing blue of her eyes, the frail flippancy of her voice like a veil drawn decently over her unspeakable desire to live.

Then, violently, without escape, he knew that this was real, not a dream. The *San Pedro* was really there; the ocean was in her; the sea smothered her tremendous engines, choked up every passage and part of her; swamped into silence the marvellous elaboration of her machines, quenched all her lights, and would in a moment drag her down like any broken metal, while the water did away quickly with everything that breathed aboard her. The boat brought him up again, and, cold as he had been hot, he saw once more the *San Pedro.*

Just adequately the *San Pedro* met each swell; no wasted effort. She lay on her port side, down by the head, and took her terrible rest while the mounds of water pillowed her and washed her quietly. Like the disarray of weariness, starboard davits on the top deck dangled out trailing ropes, suspended white boats unevenly. Expiring wisps of steam broke in curls from her flanks. She had a screw clear, pinned like a mighty metal flower on the slim cone of the starboard bracket.

There she lay in a motionless lethargy, and then without pause or warning, she went. The shooting swell rose in a hill, came quite over her bows. Her funnel inclined; water poured freely into it, into the high hoods of her ventilators. Deep in her, a hidden drum boom-boomed. Like a pool, the dark gully of her promenade-deck filled forward; steam mounted in columns through her coal-hatches. A great metallic sigh, a six-hundred-foot shudder—why hadn't her boilers blown, lifted thunderous through her exhausted sides?—she was going home, going to some deep sleep. The waters folded over her tumultuously—air, steam, the great chords booming in her hull. . . .

There remained Anthony, harassed by great pain, the boat under him, Miro behind him, the black men with the oars; if there were other boats, he could not see them. Only, overhead, the vast sky, pale and white, all around the infinite empty ocean.

Next month's short novel is by an American writer, from whom the literary world has been expecting a major work for some time. Here it is, and it predicts a brilliant future. A story quite different in content and technic from "S. S. San Pedro," a story dealing with an important phase of American life.

"MANY THOUSANDS GONE"

by

JOHN PEALE BISHOP

complete in the September SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

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Behind the Scenes

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS NUMBER

THE first candidate for the $5,000 prize in the long short-story contest makes his bow in this issue. James Gould Cozzens's story emerges richly out of the first flush of contest manuscripts, handled with sure strength and vigor. His first literary effort was an article published by *The Atlantic Monthly* when Cozzens was sixteen. He is only twenty-six now, and has four books to his credit: "Confusion," published during his sophomore year at Harvard; "Michael Scarlett," an Elizabethan tale; "Cockpit," and "The Son of Perdition," the result of a year spent in Cuba. "S. S. San Pedro" exhibits in a gratifying manner the excellence of this literary form which seems to us to have so many possibilities.

Harvey Fergusson is a native of Albuquerque, and the grandson of Franz Huning, a pioneer who fought the Indians to reach New Mexico. The background and feel of the strange romantic American Southwest is possessed by Fergusson as by few men. After several years as a forest ranger, he came East to be a Washington correspondent and ended by being a novelist. "Footloose McGarnigal" is his latest book, and he is now at work on a history of the Rio Grande country. At the moment he is in Albuquerque for the summer, probably alone in the mountains with a pack-horse, as is his custom.

Eugene Gordon, on the editorial staff of the Boston *Daily Post* for the past eleven years, is well known among readers of Negro publications for his satirical articles and essays about all sorts of things, but principally about colored folk. He has contributed to all the leading Negro newspapers and magazines, and to such periodicals as *Plain Talk, The American Mercury,* and the *Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science.*

Conrad Aiken has for many years received the highest praise of poets and critics, but the "yea-loving public" has been frightened away from his themes of negation, both in his poetry and prose. But this year his volume of "Selected Poems," which the House of Scribner published last November, was awarded the Pulitzer Prize for poetry, a mark of approval highly acceptable to the public. He is working on a new novel at his home in Cambridge, and a volume, "John Deth and Other Poems," will be published by Charles Scribner's Sons this fall. Apropos of the Pulitzer awards, it is with poorly concealed modesty that we refer to Oliver La Farge, author of the Pulitzer Prize novel, whose first articles and stories appeared in this magazine, and to Thomas Wolfe, who received honorable mention for the same award. His first story also appeared in SCRIBNER'S. "Dangerous Man" by Mr. La Farge was published in our June number.

Ministers to the right and the left . . . Ware W. Wimberly, an Iowa parson, is the son of a Presbyterian minister, and has four older brothers in the ministry. Born in Nebraska, he was educated at the University of Nebraska and the Presbyterian Theological Seminary of Chicago, which granted him a degree in 1927. His articles have appeared in the *Christian Century* and lesser religious papers.

Lewis Mumford, distinguished American critic, author of such books as "The Golden Day" and "Herman Melville," will continue his work of making America aware of itself in a series of articles which this magazine will publish next winter, articles on the creative minds of the seventies and eighties, the Gilded Age. "They will show the continuity of a humane tradition in America." In order to remove once and for all that "quaint notion" that Mr. Mumford is an architect, we are instructed to say that since his first story was published, more than fifteen years ago, he has never been anything but a writer. Besides, "architects all write badly."

Mark Van Doren, editor of "An Autobiography of America" and "The Anthology of World Poetry," is now on his farm in Cornwall, Conn., producing not corn but a long poem, to be called "Jonathan Gentry," which will be published in the fall. A fourth volume of short poems, "The Perilous Path," will appear next spring.

It was just two years ago that SCRIBNER'S first published the stories of the young Irish Canadian,

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Morley Callaghan, of Toronto. They were received with acclaim. Since then his short stories have been collected under the title, "A Native Argosy," and two novels have appeared, "In His Own Country" and "It's Never Over," a war novel published this spring. It is a queer gathering of the clan in this issue when Ernest Hemingway, Lewis Mumford, and Morley Callaghan appear in the same issue. It was Ernest Hemingway who searched out the young Callaghan, carefully nursed his faith in himself, and offered criticism when others were scarcely aware of his existence. It was in "The American Caravan," one of whose authors is Lewis Mumford, that Callaghan's story appeared which attracted the SCRIBNER editorial eye to such ultimate mutual advantage.

Ernest Hemingway's "A Farewell to Arms" is still rolling in impressive echoes throughout America. "Wine of Wyoming," in this issue, is his first story since the novel, which ran serially in SCRIBNER'S last summer, to be banned, to be lauded, to be read avidly. The present story combines Hemingway's favorite characters, the French bourgeoisie, with his favorite background, the West. A whole school of writing has sprung up in the name of Hemingway. After spending the winter in Europe he returned to America in April and is fishing in Florida at the present writing.

When there is no major war on and no excitement which might need the Marines and no editor at the other end of the U. S. Mails demanding more copy, Captain John W. Thomason goes duck-hunting. It is his favorite activity. He is as positive of this as he is that he has no message for mankind. He soldiers. He hunts. And he does some drawing, which he finds easier than writing. However, hard writing makes easy reading, according to the old adage, and his readers find it that way exactly. His life of Jeb Stuart has made a profound impression.

Arthur Guiterman, versatile New York poet, has recently published his fourteenth volume of verse, "Song and Laughter."

When a hand-writing expert told Mrs. Nina S. Merrill that she had creative writing ability, she promptly wrote this poem, "Biography," and another, sold them immediately, and has not tried to sell anything since. She and her family, "a husky husband and a wonderful eleven-year-old son," live in Larchmont, N. Y.

Huron City, Mich., has just completed an addition to its church which doubles the seating capacity, making it 1,000. This is to accommodate the crowds that are attracted by William Lyon Phelps, who preaches there during the summer.

Robert E. Sherwood has taken a house in London for the summer and intends to work very hard on a novel that was started some time ago, but which was delayed by "Waterloo Bridge," the monthly preparation of "Literary Sign-Posts" (which he will continue from London), and a few other details.

What You Think About It

WITH the great Battle of Humanism suddenly moribund (due either to the humidity or to the famous debate in Carnegie Hall), the companion conflict of Science goes merrily on. "The Threat of Science" by Dean Gauss in May SCRIBNER'S stirred up things in great shape. In addition to the comment we received, Dean Gauss heard from many important figures in the educational world.

Science—for or against—is getting to be one of those topics upon which you can start a riot at the slightest provocation. This adds to the gaiety of life and we are in favor of it, but on a warm day like this we often are stricken with a feeling that in adding to the uproar of the Science battle we are not doing right by our friend, the postman. However, the show must go on, broken hearts and broken backs or not. The Newark *Call* editorializes as follows:

> Science is riding high in the saddle these days, and few there are, except champions of orthodox religions, who dare to challenge its supremacy. One of these few, however, is Christian Gauss, dean of the college at Princeton, a learned, broad-minded man and inspiring teacher, who contributes to the current issue of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE a forceful reply to a previous article by Dr. Millikan, president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science and winner of the Nobel Prize.
>
> Not daunted by the fame of his adversary, Dean Gauss minces no words in striking at scientific pretensions, either those of Dr. Millikan or others. He begins by reminding

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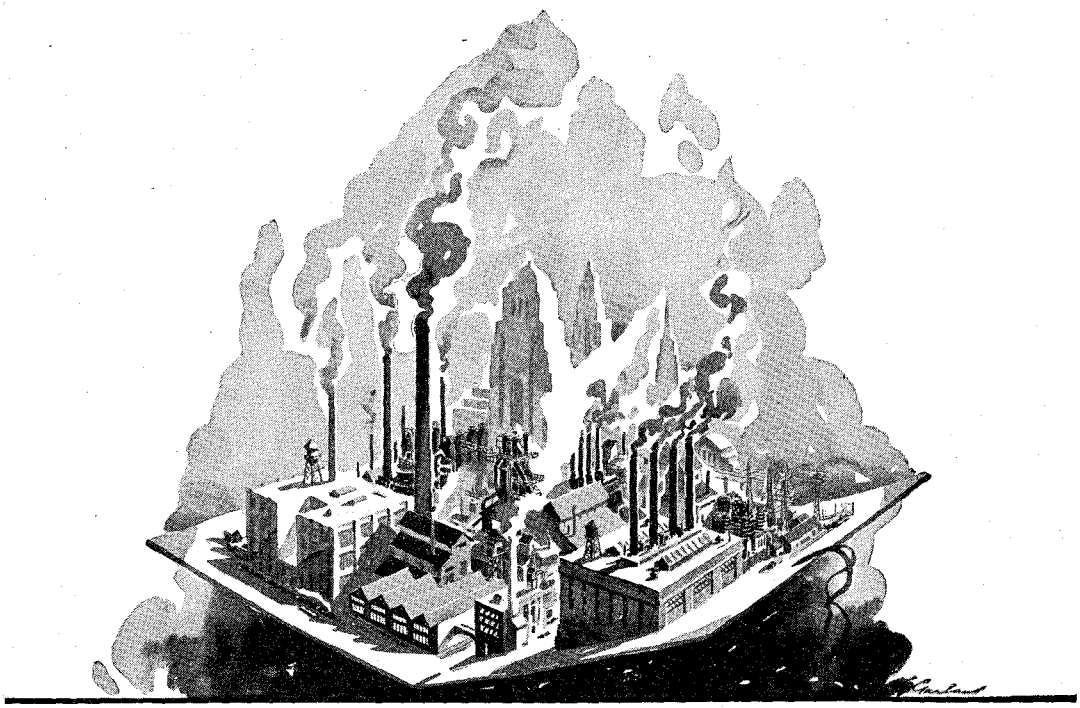

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(Continued from page 26)

us that "there is a wide-spread belief fostered occasionally by scientists themselves that if we will but allow science fullest freedom it will eventually make us all healthy and wealthy and wise." The Princeton dean has no doubt "that up to a certain point" science can make us healthy and wealthy. He refuses, however, to accept Dr. Millikan's dictum that the growth of science is synonymous with "the growth of man's understanding of his world and hence his ability to live wisely in it."

After quoting the renowned scientist Mr. Eddington to the effect that really modern science is amazingly young, dating only from 1917, and being thus less than fourteen years old, the Princeton dean argues that science cannot be made a guide for civilization because "a social system or code of morals cannot be changed as rapidly as this . . . because they are far more central to civilization than any purely scientific conceptions."

Dr. Millikan may be right and Dean Gauss wrong, but at any rate this magazine article, which is ominously captioned "The Threat of Science," will be welcomed by philosophers and scholars who still refuse to bend the knee to lordly science. Unfortunately, it also will be welcomed by misguided fundamentalists and others who want to stifle all scientific progress. No one familiar with the Princeton dean would think of attributing that motive to him.

Phillips B. Freer, of Lynchburg College, Virginia, points out that Dean Gauss does not mention "one of our greatest sciences: psychology." Mr. Freer writes in part:

Philosophy, I believe, is the one thing which will help man to a better understanding of himself, and what is philosophy but the correlation of the various sciences. . . . It is admitted that Washington, Christ, Socrates lived wisely without the aid of modern science, but would any of these characters have spurned science if they lived now? . . . Mr. Gauss says that science alone cannot save civilization. Probably true, but I believe science will do more towards saving civilization than any other one thing. Civilization will be saved only by an understanding of what destroys civilization. . . . Will not science bring about this understanding?

The Boston *Post* said:

Dean Gauss sees the power of 50,000 horses put into the hand of a single workman as it presses a button. He sees a small group controlling the machinery that now brings life in the shape of pure water or light or food to vast communities. He does not see a corresponding quickening of moral or religious sense. He would have us, and rightly, work for human ends as tirelessly and as effectively as have the inventors of poison gas bombs and long distance power transmission.

His plea is sane enough but the ways of progress are inscrutable. The very effectiveness of the poison gas bomb may destroy war itself. The high tension lines striding over our countryside seem to herald a new era of more wholesome and clear living for human beings. Perhaps Dean Gauss is a little over-anxious.

The Memphis *Commercial-Appeal* was entirely on the side of Dean Gauss:

Dean Gauss's article is especially powerful and timely. It is a specific and practically overwhelming answer to the rather lame defense of Dr. Millikan in a preceding number of the same magazine.

J. E. B. STUART—HERO

The dashing tale of Jeb Stuart has met with enthusiastic praise from all sides. We have read the instalments which are to come and have no hesitancy in saying that they constitute military writing at its best and most engrossing. The rare combination of a military man who is at the same time a literary artist of distinction is almost too good to be true, but Captain Thomason is exactly that.

The Houston *Chronicle* is happy that one American hero at least is going to escape the tar bucket which has besmirched so many of our idols in late years:

"A Fighter's Biography," SCRIBNER'S labels Captain John W. Thomason's story of the famous Confederate cavalry leader in the current issue of that magazine. In an age when debunking critics have gone the limit in delving a dirty spade into the muck and shoveling it onto the graves of great men, the former Houstonian is doing a splendid thing in accurately portraying the great Virginian as he really was, a veritable beau sabreur and ideal leader of men.

This Thomason was something of a fighter himself, as those who have read that epic of the world war, "Fix Bayonets," can testify. "I sat at the feet of the old men," says the Texan, "and learned about the great and knightly figures of the old South." And deftly he tells the story of James Ewell Brown Stuart, dashing and debonair, but with the moody mysticism of the Scot cropping out, the young and gallant cavalier of the Confederacy who wore red roses in his gray jacket when roses were in bloom and a red ribbon love-knot when they were out of season; who galloped far and wide over the Virginia countryside, whether to battle or to the ball, the faithful Sweeny ever at his side with banjo always ready.

Of Stuart, Thomason has well said, "His religion and his God were part of his daily life." Because of that, Sweeny's banjo played "Rock of Ages." And perhaps because of it, the cavalry headquarters of the army of Northern Virginia was rumless. For neither Stuart nor his close companions needed stimulant. The leader loved life, the followers loved their leader. It is a curious and amazing thing, this highly spiritual quality so often given to men of war. Jeb Stuart had it, also Stonewall Jackson, not forgetting Ferdinand Foch.

But reading the story of "Beauty" Stuart and the men who followed him and loved him and died for and with him, we realize as never before that seldom indeed do red roses grow in the mud.

Like the British officers in "Journey's End," Jeb Stuart is a symbol, an almost impossible ideal, the man we each would like to be in war—or peace.

WOMAN'S PRIVILEGES

Elizabeth Onativia's article on the desire of women to have their privileges rather than their rights didn't strike a responsive chord in several breasts. Helen F. Price, of the Johnstown (Pa.) *Democrat,* wrote:

Women may go back to the home but never to the kitchen, and only if the home can provide them with more comforts than they can earn themselves. No woman living wouldn't rather be kept well than work, but she'd

(Continued on page 30)

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Perils of SEQUELAE

Send this coupon today

Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. Dept. 830-S
1 Madison Ave., New York City.

Please send free booklet (or booklets) checked below:

- ☐ Diphtheria
- ☐ Typhoid Fever
- ☐ Scarlet Fever
- ☐ Tonsils and Adenoids
- ☐ Whooping Cough
- ☐ Measles
- ☐ Rheumatism
- ☐ Colds

Name .....

Street Address .....

City ..... State .....

"SEQUELAE" (seh-kweé-lee) is the doctor's word for the whole range of consequences and serious complications following certain illnesses. Weakened hearts, kidneys, lungs, defective hearing or eyesight and other physical impairments may be the Sequelae of many diseases.

There is a homely old expression, "not out of the woods yet", which fairly describes the condition of a patient who has successfully passed the crisis of a serious illness.

Your doctor will tell you that sometimes the Sequelae, or after-effects, are more to be dreaded than the disease from which you are apparently recovering. Don't think him an alarmist if his orders are strict about not getting up from bed too soon, or if he makes a thorough physical examination after you think you are entirely well.

COLDS break ground for pneumonia, influenza, or tuberculosis. Deafness, sinus infection, or chronic rheumatism, or a weakened heart may follow an ordinary cold.

TYPHOID FEVER leaves the patient more susceptible to other diseases and sometimes affects the heart and gall-bladder.

DIPHTHERIA may injure the heart or cause paralysis.

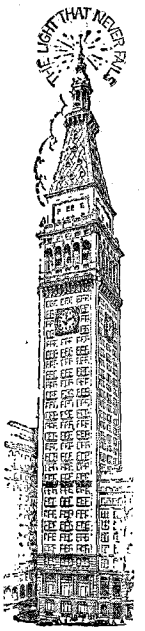
MEASLES may be followed by pneumonia, kidney trouble, loss of sight or hearing.

WHOOPING COUGH may be followed by pneumonia or tuberculosis.

TONSILAR INFECTION may be followed by rheumatic fever or heart trouble.

SCARLET FEVER may affect the heart, kidneys or ears.

RHEUMATIC FEVER often seriously injures the heart.



The Metropolitan health booklets tell in plain language how some of the Sequelae of diseases may be avoided. If anyone in your family is suffering or recovering from one of the diseases which may leave serious after-effects, send for the Metropolitan's booklet concerning it and learn just what you should know about the possible Sequelae. Address Booklet Dept. 830-S and name the booklet you want. It will be mailed free.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT ~ ~ ~ ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

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(Continued from page 28)

rather work than go back to the drab existence of thinking only of her husband's stomach. . . . The author speaks of the wife who prepares the meal and then fixes herself up to look pretty and dainty and feminine . . . the ideal wife. . . . How does she do it? Food must either be served hot or not at all. . . . How does she keep so dainty over a hot stove. . . . And after she gets prettied up to serve the meal—does she have to go take off her nice things to wash up the dishes?

Mrs. Walter Ferguson of the Scripps-Howard chain of papers wrote:

A great many of these youngsters who are the beneficiaries of the woman's rights movement just take their blessings as a matter of course. Somebody else sowed while they reap the harvest. And their imaginations are too limited to picture a time when custom and law could prevent them from doing just about as they pleased.

It is true, I believe, that many girls are weary of the things that were supposed to contribute not only to woman's freedom but her happiness. Earning a living, for instance, is sometimes a tough job, while the kick has gone out of voting.

It is to be hoped, of course, that Miss 1930 will trek back home. But let us remember this:—Having women go into the kitchen because they definitely prefer the kitchen is far better for a peaceful home atmosphere than compelling them to remain there against their wishes.

It is quite absurd to say that the attaining of the rights women now possess has not benefitted women. And it has, I am convinced, also benefitted men, and the world at large. There is no need to assume that what one woman wishes all other women also desire.

When Miss 1930 has lived a bit longer she will understand that one of the things for which the sneered-at suffragist battled was the right of every woman to fashion her life to suit herself, in so far as it is humanly possible. The right to stay in the kitchen is as important as the right to leave it.

SOLITUDE FOR CHILDREN

Margaret Emerson Bailey's "Midnight Thinking" found many friends. We had several warm comments from mothers who did not wish their letters used, and other comment from newspapers.

Alice M. Hilliard, 30 Ingalls Terrace, Swampscott, Mass., wrote:

As a teacher of many years' experience who believes that virtue still exists in the old methods of education, I cannot but be encouraged by the stand taken by Miss Bailey, by Dr. Stearns of Andover, by Professor Rogers of Technology, and by others who are not afraid to express an honest opinion, even though it be critical of the "New."

Not long ago I heard of a speaker at a meeting of school officials whose address contained words to this effect:—"Life is pleasant, Life is social, Life is beautiful, therefore we must make the child's education pleasant, social, and beautiful." Very good—but the speaker did not use the one adjective that an intelligent adult will acknowledge to be descriptive of the common factor in most lives. The gentleman did not say, "Life is difficult, therefore we must develop in our children the strength and ability to overcome difficulties."

A newly elected member of a school board once visited a primary room which was under a "modern method" teacher. He came out dazed. Later in a shocked voice he said: "They were all doing as they pleased and I thought it was recess!"

How would it do to leaven all our methods of education with the yeast of good old-fashioned common sense?

COMMENT

The invitation extended to brick-bats in these columns in March has not been the success we hoped for. With that queer perversity which is said—by foreigners—to characterize us as a people, the derogation we pleaded for has been counter-balanced by the praise. We feel quite miserable about this, and may try again at a later day. However, there were a few vehement ones which came up to our expectations.

Joseph Kinsey Howard, of Great Falls, Montana, disapproved of the Magazine in a fine, denunciatory manner which quite won us:

You see, I do not want SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE. In fact, I do not want it so badly that I have sacrificed a five-dollar bill which in a moment of weakness I gave to a charming young lady who is working her way through college. I hope she is getting good marks and spending her commissions honestly.

Then, too, your charming sales letters have almost swayed my decision—but not quite. For the last several months, all I had read in SCRIBNER'S had been William Lyon Phelps (and it really does hurt to lose that good friend), and the Fifth Avenue section. I am only a young newspaper editor, and I am not infallible, but it seems to me that the ancient and honorable House of Scribner has sold itself for a mess of claptrap. Morley Callaghan was a terrible blow, but Ernest Hemingway was fatal.

It was because I thought that SCRIBNER'S would be the last to go over to the rampant moderns that I subscribed in the first place, several years ago. There are other writers: Romain Rolland, Priestley, Bennett, Williamson, Ford Madox Ford. . . .

I. M. Wray of Brooklyn, N. Y., Nettie-Shreve-Bayman of Seattle, Wash., and C. H. McGraves, of Denver, were of the same opinion as Mr. Howard. Grace F. Shephard of Wheaton College, Norton, Mass., wrote:

I tell you frankly that the tone of some of the papers is extremely disagreeable to me and that I could not think of introducing SCRIBNER'S into my class room.

ALAS, POOR MODESTY!

But in contrast to that we have the words of the Boston *Transcript,* published in its issue of March 29:

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE is today far and away the best of the monthlies. For it is the most rounded, the most up-to-date, and the most satisfying.

And, among many others, we have this academic word from Paul H. Bixler, of Western Reserve University, Cleveland:

I used to think . . . was America's leading monthly magazine. But after ten years' rather close attention to the field I believe no single issue of any magazine I have read comes up to your May number. It's got me writing notes to my friends.

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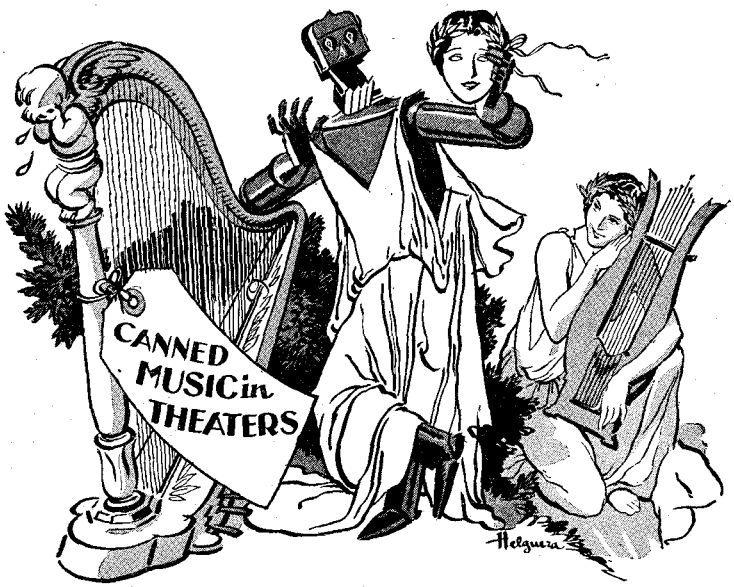
Is the Robot Fooling YOU?



The Paris correspondent of "VARIETY" reports:

"The music-wise Continentals object violently to mechanical music (in the theatre)."

WHAT, then, if Europeans thus prove their "music-wisdom," are we North Americans supposed to be, that we are asked to accept mechanical music —and **mechanical music** only—in the theatre? Unmusical, perhaps?

Well, millions of theatre patrons have rejected that characterization by joining the Music Defense League. They mean that they want Real Music, not Canned Music exclusively, in the theatre.

If you value the Art of Music, you, too, should be numbered among the "music-wise." Just sign and mail the coupon at the left.

American Federation of Musicians S-8
1440 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Without further obligation on my part, please enroll my name in the Music Defense League as one who is opposed to the elimination of Living Music from the Theatre.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

The American Federation of Musicians

(Comprising 140,000 professional musicians in the United States and Canada)

JOSEPH N. WEBER, *President*, 1440 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

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Wall Street is now as fearful as it was once hopeful — and with as little reason. Mr. Harman shows that the signs of relief are contained in the very circumstances which now depress both brokers and stock-buying public.

How We Come Out of a Slump

BY S. PALMER HARMAN

SHORTLY after the collapse of prices on the Stock Exchange last November a curious and cheering thing was noted in Wall Street. The number of stockholders of our leading corporations began to mount. General Motors, United States Steel, public utilities and other great companies added thousands of names to the lists of those who own their stocks.

"Odd-lot buying for cash," was Wall Street's comment. "They are taking the stocks out of the Street in lots of ten to fifty shares. Surely, the public can't be wrong."

It was, in fact, an impressive exhibition of faith in the industrial future of the country, yet there is a certain irony in the idea that public opinion is a good guide to the stock market. A few years ago the only opinions that were thought to be worth while were those of highly placed "insiders"—heads of corporations, directors, bankers and their immediate circle, men in a position to know business because of their personal contacts with it. Perhaps this time the public was right, perhaps not: a final answer is practically impossible when one man is content to wait ten years to justify his judgment while another insists on results in a year. As a guide to the close-range behavior of the stock market, however, the invasion of the odd-lot buyers meant less than nothing. Prices began to melt away in April in a way that confounded the hasty optimists and those who were playing the market for quick profits.

A brief statistical picture, based on the New York *Times* daily average price of fifty stocks, will set the facts in a clear light. On September 19 last year the stock-market boom reached its crest with the price average standing at 312, decimals omitted. Less than two months later this average had fallen 48 per cent, to 164. Then came the swift, deceptive recovery, culminating at 245 on April 10, 1930. Prices were up approximately 50 per cent. But immediately thereafter the see-saw tipped again and carried prices down to 184 as this is written. At that level, the average price stood about 12 per cent above the lowest level of the autumn collapse.

The theoretical individual who bought the theoretical average group of stocks at the low point of last November was still ahead of the game late in June, and being a figment without emotions was probably comfortable in his mind. But the thousands of small investors who did the actual buying, and not always at the best prices, have been looking at matters differently. Why did the market fail to hold its recovery, in spite of assurances that business was "fundamentally sound"? It turned out that business was not altogether sound. What, then, was required to put it in a healthy state?

Every owner of common stocks is necessarily a bit of an economist, or tries to be for the sake of his financial health. As such he must have been impressed with the myopia which afflicted the business prophets last year. Predictions of a great break in stock prices were common enough, but few indeed were those who foresaw, even at the end of 1929, the heavy decline in business activity which has occurred, although such barometers as the Federal Reserve Board's index of physical output of goods had fallen 22 per cent between June and December, with seasonal factors eliminated.

(Continued on page 34)

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CITIES SERVICE Earnings grow as the Nation grows

In 1911—less than $ 1,000,000
In 1917—more than $18,000,000
In 1927—more than $31,000,000
In 1929—more than $43,000,000

CITIES SERVICE, from a small beginning in 1910, has grown to be one of the great industrial enterprises of the country. It now includes more than 125 companies engaged in the production and sale of such prime essentials of modern life as petroleum, gas, electricity, transportation and other public services.

CITIES SERVICE COMPANY controls, through stock ownership, the operations of this great group of enterprises, and CITIES SERVICE COMPANY stockholders share in their growing earnings.

CITIES SERVICE earnings grow from year to year because it is the policy of the organization to expand steadily in profitable fields of exploitation. New properties are carefully chosen and ably managed by a large group of experts with a long record of highly successful achievement.

At the current market price CITIES SERVICE Common stock yields, annually, over 6½% in stock and cash—payable monthly.

When you invest in CITIES SERVICE Common stock you become a partner in one of the largest industrial organizations in the country, with a record of nineteen years of growth—and an assured future of greater usefulness.

Riverton Plant—The Empire District Electric Company

THE EMPIRE DISTRICT ELECTRIC CO.

OPERATES modern steam and hydro-electric generating stations with installed capacity of 81,000 kilowatts, 556 miles of distribution lines and 466 miles of high tension transmission lines.

Supplies electric light and power requirements of an important mining, industrial and agricultural territory including Joplin, Mo., and extending into northeastern Oklahoma and southeastern Kansas. The Company, in addition to serving Joplin, also supplies, directly and indirectly, electric light and power to a number of other communities in the area with an estimated population of 195,000.

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60 Wall Street ⓐ New York City
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Cities Service Radio Program—every Friday, 8 P.M., Eastern Daylight Saving Time—N.B.C. Coast-to-Coast and Canadian network—WEAF and 33 Stations.

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Send copy of booklet describing the Cities Service organization and the investment possibilities of its securities.

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(Continued from page 32)

There is something to be said, however, in fairness to those whose vision failed to penetrate the murk. Overproduction of goods, duly registered as inventories on corporation balance sheets, has been a landmark of past business depressions. Along with swollen inventories have gone swollen bank loans, money which manufacturers and producers have borrowed to carry their stocks of goods pending sale. Inability to sell, inability to borrow more, and the need of paying off the banks, combined to "freeze" business in its tracks.

These difficulties were conspicuously absent last year, at least in their old, familiar forms. Far from being loaded with debts to the banks, corporations were lenders to the stock market to the tune of billions, so plentiful were their funds. With few exceptions there were no great accumulations of finished products for sale. Yet in the great light which has dawned since the November collapse of the stock market, it is now clearly seen that overproduction of goods did exist.

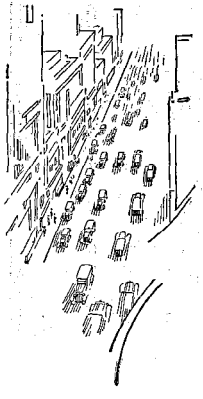
But its forms were novel and confusing. The rising surpluses of wheat, cotton, sugar, and other agricultural products were plain for all to see, but these surpluses were comfortably lumped in the public mind as a part of the general "farm problem" which had been with us for years. Petroleum and various metals and minerals were in the same case, pointing with striking emphasis to the fact that the extractive industries, the great enterprises which take crude materials from the ground, were out of control. They have not been brought under the discipline that prevails so widely among industries which have their fingers on the pulse of the ultimate consumer.

When the prices of basic commodities began their downward plunge in the spring of this year, Wall Street awoke to the fact that the situation was serious, however you looked at it. For one thing, producers of raw products and crude foodstuffs are consumers of finished goods and when they cannot make a profit or a wage they cannot buy. Reduction of factory employment follows and the laid-off factory workers join the ranks of would-be but impotent consumers—temporary ciphers in the economic scheme. Further, declines in raw materials mean a mark-down in prices of existing stocks of finished goods containing those materials, and even if such stocks are small the reduction in profits becomes painful.

But even in the realm of finished goods the absence of unsold stocks did not mean what it seemed to mean. The struggle to possess the consumer's dollar to-day is going on with a fierceness, ingenuity and systematic thoroughness which would have made the rough-and-ready merchants and bankers of half a century ago blink with

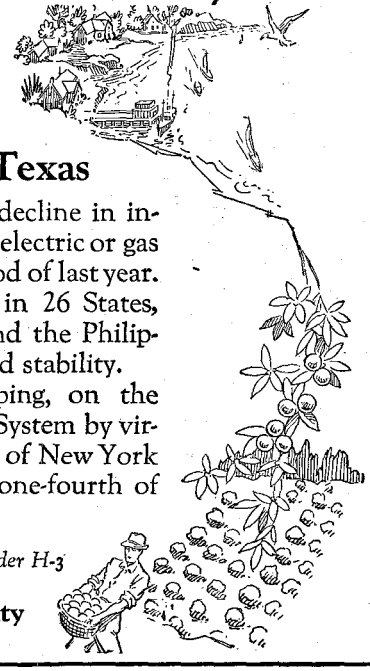
(Continued on page 36)

Associated Gas and Electric System



Founded In 1852

Nova Scotia to Florida
New York to Texas



IN NO month since the nation-wide decline in industrial activity has Associated System electric or gas output been less than for the same period of last year. Territorial diversity through service in 26 States, the Canadian Maritime Provinces and the Philippine Islands is a source of strength and stability.

Advantages of geographical grouping, on the other hand, accrue to the Associated System by virtue of serving nearly one-half the area of New York State, one-third of Pennsylvania and one-fourth of New Jersey.

To make an Associated investment send for folder H-3

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Investing in the Insurance Field

THE insurance business in this country has grown consistently in every year for the past quarter of a century. It has grown approximately fourteen times faster than our population and bids fair to continue a rapid growth for many years to come. Insurance securities generally are characterized by fundamental soundness, inherent stability and a remarkable record of growth in assets, earnings and market value.

An investment in 1920 of the same amount of money in shares of each of a well diversified list of 35 leading insurance companies and maintained through the exercising of subscription rights, would have produced an average annual yield from dividends of about 7¾% and an average annual appreciation of about 31%—a total of 38¾% yearly.

United Founders Corporation has important investments in the insurance field, representing a wide diversification. Its holdings give it an investment interest, directly or indirectly, in the business of 60 established insurance companies.

United Founders is also interested extensively in the electric light and power industry and in other fields. It has a diversified portfolio of securities and controlling stock interest in American Founders Corporation. The latter interest not only represents an investment in the operations of a long established and successful group of investment companies, but assures United Founders the continuing service of an extensive economic, analytical and research organization.

DECORATIONS BY ROCKWELL KENT · CUT IN WOOD BY J. J. LANKES

UNITED FOUNDERS CORPORATION

This advertisement is the fourth of a series outlining the investment activities of United Founders Corporation

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(Continued from page 34)

amazement. Goods which in other times would have reposed in warehouses and on merchants' shelves—clear proof of overproduction if a slump occurred—are now promptly transferred to their ultimate resting place in the American home, often on the partial payment plan. If commonly accepted estimates are correct, as many goods are sold on instalments in a year as are exported from the United States. Under the older scheme, when the consumer was hard up he stopped buying and saved such income as he had. Now he stops buying not only because he is hard up but because he must pay for what he has already bought.

These seem to be the concrete realities which have played principal parts in the business recession and in the slump in the stock market this spring. In Wall Street, however, a more fantastic element has been at work, known as sentiment—the colored glasses through which realities are viewed. It was not difficult at any time last year to discover the actual position of industry, of exports, of retail sales, of money-market conditions. Our prolific statistical machine supplied the data. Sentiment did the interpreting. Up to September, 1929, the interpretation took the form of boundless confidence and enthusiasm and the conviction that the gradually accumulating maladjustments in the situation were powerless to check the onward sweep of prosperity. The stock market was no longer reflecting the real business situation.

After last April a chastened Wall Street resolved to be nothing if not an accurate reflector of business. A rise in cotton and grain was the signal for a rise in stocks. When grain and cotton and copper slumped again, stocks crashed again. The stock market clutched the apron strings of the commodity markets and refused to look further than the day's prices, fervently convinced that as commodities go, so goes business. This attitude is a characteristic one at such a time. In the depths of a business depression Wall Street and its country-wide clientele are as unable to foresee a recovery, as they are unable to foresee an impending crash when business is at its peak.

This is distinctly encouraging. For a time comes when the business future is not bound up with a cent's variation in the price of wheat, cotton, copper, gasoline, or other goods. The quiet forces of reconstruction are at work, the future is definitely brighter than the present, and the stock market is in a position to resume, however timidly, its legitimate function of discounting the future for a reasonable period ahead.

There are various factors which have operated in the past with remarkable precision to bring

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MEMBERS:
New York, Boston, Detroit, Chicago, Cleveland, and Hartford Stock Exchanges
Chicago Board of Trade
New York Cotton Exchange

OFFICES:
Boston
New York
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Detroit
Springfield
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WE offer our complete facilities, developed over a period of fifty years, to aid institutions and individuals in the proper investment of their funds.

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2. Investment lists analyzed and reports submitted.
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Founded 1880

BOSTON
82 Devonshire Street

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The Largest Fixed Trust in the United States*

THE investment portfolio underlying NORTH AMERICAN TRUST SHARES is composed of shares of common stock of the following outstanding corporations, deposited with Guaranty Trust Company of New York, Trustee—

Railroads

The Atchison, Top. & Santa Fe Ry. Co.
Canadian Pacific Railway Company
Illinois Central Railroad Company
Louisville & Nashville Railroad Co.
The New York Central Railroad Co.
The Pennsylvania Railroad Co.
Southern Pacific Company
Union Pacific Railroad Company

Oils

Royal Dutch Company (N. Y. Shares)
Standard Oil Company of California
Standard Oil Company (New Jersey)
Standard Oil Company of New York
The Texas Corporation

Industrials

American Rad. & Stand. Sanitary Corp.
The American Tobacco Co. (Class B)
E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Company
Eastman Kodak Company of N. J.
General Electric Company
Ingersoll-Rand Company
National Biscuit Company
Otis Elevator Company
United Fruit Company
United States Steel Corporation
Westinghouse Elec. & Mfg. Co.
F. W. Woolworth Company

Utilities

American Telephone & Telegraph Co.
Consolidated Gas Co. of New York
The Western Union Telegraph Co.

An investment security representing ownership in basic American industries —one which combines the investment fundamentals of safety, marketability and yield, in addition to potential capital growth.

The Trustee returns to shareholders semi-annually all distributions made on underlying stocks during the preceding six months. The shareholder is offered rights semi-annually permitting the reinvestment of that portion of the distribution constituting a return of principal in additional Trust Shares at a discount below the asked price. The Trust's reinvestment plan results in retention of appreciation without losing initial diversification.

Available through your investment dealer.

Distributors Group, Incorporated

63 Wall Street, New York

* ***Over $100,000,000 purchased by investors.***

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(Continued from page 36)

about a recovery after a slump. Since the idea that we are living in a "new era" is now pretty thoroughly exploded, and since the depression of this year has run remarkably true to basic experience, though presenting new superficial phases to confuse us, it seems reasonable to believe that the old-fashioned machinery of rehabilitation is still in working order. That machinery operates on three fundamentals—the price of goods, the price of money, and the price of investment securities.

Consumers may and do go into a state of suspended animation, but they revive under the proper stimulus. This stimulus consists on the one hand of mounting needs crying for satisfaction, and on the other of bargain prices at which those needs can be supplied. Eventually the surplus of goods is worked off, output is found to be running behind demand, and a revival is in the making.

Cheap money, expressed in low interest rates, is another characteristic of business depression which carries in itself the seeds of a cure. In 1929, when money in Wall Street was at prohibitive rates, the United States markets lent abroad only $671,000,000, compared with $1,251,000,000 in 1928 and $1,376,000,000 in 1927. Proceeds of these loans are sent abroad, not as cash but as commodities from American fields, mines and factories. The 46 per cent decline in our foreign loans last year and the 20 per cent reduction in our exports in the first five months of 1930, are more than a coincidence.

Now that money rates have fallen to sub-normal figures and borrowing is easy, the logical thing would be a revival of our foreign lending and with it an increase in our exports, acting as a tonic on the whole business situation. Low prices for American goods work in the same direction as an inducement to the foreigner. Whether such a renewal of lending will occur is a debatable matter. There are many who doubt it, pointing to the various obstructions which exist. But money seeking an investment outlet is a powerful force and it seems reasonable that sooner or later the export of our capital, transformed into an export of goods, should again be operating to sustain American prosperity.

Low interest rates, moreover, have another and more direct effect. The decline in investment securities automatically increases the rate of income obtainable at existing prices. The simultaneous decline in the cost of borrowing, below the income yield, makes it possible to buy investments with borrowed money and reap a profit on the transaction, in the form of an excess of income above interest paid on the loan.

The existence of this differential is not always

(Continued on page 39)

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The Incomparable Mrs. Parker

In Praise, Possibly Extravagant, of "Laments for the Living," in Which the Quality of Mercilessness Is Not Strained

By R. E. SHERWOOD

LAMENTS FOR THE LIVING, BY DOROTHY PARKER. *The Viking Press.* $2.50.

IT is customary to use such words as "merciless," "bitter," "brutal" in describing the works of Dorothy Parker—and, indeed, one can hardly write a review of "Laments for the Living" without dragging them in. But it is a great mistake to give them undue prominence. Mrs. Parker *is* merciless, bitter and brutal, because she is honest; but she is also appreciative, sympathetic and even fatuously compassionate. If she exposes with almost indecent truthfulness the maggots that infest the black interiors of all whited sepulchres, she is impelled to do so not by a morbid fascination for maggots but by an aching sympathy for their hapless victims.

The following passage from "Big Blonde" is virtually a confession:

" . . . she poured her tears freely. To her who had laughed so much, crying was delicious. All sorrows became her sorrows; she was Tenderness. She would cry long and softly over newspaper accounts of kidnapped babies, deserted wives, unemployed men, strayed cats, heroic dogs . . . 'Honestly,' she would say to Herbie, 'all the sadness there is in the world when you stop to think about it!' 'Yeah,' Herbie would say."

To some constant readers, perhaps, it would be an exaggeration to say that Dorothy Parker at her best is the superior of Ernest Hemingway added to Ring Lardner added to Aldous Huxley added to Rebecca West. Nevertheless, I find it necessary in all honor to say it—and those who wish to greet my opinion with groans and cat-calls are invited to remain out of earshot.

I hasten to add that Mrs. Parker is not always at her best. For all her reputation, she is not an entirely expert or effective hater. It is a rôle which she assumes defiantly and with astounding cleverness; but it is still a rôle in which she does not legitimately belong. Consider such monsters as Mr. Durant, Mrs. Matson and Mrs. Whittaker (who are to be encountered in the pages of "Laments for the Living"): they are unquestionably technically "authentic," but I doubt that even their creator can bring herself to believe that they are entirely true. It is the application of Mrs. Parker's unaffected pity rather than her studied scorn that brings her characters triumphantly to life, as in the cases of Mr. and Mrs. Bain, little Curtis, Ruby, Hazel and the girl who was waiting for a telephone call.

Mrs. Parker's wit is the complement of her sympathy. "Laments for the Living," despite its sombre title, contains some of this century's most glorious belly-laughs, especially in "The Sexes," "The Mantle of Whistler, "You Were Perfectly Fine" and, above all, that matchless speakeasy monologue, "Just A Little One." As witness:

"Was Edith here with you, Thursday night? This place must be very becoming to her. Next to being in a coal mine, I can't think of anywhere she could go that the light would be more flattering to that pan of hers. Do you really know a lot of people that say she's good-looking? You must have a wide acquaintance among the astigmatic, haven't you, Freddie? Why, I'm not being any way at all—it's simply one of those things, either you can see it or you can't. Now to me, Edith looks like something that would eat her young. Dresses well? *Edith* dresses well? Are you trying to kid me, Fred, at my age? You mean you mean it? Oh, my God. You mean those clothes of hers are *intentional?* My heavens, I always thought she was on her way out of a burning building. Well, we live and learn. . . . No, please don't, Fred. You mustn't hold my hand. It wouldn't be fair to Edith. We've got to be fair with the big louse. After all, she's your best friend, isn't she?"

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It can never be said of Dorothy Parker that she has glutted the market with her wares. "Enough Rope" and "Sunset Gun" were thin volumes of verse, and "Laments for the Living" is a very thin volume of prose. These three books constitute, in so far as the libraries are concerned, her entire output. She is the Button Gwinnett of her day, and one is tempted to complain (as so many collectors have complained of that singularly uncommunicative colonial) that it is a pity Dorothy Parker hasn't written more. But it must be remembered that even though Gwinnett was a notoriously lazy correspondent, he did emerge from his lethargy long enough to sign the Declaration of Independence. There are many writers who follow less worthy examples.

THE RETURN OF THE HERO, BY DARRELL FIGGIS. *Charles Boni.* 50 cents.

I confess with some shame that I cannot read novels that contain much old Southern mountaineer dialect. The world's best intentions, coupled with considerable serious effort, could not impel me through more than one-third of Elizabeth Maddox Roberts's "The Great Meadow." I continually stubbed my toes on the "moughts" and the "iffens." Similarly, the presence of many Gaelic names on a printed page will exert a most fatally depressing effect on my powers of appreciation.

In "The Return of the Hero" I encountered such as this: "I remembered gentle Caoilte, and the ranks of the Fianna. I remembered the stream at Eas Ruaidh, and the deer of Galway of the bays. I remembered the wave of Rughraidhe lashing the shore, the lowing of oxen in Maghmaoin and the seagull's scream in distant Iorrus. I remembered the murmur of the streams about Sliabh Mis, the yell of the hounds at Drumlis, the noise of the fawns round Sliabh gCua, and the tossing of the . . ."

Nevertheless, I managed to read through this fantastic story and am thankful that I did, for it is definitely one of the towers of Irish literature. It is a superb conception, fulfilled with the irreverent genius that is traditionally (though seldom actually) the prerogative of the Irish race.

In his introduction to "The Return of the Hero," James Stephens tells that the authorship of this originally anonymous book was laid at his door. He explains modestly that people said to him, "If you did not write it, no one else could."

It is my opinion that if James Stephens had written "The Return of the Hero," it would be recognized generally as his best effort. Unfortunately, the real author, Darrell Figgis, is dead.

One must congratulate Charles Boni "Paper Books" for bringing this important work to the attention of American readers. One must also advise Charles Boni "Paper Books" that, even for the negligible price of fifty cents per copy, there is no good excuse for so many stupid misprints.

SCIENCE—AND READABLE

THE NEW WORLD OF PHYSICAL DISCOVERY, BY FLOYD L. DARROW.
Bobbs-Merrill Co. $3.50.

MODERN SCIENCE, BY J. ARTHUR THOMSON.
G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50.

SCIENCE AND THE NEW CIVILIZATION, BY ROBERT A. MILLIKAN.
Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

THE MAGIC OF THE STARS, BY MAURICE MAETERLINCK.
Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.50.

Three of these four books will profitably serve those who always intend to catch up on their science. M. Maeterlinck's volume will show how completely a former, sea-going mystic has been converted to science, and, by extension, how completely science has ousted philosophy and metaphysic from the thoughts of able men.

Mr. Darrow's book is the wish-fulfilment of those who think physics text-books would be delightful if there were no experiments and laws to study and perform. The author readably covers the history of physics, describing the problems and results of the great investigators in a text that is half biographical and half explanatory—a pleasing treatment. As inspiration to further inquiry by lay reader and school children his book has its chief excuse. The latter portion of this book, treating on the so-called "new physics," is an adequate, uncritical exposition very easy to read.

Professor Thomson of Aberdeen, the brilliant author of "The Outline of Science," has that literary charm and explanatory lucidity which is the delight of readers and the despair of ordinary scientists and professors. This is a small volume to range so widely—it takes in the natural sciences as well as physics, astronomy and chemistry. But Professor Thomson accurately knows so much at first hand that he can write with brevity. Here is charm as well as substance. Thomson is almost a combination of Huxley and Henri Fabre plus Charles Lamb. He also has agility of mind, so that in many of his pages, especially those on psychology, he toys with ideas and dogmas that are

(Continued on page 16)

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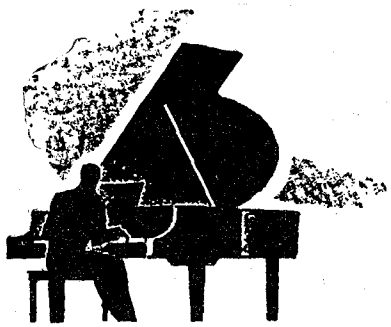

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(Continued from page 14)

unquestioned by the alarmingly increasing horde of science's votaries. For unalloyed pleasure this book is prescribed.

Dr. Millikan, who is credited with having isolated the electron and discovered cosmic rays, has here collected the papers and addresses which compose the most conspicuous example of optimism now current among scientists, or even others. They are very readable expositions of how science has changed our habits and opinions. Unhappily, Dr. Millikan has voluntarily engaged in that lost and futile cause known as reconciling science and religion. The last paper of the present volume suffers from the confusion of terms and antithetic ideas inherent in any attempt to use the old theological nomenclature for current definitions.

The Maeterlinck book is a literary curiosity. It is a small work, certainly not over 20,000 words, and contains not an original idea. Maeterlinck is no longer a creator; in the author of "The Blind," "The Bluebird," and "Pelleas and Melisande" the fire has died. Now he reads Jeans and Eddington and picks up ideas at second hand. Even this relayed imagining stirs nothing in him, not even comment. Now he merely recites what he reads. And re-recites it, for in this book he traverses the same stellar spaces as in "The Life of Space." Alas, it is sad to see this tranquillity in a mind once so mystically aglow. It is, at the same time, encouraging to see how science has replaced mysticism in a mind that was prenatally doomed to preoccupation with the invisible. Let no one mistake the intent of these comments: Maeterlinck writes beautifully about curved space and world lines. It is an æsthetic delight to read this book. But Maurice Maeterlinck could once have infused Eddington with individual human drama. Maeterlinck was born too soon.

H. H.

A FEW CHOICE DEATHS

The bright lights of Broadway and Hollywood, with the various butterflies, wolves, strong-silent-men, straight gamblers and vicious gangsters that infest the path of pleasure, are the locale of "The Night Club Mystery" by Elizabeth Jordan (Century, $2), "Who Killed Cavelotti?" by Audrey Newell (Century, $2), "Murder Off Broadway," by Leonard Faulkner (Holt, $2), and "The Hollywood Mystery," by Herbert Crooker (Macaulay, $2). The jacket-back of the last-named flaunts six congratulatory telegrams from film stars to the author, but they don't make the story any better. The Cavelotti yarn involves the death of a tenor—somebody finally got up nerve and killed one—and is a good yarn

(Continued on page 18)

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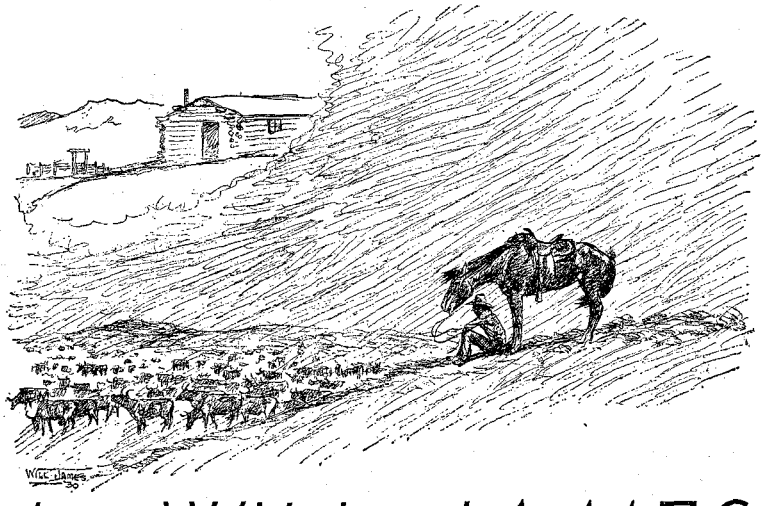

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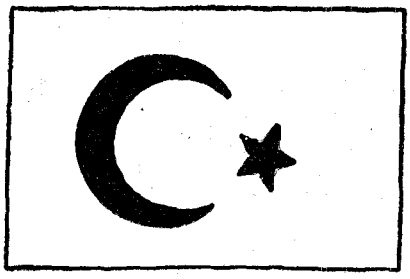

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(Continued from page 16)

with a new slant in lethal weapons. Miss Jordan's latest is the familiar Rothstein theme with variations and falls away badly in the last few chapters. Actresses are the unfortunate victims in the Broadway and Hollywood yarns, which are workmanlike time-consumers. W. W.

STEPHEN ESCOTT, BY LUDWIG LEWISOHN. *Harper's.* $2.50.—Escott the lawyer expounds his sex life and the crime passionel of a client. Extraordinarily good and dressy writing, flavored by the author's racial consciousness. (He wrote "Up-Stream" and "Mid-Channel," you know.)

THUNDER ON THE LEFT

THE SOCIALISM OF OUR TIMES. A Symposium. EDITED BY NORMAN THOMAS AND HARRY LAIDLER. *Vanguard Press.* 75 cents

HUMANITY UPROOTED, BY MAURICE HINDUS. *Cape & Smith.* $3.

THE SOVIET UNION LOOKS AHEAD: The Five Year Plan for Economic Construction. *Horace Liveright.* $2.50.

What with a depressingly prosperous flock of capitalists on one side of them, and a small but excessively hostile group of communists on the other, American socialists are not in what one would off-handedly describe as a comfortable position. A sufficient degree of physical discomfort has a way of producing healthy revolutions; and intellectual discomfort has a similar way of creating good books. The thirty-odd socialists who, under the guidance of Norman Thomas and Harry Laidler, have here tackled the job of re-stating socialism and of squaring it up with American political and economic reality, have turned out a most interesting and provocative volume, compact, coherent, and surprisingly vigorous.

That is not to say that there is unanimity among the contributors as to how much Marxian dogma must be sheared off before socialism can be sharpened into an effective instrument of attack on American capitalism. But all agree as to the necessity of a re-statement. Even the most orthodox of the Marxians admit that Marx's "laws" must be considered, not as laws, but as "tendencies"; and, as Norman Thomas observes, "doctrines which have to be so guardedly stated in terms of tendencies have lost a very considerable part of their power over the minds and deeds of men." Granting that capitalism is not breaking down, that there has been a substantial rise in the standards of living generally, that Marx's theory of increasing misery seems generally discredited—what remains of socialism? A great

(Continued on page 20)

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—*N. Y. Herald-Tribune.*

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(Continued from page 18)

deal remains, according to these writers. For they insist that socialism aims not merely at securing more of the same things that capitalism gives us, but at a different standard of values altogether.

What these values are in Russia, under the extreme communistic interpretation of Marx which the Soviet government propagates, is vividly set down by Mr. Hindus in his "Humanity Uprooted." No previous work has made so clear the astoundingly revolutionary character of the new Russian code of thought and behavior—in sex, in religion in the family, and above all, in regard to the values which stem from private property.

If, to this one book on socialism and this other on communism, you add a third—the report of the famous Russian five-year plan for economic construction, published here as "The Soviet Union Looks Ahead," you find that you seem to come out, of all places, in the factory of the Ford Motor Company in Detroit! Russia is, of course, desperately enamoured of American industrial technic. She wants mass production, she wants Fords, and Fordsons, and power stations, and radios; she wants the whole industrial works. The story of how she intends to get them—the story of the five-year plan—reads almost like a gigantic Chamber of Commerce bulletin. But there is just one thing that will remind you that you are decidedly not in Detroit after all: the simple fact that this tripled and quadrupled production is not supposed to put one rouble in the pocket of any private individual, except as that individual's pay is increased by the state. If you wish to understand more of the large implications of this idea of production for "service," the proper thing to do is to begin with Messrs. Thomas and Laidler's book, and read on from there, happy or furious at what you find, as your own temperament and reason dictate.

B. D.

TAXI! TAXI!

HACKING NEW YORK, BY ROBERT HAZARD. *Charles Scribner's Sons.* $1.75.

A taxicab driver, as they say of reporters, meets so many interesting people; and I doubt that in all New York any hackman could be found who could write more vividly about his experiences than Mr. Hazard. He writes unpretentiously, but he is an instinctive story-teller, and he is undoubtedly the blandest driver who ever calmly admitted robbing passengers and bribing the police.

Perhaps the best story he tells is that of a man whom he drove all over Manhattan attempting

(Continued on page 22)

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Diony—mature at eighteen—carrying a man's burden — yet, truly feminine — knowing, in the wilderness, the exaltation and the suffering of love.

. . . . . from her fingers a new land was spun

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From the day when she—and Berk — turned their faces toward Kentucky she had never regretted her dangerous decision. Across the Wilderness Road which Boone had cut, they toiled into this fair land where a new civilization waited to be thrust upward from the soil.

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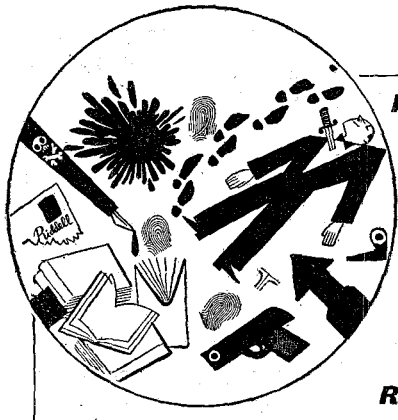

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The John Riddell Murder Case

by JOHN RIDDELL
(COREY FORD)

Caricatured by Covarrubias

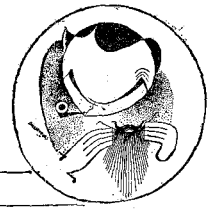
Old John Riddell, famous literary sharpshooter and parodist, is foully murdered by boredom.

Sergeant Heath suspects Peggy Hopkins Joyce, whose "Men, Marriage and Me" he is sure did for poor Riddell. Philo Vance knows better and arrests the authors of *all* recent best sellers.

Into the prisoner's dock come such subtle ones as Richard Halliburton, Katherine Brush, Alexander Woollcott, Sherwood Anderson, Calvin Coolidge, Al Smith, Rudy Vallée et many al. Their testimony, *given in the way they write*, is held against them.

John Riddell, even though slain, has never parodied with a foeman worthier of his steel. S. S. Van Dine opens his arms to the rapier thrusts of Dr. Riddell, *alias* Corey Ford, *alias* Gilles de Rais.

Parodies within a parody, and truth within the parody. $2.00



Here is poor John Riddell in fool face

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(Continued from page 20)

to get him admitted to a hospital to be cured of the drug habit. It is not in Mr. Hazard to become morally indignant, but his matter-of-fact recitation is a very damning criticism of social welfare workers.

If you go with Mr. Hazard in his cruising about the streets of Manhattan you will meet gunmen who have not quite enough nerve to come to grips with their enemies, racketeers who at one time controlled the taxi business, stingy old ladies and eccentric old men—an infinite variety of persons. And it won't cost you much more than a trip in Mr. Hazard's cab, even if he should only charge you what the meter reads.

M. L.

PAX AMERICANA

THE IMPERIAL DOLLAR—AN OUTLINE OF AMERICA'S PROGRESS TOWARD WORLD DOMINION, BY HIRAM MOTHERWELL.

Brentano's. $3.50.

Since the end of the European War, when sudden greatness was thrust upon the United States, it has been inevitable that sooner or later there should arise in this country a school of writers to match the Treitschkes and Bernhardis of pre-war Germany. Hiram Motherwell may be said to stand in the vanguard of this advancing Pan-American host.

"The Imperial Dollar" is a saga of the historic background and future glory of the new "American Empire." While the theme is similar, it must be said to Mr. Motherwell's credit that his method differs radically from that of the Pan-German writers of the nineteenth century. He does not, for instance, claim for Americans any particular moral superiority. America's progress toward world dominion is almost wholly a matter of economic causation. This country is destined to rule the world as a result of the beneficent operation of economic forces, and not because we are a race of supermen. Furthermore, the world is to be conquered by American dollars rather than American soldiers, and our empire will be erected upon trade supremacy rather than military rule.

It is difficult to find fault with a point of view so essentially realistic. For the historical sections of this book one can have nothing but praise. The author has a clear knowledge of American history, both political and economic, and he writes with a broad sweep that commands a steady interest. His analysis of the contemporary economic situation, despite occasional looseness of reasoning, is also stimulating and convincing.

Granted that the author describes vividly a

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condition that really exists, the question arises as to what we are going to do about it. On this point Mr. Motherwell is much less convincing. He is apparently certain not only that the United States is destined to rule the world but also that this state of affairs will be an unmixed blessing for the universe.

Our dominion will bring a new "Pax Romana" to the rest of the globe. One could wish to share this confidence, and the passage of time may possibly justify such a view. At present, however, it requires considerable temerity to be certain that the impact of our civilization upon such countries as China and India has brought in its train more good than evil. But whether for good or for evil, American imperialism is already a fact, and, despite his complacency, Mr. Motherwell has made a valuable contribution upon this absorbing problem.

J. F. F.

THE MAKING OF MYTHS

THE ADVENTURES OF JOHNNY APPLESEED, BY HENRY CHAPIN.
Coward-McCann. $2.50.

A poetic novel, developing fully the slight biographical information extant concerning John Chapman ("Johnny Appleseed") and going on to make free imaginative use of this semi-legendary figure of the Ohio and Indiana frontier, who cultivated apple saplings in the deep forest and read the Bible and Swedenborg to the scattered settlers. Mr. Chapin creates a simple atmosphere and an idyllic tone, as is suited to his poetic treatment of Johnny Appleseed's westward quest, but it is a serious fault in scale that it requires three-fourths of the book to get Johnny out to the scene of his mission.

G. C.

THE MAILS MUST GO THROUGH

SIX HORSES, BY CAPTAIN WILLIAM BANNING AND GEORGE HUGH BANNING.
The Century Co. $4.

This is a history of the stage-coach in the West, with special reference to the transcontinental lines and California. It has every appearance of being authentic and it doubtless deserves a place in the rapidly growing literature of western pioneering. Research students will find it valuable, and the general reader will enjoy parts of it, but it is marred by a somewhat flossy style, and also by the disproportionate amount of space which is devoted to the local and national politics that gov-

(Continued on page 25)

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In the Middle Ages, the peasants of France were required to cover or to extinguish their fires at a fixed hour in the evening. A bell was rung to notify them of the time to obey the command, "Cover the fire"—in French *couvre feu*. The French came to call the bell, and the time of its ringing, *covrefeu* or *cuevrefu*. The Norman French conquerors used it in England, and the medieval English adopted it as *curfu*, meaning the hour and the signal for all citizens to retire to their homes. It became *curfew*, which to-day, although indicating perhaps a later hour, still is the time, or the signal, to retire from public places.

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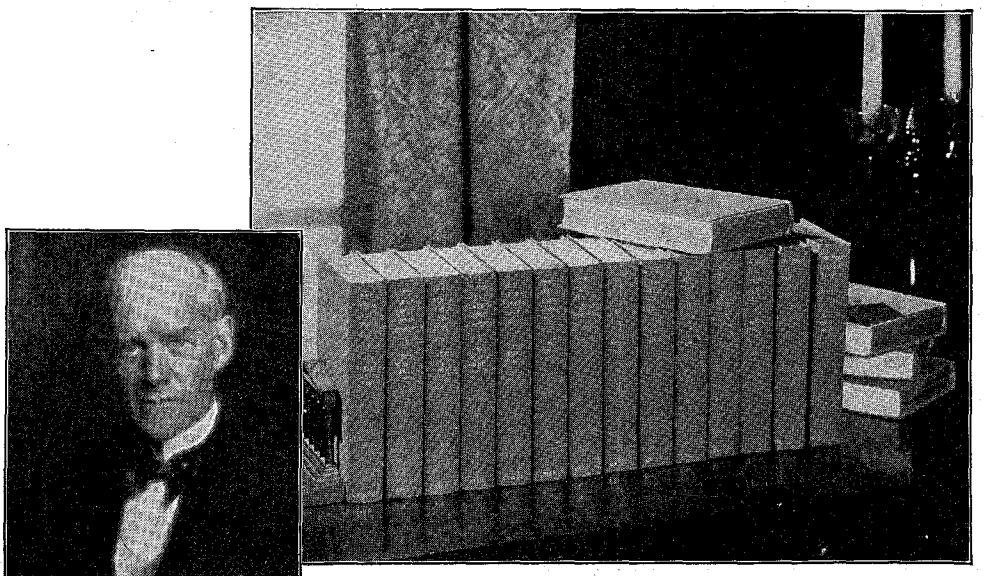

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(Continued from page 23)

erned the granting of franchises and the surveying of routes. Nevertheless it contains many revealing glimpses of the times when eighty miles was a long day's journey and travel still had its derivative meaning of pain. There was the man, for example, who went crazy from loss of sleep on a rush journey to the coast, and the one who put three rattlesnakes in his strong box to protect it against road-agents. There is an interesting account too of Horace Greeley's first transcontinental trip, when he was spilled into rivers and mudholes and saw his trunkful of notes go floating down a creek.

H. F.

THE CRIME OF THE JUST, BY ANDRÉ CHAMSON. *Charles Scribner's Sons.* $2.—The unity of the Maubert family, known as the Just in the Cevennes district which they dominate, is tragically disintegrated by incest. Briefly, simply and beautifully written. Translated by Van Wyck Brooks.

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